

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

*A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART,
AND POLITICS.*

VOL. XLIII.—MAY, 1879.—No. CCLIX.

LABOR AND THE NATURAL FORCES.

VARIOUS causes have been assigned for the present commercial depression. Stump speakers during the late political campaign presented startling pictures of Western grain bins bursting with wheat, while there were millions of laborers unemployed, and therefore unable to earn their daily bread, on account of a woful lack of greenbacks. Specie resumptionists, on the other hand, have maintained that the cause of all the trouble was the great abundance of greenbacks.

Another class of writers claim that the distress is owing solely to the late civil war and the measures taken to carry it on, the passage of the legal-tender act, the inflation of prices, the disbandment of the army.

Still another class find the prime cause of all present disturbance in invention and the substitution of machinery for muscular labor.

It is certain that a lack of greenbacks and the great abundance of them cannot both be first causes; and it is clear that there must be some other cause, for the distress is sharper in England, where there are no greenbacks, than in this country. It is apparent, also, that the trouble is not due wholly to the war measures, for while there has been civil war in the United States, there has been peace in England. If the use of machinery is the cause of all the trouble, how

happens it that in China, India, Japan, Brazil, and Australia, where there is little or no machinery, there should be the same stagnation of trade and quite as much distress?

The distress being universal, there must be causes world-wide in their effects; and, moreover, this commercial disturbance has been distinguished from all others that have preceded it by its breadth and prolongation.

With the beginning of the present century there was the beginning of a new civilization through the employment of the forces of nature, which up to that period had been dormant. Rivers had turned mills for grinding corn and sawing lumber, but now they were set to doing work which in all former periods had been done by human hands. The coal deposits had been lying in their subterranean beds from the primeval ages, but thenceforth this "stored-up sunlight" was to take the place of muscular power. This employment of the forces of nature brought about a change in social conditions. In all past ages men had labored singly, but from that time on they were to work collectively, organized and directed by one individual, as a general marshals an army, with astonishing results, as we shall presently see. This employment of the forces of nature and concentration of laborers

has not only brought about a change in social conditions, but has given rise to questions the solution of which will be vital to the well-being of society.

Under this new order of things we have organizations known as trades unions, labor leagues, labor reformers, socialists, communists, which claim that the laborer is in a condition far worse than at any time in the past; that the use of machinery throws men out of employment; that capital is oppressive; that the rich are growing richer, and the poor poorer; that the cause of the present distress is gely due to the power of capital over labor; that as things are now, labor is at the mercy of capital; that interest on money is robbery; that labor has done pretty much all that has been done; that there is a natural antagonism between labor and capital, with other assertions that remain to be proved.

Various are the demands for relief at the hands of government. The demand is made for a reduction of the hours of labor; for the abolition of the patent laws, on the ground that patents are monopolies; for a discontinuance of convict labor, upon the plea that the employment of criminals by the state is an injustice to honest laborers. Petitions are sent to Congress for the construction of a railway from New York to Omaha, and for the reconstruction of the levees of the Mississippi, the chief argument for such action being the employment of the unemployed. A bill recently advocated in the house of representatives made provision for the removal of the unemployed of the cities to the unoccupied lands of the frontier, and for the erection of houses, the government giving the emigrants land, advancing money, and holding a mortgage on the property. Socialists and communists demand the enactment of laws limiting the amount of property that an individual may acquire, and the division and distribution of what has already been acquired.

In order to ascertain whether laborers are worse off to-day than in the past, let us see what they had in the past;

and as it is claimed that the use of machinery has caused much of the distress, we will refer to the most authentic data to ascertain what the *havings* were before the introduction of mechanisms. We will limit our view to a time when Boston, New York, Albany, and Philadelphia were considerable towns.

The first power loom was set up in Waltham, in 1816. At that time nearly all the clothing and much of the cloth used in household furnishing was manufactured upon the household spinning-wheel and loom. Many a weary day was spent by housewives at the loom, and by maidens at the spinning-wheel, preparing sheets, towels, and articles for personal use. A maiden, to obtain her marriage "outfit," must first card the cotton or wool into rolls; then came the spinning, and during ten hours' labor she could spin three and eight tenths miles of thread, but would be compelled to walk nearly six miles in doing it. She must toil day after day, month after month, and year after year, to procure linen enough to begin housekeeping. In contrast, we now see, in our manufactories, a girl sitting at her ease, or leisurely walking to and fro, minding the automatic working of a machine that produces in ten hours twenty-one hundred miles of thread; and a young lady preparing to engage in housekeeping may purchase a sheet for about seventy-five cents.

The development in the manufacture of textiles was so rapid that the spinning-wheel of the household was consigned to the garret about 1830, thenceforth to be regarded as a curiosity, to be brought out only in aid of church fairs, or on centennial anniversaries.

We may take 1830 as the beginning of the new order of things in this country, for at that period there were but twenty-nine miles of railroad in operation, against eighty-one thousand at the present time. The new civilization, therefore, is mainly the outgrowth of half a century. Fifty years ago a citizen journeying in the public stage traveled seventy-five miles a day, whereas now he is whirled forty miles an hour. Then

the stageman was the mail carrier, and a merchant of Boston writing to New York could not expect a reply to his missive in less than six days; in contrast, the broker of Wall Street, the pork packer of Chicago, the cotton factor of New Orleans, every business man of the country, regulates his affairs now by the hourly reports from every great commercial centre of the world.

A half century ago, a large part of the people of the United States lived in houses unpainted, unplastered, and utterly devoid of adornment. A well-fed fire in the yawning chasm of a huge chimney gave partial warmth to a single room, and it was a common remark that the inmates were roasting one side, while freezing the other; in contrast, a majority of the people of the older States now live in houses that are clapboarded, painted, blinded, and comfortably warmed. Then, the household furniture consisted of a few plain chairs, a plain table, a bedstead made by the village carpenter. Carpets there were none. To-day, few are the homes, in city or country, that do not contain a carpet of some sort, while the average laborer by a week's work may earn enough to enable him to repose at night upon a spring bed.

Fifty years ago, the kitchen "dressers" were set forth with a shining row of pewter plates. The farmer ate with a buck-handled knife and an iron or pewter spoon, but the advancing civilization has sent the plates and spoons to the melting pot, while the knives and forks have given place to nickel or silver plated cutlery.

In those days the utensils for cooking were a dinner-pot, tea-kettle, skillet, Dutch oven, and frying-pan; to-day there is no end of kitchen furniture.

The people of 1830 sat in the evening in the glowing light of a pitch-knot fire, or read their weekly newspapers by the flickering light of a "tallow dip;" now, in city and village, their apartments are bright with the flame of the gas jet or the softer radiance of kerosene. Then, if the fire went out upon the hearth, it was rekindled by a coal from a neighboring hearth, or by flint, steel, and tin-

der. Those who indulged in pipes and cigars could light them only by some hearthstone; to-day we light fire and pipes by the dormant fire-works in the match safe, at a cost of one hundredth of a cent.

In those days we guessed the hour of noon, or ascertained it by the creeping of the sunlight up to the "noon mark" drawn upon the floor; only the well-to-do could afford a clock. To-day who does not carry a watch? and as for clocks, you may purchase them at wholesale, by the cart-load, at sixty-two cents apiece.

Fifty years ago, how many dwellings were adorned with pictures? How many are there now that do not display a print, engraving, chromo, or lithograph? How many pianos or parlor organs were there then? Reed organs were not invented till 1840, and now they are in every village.

Some who may read this article will remember that in 1830 the Bible, the almanac, and the few text-books used in school were almost the only volumes of the household. The dictionary was a volume four inches square and an inch and a half in thickness. In some of the country villages a few public-spirited men had gathered libraries containing from three to five hundred volumes; in contrast, the public libraries of the present, containing more than ten thousand volumes, have an aggregate of 10,650,000 volumes, not including the Sunday-school and private libraries of the country. It is estimated that altogether the number of volumes accessible to the public is not less than 20,000,000! Of Webster's and Worcester's dictionaries, it may be said that enough have been published to supply one to every one hundred inhabitants of the United States.

THE ORGANIZATION OF LABOR.

This glance at the past shows us the *havings* of the people, of laborers and capitalists alike, at the time when machinery was introduced. With the invention of machinery for the manufacture of textile fabrics, there came of necessity an organization of labor. Men and women, instead of working for them-

selves, sold their services to employers, subjected themselves to rigid rules, and worked in masses. From the settlement of the country up to that time, manual labor had depended solely on itself, and had made but little progress. In the factory men gave up, to a certain extent, their individuality, and consented to labor as others should direct. There was also of necessity an association of capital. Prior to that time the farmer, the blacksmith, the carpenter, hired laborers during summer, and turned them adrift in winter. Journeymen in the different industries were ever being crowded out by apprentices, but the factory employed no apprentices, and gave employment through the year. What were the first effects of this association of capital and organization of labor? Better wages, the cost of production cheapened, steady employment, the laws of demand and supply brought into active operation.

Did this introduction of machinery, organization of labor, and association of capital throw men out of employment? On the contrary, it created a great demand for labor, with a great increase of wages. In 1830 women at work in households, making butter and cheese, spinning and weaving, could command but fifty cents a week, with board, while in the Lowell manufactories their net earnings were from two to three dollars per week. More was earned by the daughter in the factory than by the father upon the farm, and many a homestead mortgage was lifted by her savings.

Let us examine this question more minutely.

The man who started the ball was the inventor who contrived the machines; but the inventor, being a poor man, could not introduce his mechanism to the public until he called to his aid men who by thrift and enterprise had accumulated wealth.

HOW CAPITAL EMPLOYS LABOR.

The capitalist in turn called to his aid the entire fraternity of trades and occupations, a host of skilled and unskilled artisans and laborers, men who should

use their muscles and brains as the capitalist should direct, in rearing the building and constructing the machinery. Long before it was possible for the capitalist to receive a dollar in return, his accumulations of the past were scattered broadcast over the land, and all for the benefit of labor. He called for men of a high order of intelligence and executive ability, after the building was erected, to be superintendents, overseers, engineers, clerks, accountants, inventors, chemists, dyers. What were these men doing, and where were they? On the farm, in the workshop, behind the counter of some country store, doing ordinary work, but endowed with power and capacity to do something higher and better. Then, when the machinery was in place, the capitalist summoned the farmers' daughters and the women who were out at service, weaving with the hand-loom, to lay it aside, to do more work with the looms driven by the Merrimack. Nor did the movement stop there. This calling of laborers into new industries had its effect upon those who remained upon the farm and in the workshop by increasing the value of their labor. Hands upon the farm who had been receiving eight dollars per month through the increased demand for labor soon obtained ten and twelve; the girls who had worked for fifty cents a week demanded one dollar for doing the same work.

While on the one hand there was a general advance in wages, on the other there was a general cheapening in the cost of manufactured goods; the cotton prints sold at the present time for five cents a yard are far superior to those that formerly commanded twenty to forty cents, and "homespun" woollens which before the introduction of machinery were sold at one dollar a yard would be dear now at fifty cents.

Through invention and the employment of the forces of nature, one person does the work of many. It is asserted by cotton manufacturers that by the use of machinery a man may accomplish one thousand fold more work than he could by the hand wheel and loom in use at the beginning of the century. It is es-

timated that the number of persons engaged directly in cotton manufacture throughout the world is from 1,100,000 to 1,300,000. If we assume that the population of the globe is 1,400,000,000, it follows that the work now done by the operatives in the cotton manufacture would require the labor of every human being on the earth, if forced to use the methods of former days.

What is the inference? The cotton cloth annually manufactured is about 10,000,000,000 yards. It is evident that only a small portion of that amount could be furnished by the spinning-wheel and loom; that in consequence there would be less demand for raw material, less demand for labor in its cultivation, less acreage in cotton, less clothing worn, fewer comforts of life, with a multitude now employed *thrown out of employment*.

We have seen that to introduce machinery men were called from the farm and workshop, and that there was a new demand for labor, and now we see that if machinery were to come to a stand-still not only the operatives would be thrown out of employment, but the agricultural laborers as well. It is the *stopping* of machinery rather than its introduction that throws men out of employment, and that is just what has happened. Why the machinery stopped is another matter, upon which I shall have something to say farther on.

Before the invention of the cotton-gin, the seeds of cotton were separated from the fibre by hand; only about four pounds of fibre per day could thus be prepared by muscular labor, whereas the amount cleaned by a gin is about four thousand pounds per day. As the crop last year aggregated about 2,100,000,000 pounds, it is plain that if cleaned by hand it would have required 505,000,000 days' work, yet it was cleaned by 1600 machines, working through the year; the difference in cost being about \$500,000 against \$500,000,000!

No argument is needed to show that such an amount could not have been produced under the old method. From this presentation we see that by employing the forces of nature we may with mech-

anism use the materials of nature as it would not be possible for us to do by muscular effort for the supplying of our wants; that, practically, there is no limitation to the gratification of our desires; that in this unlimited gratification we administer to our comfort, well-being, and happiness.

The growth of the manufacture of cotton will be seen by the following exhibit:—

SPINDLES IN THE UNITED STATES.

1832		1,200,000
1845		2,500,000
1875		9,500,000

IN GREAT BRITAIN.

1832		9,000,000
1845		17,500,000
1875		87,500,000

IN EUROPE.

1832		2,800,000
1845		7,500,000
1875		19,500,000

RAILROAD CONSTRUCTION.

For a half century an army of laborers has been employed in the construction of railroads. There are no data to show the millions of cubic yards of earth thrown up, nor the millions of tons of iron ore and coal consumed in the construction and maintenance of roads whose length exceeds 80,000 miles; nor the number of men employed. We can only give free scope to the imagination in thinking of the vast multitude wielding the pick and spade for a half century along the lines and in the mines; working in founderies, furnaces, rolling-mills, and machine-shops; building locomotives, cars, and the machinery used in their construction (engines, lathes; planing, bolt, rivet, screw machines), — engineers, machinists, carpenters, joiners, painters, decorators, upholsterers, superintendents, overseers, architects, designers, mathematicians, draughtsmen, inventors, chemists, men of a high order of intellect in every branch of science and industry. From whence came they, and what were they doing? They came from farms, workshops, and counting-rooms; they were swinging the scythe, wielding the sledge, planing boards, or following some other occupations.

EMIGRATION.

The development of manufactures and the construction of railroads called for such a vast number of laborers that we could not supply the demand, and we summoned them from other lands. I call attention to the fact that not till the beginning of manufacturing, not till we began to use machinery, was there any great amount of emigration to this country.

The statistics of emigration reach back to 1820, when the number of emigrants was between 7000 and 8000 per annum. By 1830 the number had increased to 23,000, in 1840 to 84,000, per annum. In 1845 there were but 4633 miles of railway in operation, but that year was marked by a new departure in railway construction. By 1850 the railway mileage had doubled, and the emigration had gone up to 369,000 per annum. In 1856 the mileage was 16,728, and the emigrants that year were 427,000, the largest number arriving in any year. Since 1820, more than 9,000,000 *emigrants* have arrived in this country. Whoever will take time to study the emigration statistics in connection with the use of machinery, the development of all our industries, will see that there is a remarkable correlation between the two; that *the more machinery we had, the greater the demand for labor!*

Undoubtedly our unoccupied lands called a large portion of the 9,000,000 to these shores, but aside from that, there was a demand for labor that could not be supplied by our own population, and there was at the same time a steady advance, as I shall show, in the prices paid for labor.

While this development was going on in this country, there was a corresponding movement in Great Britain and Europe, — a constant subtraction of agricultural and mechanical laborers, and an advance in wages, as on this side the Atlantic.

AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY.

The withdrawal of such a large number of farm laborers in this country and in Europe, and the rise of wages, stimulat-

ed inventors to supply their place with machinery that should do the work of human hands upon the farm. In the harvest field a man with a cradle, in 1830, could cut from one to two acres per day, — quite as much as could be raked into "gavels" and bound by two other laborers. Mr. Obed Hussey, as early as 1833, patented a machine for reaping, but so crude the invention, so rude the machine, that it did not come into use before 1844, and in 1852 a committee of the New York Agricultural Society doubted if the machines would supersede the scythe in the hayfield, or the cradle in the harvesting of grain; but invention has gone on, till now the self-binding harvester dispenses altogether with human muscles in harvest. Never again will Boaz marshal his reapers, or a fair Ruth glean behind them; and those rural scenes of white-shirted harvesters bending to their work are all of the past. Now the farmer drives his team aside, riding in his seat, cutting and binding the grain, — fifteen acres a day.

The development of the self-binding reaper is one of the marvels of the age. It was brought into use in 1874, when fifty tons of wire were manufactured for binding sheaves; in 1875, three hundred tons; 1876, twenty-eight hundred tons; 1877, sixty-five hundred tons; 1878, *fourteen thousand tons!* This last amount is quite as much as the total tons of wire manufactured in this country in 1860.

Besides the self-binding reaper, there is the California harvester, a machine that, on account of the rainless seasons in that State, can be used to advantage, propelled by sixteen mules, cutting off the heads of grain; mowing a swath twenty feet wide; threshing, winnowing, and feeding into bags, three men cutting and threshing and bagging fifty acres a day.

Before these inventions, the Western farmer, during harvest, was preyed upon by a class of men known as "binders," who began in June in Tennessee and Missouri, and moved northward to Minnesota as the grain ripened, making the farmer's necessity their opportunity, demanding and obtaining from three to

five dollars a day with board, materially reducing the profit of the crop to the owner. The farmer and his wife were slaves during the harvest season, and in consequence of this emancipation there was the spectacle, last season, in some of the grain-growing States, of the burning of farm machinery by the men who complain that by its use they have been thrown out of employment.

Now, does not the use of the self-binding reaper prevent those men from doing what they have been accustomed to do? Let us take another look before we settle down upon an ultimate conclusion. Did Mr. McCormick, or Mr. Osborne, or Mr. Wood, individually manufacture the reapers? On the contrary, they did not lift a chisel, or place their hand to a saw. They called upon the lumberman to supply them with lumber; the iron-master to supply them with iron; the miner to furnish coal. They set the entire brotherhood of mechanics to work; gave a stimulus to every branch of industry, and employment to hundreds of men, before the machines were sent to the harvest field. Their capital was scattered broadcast, like seed from the hands of the sower, over the entire field of industries. Is it not manifest that while one class of laborers are forced to do something besides binding wheat in the two months of harvest, another class of skilled laborers are employed, the year round, in manufacturing the machines? Do we not see that the ultimate benefit is beyond all calculation? Cheap bread has ever been regarded as one of the greatest of blessings. The farmer, by dispensing with human muscles, by using a machine that will do the work of ten or twelve men, can afford to sell his grain more cheaply. He can still have a good margin of profit, and at the same time reduce the cost to the consumer. So it comes about that morning, noon, and night millions are sharers of the inestimable blessing of cheap bread. Is it the farmer alone who is thus cheapening our daily loaves? Shall we say that he alone brought \$180,000,000 from England to this country last year for breadstuffs? Let us give hon-

or and credit where they are due; let us not fail to see that had it not been for the brain labor of Hussey, McCormick, Wood, Osborne, and the great host of men whose names are enrolled in the archives of the patent office, but who are otherwise unknown, it would not have been possible for this country to have harvested more than one quarter or one third of the 360,000,000 bushels of wheat produced last year. Through their brain labor the world to-day has cheap bread. Harder than now would be the times, had they not brought the reaping machines to their present degree of perfection; sharper would be the distress in England, if they had not thus devoted their lives and employed their capital. It is not sentiment but literal truth to say that whenever the impoverished millions of Great Britain behold the sun sinking in the west, they think of it as throwing its departing beams over a land wide and fair, where there is an abundance of food for the famishing of the world, and only through failure of crop will bread ever be dear.

GENERIC INVENTIONS.

Telegraphy and photography were discoveries, but with those discoveries there followed a class of inventions that were generic in their nature. The Morse telegraph was brought into practical use in 1844, and had a rapid development. We have seen that up to 1830 a letter could be carried about seventy-five miles a day, and that the locomotive transmitted correspondence five hundred miles in twenty-four hours; but with the invention of the telegraph time was annihilated. The telephone has now come to our aid, and we may converse with our friends far away as freely as if they were present.

The construction of telegraph lines, and the establishment of an office in every village, brought about another levy upon the labor of men and women who were doing something else; but far beyond this has been the effect of Morse's invention. It has revolutionized methods in business. The merchant, broker, manufacturer, is not now compelled to

wait weeks or months before deciding upon a course of action in trade, but he does it on the instant. He is not forced to wait months, or may be a year, before he can turn over his capital and count up his gains; he may do it in an hour. It is manifest that through the use of the telegraph there has been a vast augmentation of the power of capital.

Photography has not been productive of any corresponding change, but its development has called many thousands from other occupations; has given a great stimulus to other industries, affecting even the egg markets of the world, enhancing the value of every barn-yard fowl in Christendom by the incessant demand for albumen. This discovery has widened the employments open to women, calling them from lower to higher occupations, with an increase of wages.

In connection, I may mention the development of the india-rubber and gutta-percha industries, invention and discovery calling another multitude from some other occupation, and giving a stimulus to labor in far-off lands.

THE REPRODUCTIVE POWER OF INVENTION.

When the first rude locomotive was brought from England to the United States, there was not a machine-shop in the country that could have constructed one like it, and American mechanics were compelled to direct their attention to the invention and construction of machines to make machines. After Good-year discovered the process by which india rubber could be vulcanized, inventors were obliged to construct machines for its manipulation, and those in turn required other inventions and devices. Like seed corn reproducing itself a hundred fold, like yeast spores reaching out in every direction, the law of reproduction goes on, expanding and increasing the power of man to bring into use the forces and materials of nature for the welfare of his fellow-men.

The report of the census to most people is a dreary, bewildering mass of figures, but to one who studies the prog-

ress of the nation there can be no more interesting reading. As has already been shown, manufacturing prior to 1820 was wholly done in the household and by individual effort. Very little capital was invested even in 1830, but in the census of 1870 we ascertain that there were 2,053,000 persons directly engaged in manufacturing, whose annual wages amounted to \$775,584,000; that the capital invested aggregated \$21,018,000,000; that the annual product had a value of more than \$4,200,000,000. In contrast, the wages of farm laborers, including board, were only \$300,000,000, less than one half the amount earned by those engaged in manufacturing.

The development of manufacturing has been altogether disproportionate to the growth of population. Between 1850 and 1870 the population increased sixty-five per cent., while manufacturing increased three hundred and twenty-two per cent., and, notwithstanding the commercial depression of the last four years, it is confidently maintained by those who have made the industries a study that there has not been any material change in the ratio of increase.

THE FORCES OF NATURE.

The new civilization has its origin in the employment of the forces and materials of nature to do the work of human muscles. Before the beginning of manufacturing, there were coal and iron deposits beneath the Alleghanies as there had been from the primeval ages, and the rivers ran to the sea as they had ever run; but the time came when they were to be put in harness for the benefit of the human race. In calculating the power of these forces of nature, James Watt used the term *horse-power*, representing the efforts of the strongest horses at short intervals as equivalent to the continuous raising of thirty-three thousand pounds at the rate of one foot a minute. With a steam-engine this amount of energy is accomplished by the evaporation of a cubic foot of water per hour, from a temperature of 60°, under a pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch. After deducting all losses

from friction, this power is estimated to be equal to the labor of six men, and this six-men power is obtained by burning about six pounds of coal per hour. With coal at five dollars per ton, this force of nature does the work of six men for ten hours at a cost of about eighteen cents, or of one man for ten hours at a cost of three cents.

Is the employment of this force detrimental or beneficial to manual labor? The argument that would relegate machinery out of existence would likewise put a stop to the mining of coal, or the employment of water to turn mill-wheels. Is it not manifest, rather, that if we can set a hitherto idle force to work for us instead of using our own muscles, we are gainers thereby? Is it not a using of the riches of nature for our comfort?

The first power loom was set up in 1816, since when capital has been adding machinery, until in 1875, in all industries in Massachusetts, there was in water wheels and steam engines power equivalent to that of 318,748 horses, equal to the labor of 1,912,000 men, or nearly 300,000 more than the entire population of the State. By the census of 1870, we learn that the power derived from the forces of nature in the United States in manufacturing was equal to the power of 2,343,000 horses, representing the muscular force of more than 14,000,000 men!

RAILROAD TRANSPORTATION.

Some of us can recall the days when ponderous wagons, drawn by six and eight horses, were dragged from Vermont to Boston, along the turnpikes. Those were the days when country taverns abounded, but now the highways, once so thronged with teams, are grass-grown and desolate.

"To the mossy wayside tavern
Comes the noisy throng no more,
And the faded sign, complaining,
Swings unnoticed at the door."

Dismal were the forebodings of the farmers when railroad construction began, — nevermore would they find a market for their grain, and horses would

depreciate in value; but oats are still marketable, and horses salable.

According to the railway reports of Massachusetts, there were in use last year in that State 1030 locomotives. Mr. Edward Appleton, a competent engineer, estimates that the number in constant use — deducting those that are undergoing repairs — is 682, and that the work performed by them is equivalent to the power of 1,519,000 horses on common roads, whereas the number of horses in the State, by the census of 1875, was only 53,218. Applying Mr. Appleton's formula to the number of locomotives in the United States, we find that the locomotives are doing the work of nearly 30,000,000 horses, whereas the aggregate horses of all ages in 1870 was less than 9,000,000.

We smile at the ideas of the men living a half century ago, who thought, when they were planning the first freight depot in Boston, for the use of the Boston and Worcester Railroad, that a building forty by sixty feet would accommodate the road for a quarter of a century! How little did they comprehend the power of steam as a force of nature to change human affairs! How little do we comprehend what it has done, or what it is yet to do!

CAPITAL.

We have seen that the new civilization has had its development through the united efforts of capital and labor, powerful when working harmoniously, but able to accomplish nothing separately. But what is capital? If this were a treatise on political economy, several pages would be needed to set forth the nature and functions of capital, but it will be sufficient here to say that capital is accumulated earnings, which when we put into a house, farm machine, or anything else material, we call *fixed* capital; when we have it in money, or its equivalent, we call it *active*. If once fixed, it is a permanency. As an individual, I may sell the house, but somebody's labor is in the bricks and carpentry, and will be there forever, unless fire destroys it, and then it is annihilated.

ANNIHILATION OF CAPITAL.

Many of us indulge the illusion that if we could only once obtain property we could keep it, but I think that most men will agree that its preservation is quite as difficult as its attainment. By fire and flood capital disappears; moth and rust are agents for its destruction. Use destroys it: the machine wears out, and a new one must be obtained. Invention destroys it: stage-coaches were capital once, but the locomotive has superseded them; sickles and scythes were capital once, but now they are rusting in garrets. No manufacturer could afford to take as a gift to-day a cotton-mill equipped as in 1860; it would bankrupt the man who might undertake to run it, invention having rendered the machinery of twenty years ago utterly worthless.

"We have rebuilt one of our furnaces five times since 1850," was the remark of an iron manufacturer recently; "not that it was worn out, but because invention has made such an advance that we could not afford to run it on the old methods."

Fashion annihilates capital. A few years ago millions of dollars were invested in machinery for the manufacture of hoop-skirts, and thousands of men, women, and children earned their daily bread in their manufacture; but when the sex discarded crinoline, the fixed capital was annihilated and the operatives were compelled to seek other employment.

It is a law of nature that there can be no progress without decay. Progress is eternal change. Nothing can prevent the destruction of accumulated earnings; it is the gnawing of the tooth of time, and the moment we invest our money which represents our accumulated earnings in anything material, it becomes a permanency, is subject to constant depreciation and ultimate extinction. The use of Bessemer steel has annihilated a large portion of the capital once invested in iron furnaces. The "dead past" is a comprehensive term, and sooner or later we, with all our accumulations of material wealth, go back to the dust from whence we came.

What has become of the wealth of

Rome, once so immense? How the fire whiffs out riches — one hundred millions per annum in this country! — so much labor annihilated. How the war swept it away! And yet, notwithstanding the ravages of war, the devastation by fire and flood, the extinction by new invention, the accumulations have been marvelous. Want of space will not permit the giving of details, but it can be shown that the earnings of labor and capital together, invested in savings-banks, general banking, insurance, railroads, national, state, and municipal securities, aggregate at the present time not less than \$13,000,000,000! The data for this estimate is at hand and reliable; much more trustworthy than the estimated general value of all property in the United States as given in the census, which is placed at \$30,068,000,000.

While these accumulations have been going on in this country, there has been a corresponding increase in other lands, and Mr. Gladstone is reported as saying that the development of the present century is greater than that from the time of Julius Cæsar to 1800.

PROGRESS OF THREE NATIONS.

The volume of trade is a fair indication of the progress of a people, and the following exhibit shows how Great Britain, France, and the United States have respectively advanced since the coming in of the new civilization. The presentation is by decades.

GREAT BRITAIN.

1827-37 Imports and Exports	\$4,948,750,000
1837-47	6,771,555,000
1847-57	11,065,280,000
1857-67	20,379,890,000
1867-77	28,879,205,000

FRANCE.

1827-37 Imports and Exports	\$2,002,400,000
1837-47	2,998,400,000
1847-57	4,601,800,000
1857-67	9,261,200,000
1867-77	13,313,600,000

UNITED STATES.

1827-37 Imports and Exports	\$2,006,218,000
1837-47	2,285,428,000
1847-57	4,265,074,000
1857-67	7,103,309,000
1867-77	11,016,805,000

Great Britain has increased her trade

six times, France six and one half, the United States five and one half. Is it probable that there would have been any such increase if the forces of nature had not been brought into play? But the forces of nature and the use of machinery have not been the only factors.

CREDIT.

Coöperating with these forces of nature there has been what is felicitously termed a force of *human nature*, the confidence of men in their fellow-men.¹ In commerce it is called *credit*. I write a promise to pay, and my neighbor, having faith in my ability to meet my promise, loans me money. He does not need the money in business, and is willing that I should use it on paying him interest. A laborer, earning more than he needs for his daily living, promises to pay, and men having faith in him supply him with money to build a house, or start in business for himself. A country trader from Illinois purchases goods in New York, giving his promise to pay, and the New York merchant, needing money, obtains it on this promise by putting his name on the paper. It comes about that we can make that which does not exist as available as that which does exist, as long as we can meet our promises; but, failing in that, it is like a phantom that eludes our grasp. It may serve all the purposes of gold and silver to-day, and to-morrow be utterly valueless.

Under the new civilization, through the agency of the railroad in supplying quick transportation, and through the telegraph, in flashing a message from New York to California in a few moments, a promise to pay given in New York may be just as potent in San Francisco, for the purposes of trade, as gold would be. The transfer of the gold, the time and cost, all are saved. Very little money is used in these days in commerce; checks and drafts and notes serve in nearly all commercial transactions. The confidence of man in man, and the ease with which we can make a promise to pay serve the purposes of gold and silver,

¹ Economics; or, The Science of Wealth. Page 90.

ever lead men on, in the pursuit of wealth, to take tempting risks, to promise more than they can perform.

This tendency is universal, and just as manifest in the Parsees and Hindoos, in the Chinese and Japanese, as in the people of Europe, Great Britain, or the United States. In every country credit answers all the purposes of capital, as long as men meet their promises; and in all countries, when men fail in that, there will be instant distrust.

PRECIOUS METALS.

In 1830 the amount of bank-notes and specie in circulation in this country was under six dollars per capita of population. There had been no great increase of the precious metals for many years. The mines of Mexico and Peru still yielded silver and gold, as they had for three centuries, but in 1849 came the discovery of gold in California, then in Australia, together with the opening up of the argentiferous deposits of Nevada, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Idaho, and Montana. The vast production of what in every age has been accepted as the representative of wealth in a short time brought about a universal change of values. The price of a day's labor, the product of labor, the value of all material things, began to change the world over.

I do not say that the rise added anything to the real wealth; labor alone does that; the change was relative, but it had the effect of stimulating men, in the race for riches, to make larger promises than they could keep. In all countries there was a mania for speculation.

In this country, in 1860, there came the outbreak of civil war, followed by the issue by the government of several billions of promises to pay, not to mention the promises issued by States, municipalities, banking institutions, and individuals. Labor and capital and machinery were producing largely, but the real wealth was becoming fixed capital in railroads, manufactories, buildings of all kinds; and it was disappearing in the waste of war. Never before in the world's history had there been such a

rapid accumulation of wealth; never before had the products of labor been so rapidly transformed into fixed capital, or annihilated by war and the progress of invention. In the rise of values, in the wish to accumulate wealth, we mortgaged our prospective earnings for a long period of years. The circulation of greenbacks and national bank-notes advanced from less than six dollars per capita in 1830 to more than eighteen per capita in 1876. We built railroads where they were not needed and from which we could not hope for any immediate returns, and for the time being the amount of capital thus invested became extinct; we laid out towns in the wilderness and marked up the house lots to fabulous prices, upon which we issued promises to pay; multitudes, instead of producing, gave their attention to creating fictitious values, upon which they issued more promises to pay; the nation, States, counties, towns, corporations, societies, churches, individuals, all issued promises to pay. A piece of land which before the construction of a railroad was utterly valueless was sold perhaps a dozen times, each purchaser giving his promise to pay. We bought pictures, horses, books, pianos, things delightful to have, and paid for them in promises to pay, but they were all unproductive fixed capital.

So long as we could meet our notes by issuing more promises, there was fair sailing, and we all congratulated ourselves upon the good times we were having, flattering ourselves that we were getting rich, losing sight of the fact that everything in the universe is under the domain of physical law, and that those laws which govern human progress and are powerful to build up are equally powerful to destroy. But there came a day when a firm that had issued many bonds found itself unable to meet its promises, and society, which had been one grand mutual confidence association, was seized with a panic. Our neighbors asked us to secure our notes; we asked them to secure theirs; and we all discovered that what we thought good security was worthless. Machinery stopped, because there were no buyers for manufact-

ured goods; the laborer was thrown out of employment and the capitalist into bankruptcy. The laborers who had lived up to the limit of their earnings were distressed; those who had saved their earnings and invested in houses and lands, which had been marked up in value, who had paid in part, saw their property disappear "like the baseless fabric of a vision." Then came the clearing away of the wreck, the stern decrees of the courts of insolvency, the wiping out of the fictitious, the breaking up of happy homes, a looking about to find some employment where men might earn their daily bread. It is one of the saddest pictures of the nineteenth century. It is not local, from the fact that the causes were not local, but universal. Their origin lies far back in the forces of nature and of human nature,—in the powers of the new civilization. I would not be understood as maintaining that the war had nothing to do with the present trouble; it had its effect, for it stimulated cotton culture in India, Egypt, and South America; it stopped the machinery of Lancashire, and started it again, with a great addition of looms; it set foundries and furnaces in blast in Great Britain and in this country; it swept American commerce from the ocean, and contributed to make Great Britain the world's carrier, manufacturer, and banker. The surrender at Appomattox was felt in every commercial centre, in every banking house in the world; but it is morally certain that if there had been no war in this country there would have been, sooner or later, a commercial disturbance the world over, with distress everywhere. The present trouble has been brought about through a disregard of the physical laws that underlie progress. There has been commercial stagnation at other periods in the past, as there will be in the future, but it is not probable that for many years there will be a depression so prolonged, intense, and universal as that which began in this country in 1873, and which is now so severe in other lands, for like conditions will not exist in the immediate future.

THE EARNINGS OF LABOR.

Amid the wreck and ruin, there are complaints that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer; that the laborer has a harder time than ever before. At the beginning of this article I contrasted the havings of the present and past; now let us glance at the earnings of laborers. Without perplexing the reader with long columns of figures, I will simply state the results, as set forth most conclusively in the late report of Colonel Carroll D. Wright, chief of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics, in which he shows that while the average cost of living has advanced fourteen per cent. since 1860, the wages of operatives have advanced twenty-four per cent.

I may further say that the books of a manufacturing company in New Jersey, that supplies its operatives with goods at cost, show that in all the staple articles of food the cost of living at the present time is lower than in 1860.

PAUPERISM AND CRIME.

It is stated that pauperism is on the increase; that the use of machinery drives men out of employment, and that not being able to obtain work they are reduced to beggary. Unfortunately, there are few reliable data upon this point in the United States, but in no other country is there so much machinery used as in Great Britain, and there we have authentic data.

In 1863 the population of England and Wales was 20,590,356; the number of persons relieved, 1,142,624; the amount of relief, £6,527,036; in contrast, the population in 1878 was 24,854,397; the number of persons relieved, 742,703; and the amount of relief, £7,400,966. The percentage of population receiving relief in 1863 was 5.55; in 1878 it was 3.06, showing that with the great increase of machinery there was a great reduction in the number of persons relieved.

In connection, let us notice one other important fact: the amount paid per individual in 1863 was \$28.50, while in 1878 it was \$49.50. It is evident that this difference does not arise from any

corresponding increase in the price of provisions; may we not infer that it does arise from an increase of the articles now regarded as necessary to human comfort? Mr. Bonamy Price states that it costs to maintain 1000 poor in London five times as much as it did in 1815 (*Political Economy*, page 237); that this increase of cost is due, in part, to the popular estimate of what is needful for human comfort. We see the same popular estimate here in the cost of erecting and maintaining our penal, reformatory, and charitable institutions. It is stated that by the use of machinery men become poverty-stricken, and so are led into crime; but the statistics of Great Britain show the reverse (*Blue Book*, 1878). In 1862 the total commitments of criminals for trial in the United Kingdom were 30,291, while in 1876, with an increase of 4,365,000 population, the commitments were only 22,937. The decrease was nearly uniform in England, Ireland, and Scotland. What shall we infer from this, — that justice is not so vigilant now as in 1862, or that from some cause there is less crime? Manifestly the latter.

RÉSUMÉ.

From this review we arrive at the following conclusions: —

- (1.) That the havings of to-day are far greater than in the past.
- (2.) That the earnings of the present are greater than in 1860.
- (3.) That the cost of articles that enter into living has not advanced in proportion to our earnings.
- (4.) That the mass of the people are better fed, clothed, housed, and in possession of more of the comforts of life, than at any other period.
- (5.) That the change has been brought about by the development of the forces of nature through discovery, invention, the use of machinery, and the harmonious working of capital and labor.
- (6.) That capital and labor, instead of being antagonistic, are naturally helpful, and that any conflict between them is brought about by elements beyond the control of either acting separately.

(7.) That there are three such elements, — discovery, invention, and fashion.

(8.) That the laws of progress will ever require a readjustment of labor; that men will ever be forced to abandon old and seek new occupations.

(9.) That every advance in invention will demand a higher degree of intelligence, requiring a higher education.

(10.) That men must accommodate themselves to the laws of progress, or be crushed by them.

Let me not be misunderstood. No legislative enactment can alter or amend the laws which underlie progress any more than they can protect the man who happens to stand in the path of the thunderbolt. I assert with emphasis that under those laws labor will ever be compelled to seek new occupation, while capital will ever be annihilated. They are beneficent laws. The fire that burns up my hard earnings is the fire that drives the engine that enables me to

accumulate earnings. The water that turns my mill sweeps it away. The power that builds is the power that destroys, and I must accommodate myself to it.

(11.) That under those laws there has been a general diffusion of wealth; that while the rich may be growing richer, the poor are not necessarily growing poorer.

(12.) That commercial disaster may come in the future as it has in the past.

(13.) That the popular estimate of what is needful for human comfort is higher to-day than in the past.

(14.) That though under the use of machinery men may be compelled to seek other occupations, each invention enlarges the sphere of labor.

(15.) That pauperism and crime, instead of being on the increase, are on the decrease.

(16.) That the human race, through the employment of the forces of nature, is moving ever on to a higher plane of civilization.

Charles Carleton Coffin.

WITCHWORK.

UNDINÉ and all her troop
 Are out to-night; the tides are high;
 Like spray far thrown across the moon,
 The clouds go sailing through the sky.
 The showers sweep down and shroud the world,
 On darkling rainbows skim afar;
 The brooks burst up beside the way,
 And great winds strip some naked star, —
 Great winds, mad winds, winds of March,
 That, streaming from the void and vast,
 Make mortals feel the impotence
 Of atoms borne before the blast.
 But Ariel holds them in his leash;
 All the Wild Ladies follow him.
 The great Ghandarvas blow their tunes
 From silver peaks and valleys dim;
 Witch and warlock, imps and elves,
 The urchins of the misty dale,
 And echoes mocking all the stir,
 Ride down the long gust of the gale!

Hark! do you catch the Banshee's cry?
 That is the hammering trolls you hear!
 Turn not too swiftly, lest you start
 The Lurley singing in your ear!
 Powers of earth and powers of air
 Are all abroad; the night is quick
 With strange and subtle sorceries,
 Bred of the storm, and swarming thick
 As bees about a blooming branch,
 Honey dripping, dew besprent,
 Steeped in sunshine underneath
 The blue of some great morning's tent.
 Each enchantment of the sphere,
 Blown from the sea and blown from shore,
 Works its wild will and wizardry
 While darkness wraps the gay uproar,
 Till rosy dawn shall set the spell;
 When, lo! the bare boughs of yestreen
 Confess the magic of the March,
 And wave such veils of callow green
 As clad, in the old mystic tale,
 The rods that Jannes and Jambres throw,
 To break in blossom as they fall
 Before the feet of Pharaoh!
 For the fierce tempest, with its shock
 Of wind and sleet that midnight cloaks,
 Like some old thaumaturge who makes
 A mighty marvel, now evokes
 The violet on her dewy locks,
 The sunlight on her lifted wing,
 The clouds of incense floating by,—
 The Apparition of the Spring!

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

TO LEADVILLE.

On the 25th day of last May the bottom-lands along the Monument Creek, just west of the town of Colorado Springs, were as purple as a clover field. I had not seen them for a week; between a Saturday and a Saturday thousands of purple vetches had grown high and burst into bloom, and the change from the usual muddy and unsightly color of the place was so great that my first feeling in looking at it was of bewildered wonder, as if the region were new. In no

other year since I had known the spot had it ever been beautiful. If the world lasts and these vetches keep on growing, there will come a spring when these acres of bottom-land will stretch a solid belt of waving purple bloom, quarter of a mile wide, for two or three miles up and down the creek.

One short season of exceeding loveliness even this muddy bottom-land will have; what earthly thing or creature can have more?

A season of peerless music, moreover, it has, for larks like vetches, and hang about their low and shady coverts, every now and then fluttering up to sing. Four of them we saw in less than a mile, this morning, — soft, brown-winged, yellow-breasted, trusting creatures, perched on posts or bushes close to the road, looking us full in the eyes, and throwing back their heads as if to let the song out faster and give us all they could before we were out of sight.

“You say that the voice is always a test of a person’s culture,” said the professed realist of the party. “How much do you think the lark knows?”

How often do these realists surprise us by a thought or a phrase so full of poetic fervor that it instantly recalls Herbert Spencer’s bold assertions that not only does science underlie all poetry, but is itself poetic!

Past the hamlet of the Good Spirit (Manitou), a bower of shining green; up the Ute Pass, down which the Fountain Creek came foaming, all white and amber; past blue *mertensias* nodding rhythmically into the water, and seeming to drink at each dip, like birds; alders, willows waving full of catkins; vines all starting to climb; pines and firs glittering with fresh plumes at every bough tip; thickets where dusky wings were glimmering; narrow belts of young cotton-wood trees on the mountain sides, so vividly green they looked like narrow belts of sunbeam slanting here and there, — past all these, through the pass, up, and out into the great plateaus of spruce and fir forests we climbed, twenty miles or more, climbed slowly: and yet, could it have been so slowly after all? We outstripped the Spring and left her behind, sitting by the roadside, cautiously unfolding a few catkins and cotton-wood buds, and keeping one eye askance and apprehensive on an inky cloud in the northwest which might mean rain, hail, snow, and ice.

Sure enough, it had meant them all. When we had climbed high enough and gone northward enough to turn the flank of Pike’s Peak, there stood the great mountain, solid walls of white on its

north and northwest sides; it looked like eternal winter, and we chuckled to think how shrewd Spring had been to halt ten miles back down the pass. Bare trees, bare roadsides, deep mud, icy sloughs, chilly winds, — these were what we got by racing ahead of Spring, up the Ute Pass, on that late May day.

It was twilight. As we floundered through the fast-stiffening mud in front of the little inn where we were to pass the night, we said to each other, “Did we really see *anemones* and *mertensias* and willow catkins and purple vetches three hours ago? Is this Wonderland, and are we Alice and the rabbit? Shall we be short or long when we step out of the carriage?”

The Kansas woman who was temporarily acting as landlady of the little inn took the same view of the paradoxical situation of things that we did; but having neither a poetical temperament nor an acquaintance with Lewis Carroll’s wonderful fairy story, she expressed herself more tersely, and also more to the point:—

“Ye would n’t call this spring, now, would ye?” she said. “Why, last night the hailstones were lying two inches deep up to this very door-step. It does beat all. We came here two weeks ago from Kansas, and there the grass was real high, and all our vegetables up. This country beats all.”

While she was speaking, a heavily-loaded freight wagon came creaking, twisting, and plunging along in the mud. It was drawn by only two horses; the poor things tugged till the muscles in their legs stood out like ropes. The driver, muddy and wet up to his knees, ran by their side, laying on the whip, swearing now in German, now in English, as he sank into one deep hole after another. Before the inn door he halted, wiped his face, and looked anxiously at the wagon.

“How much does your load weigh?” I asked.

“Twenty-t’ree hunder,” he answered. “I did not t’ought it vas so bad. But she pull like devil, dat mare,” pointing to the near horse; “she wort

two, to pull. But I did not t'ought it so bad."

"Oh, they go by every day, worse loaded than that," said the Kansas woman. "I thought I'd seen cattle driven hard in Kansas, but I had n't. It seems as if every teamster on this road was bound to get to Leadville, dead or alive, no matter how many cattle he kills on the road. It's a downright shame! I don't suppose the silver's goin' to run away before you get there,—do you?" she continued, addressing the teamster, severely. "Why don't you take one more day, or two days, on the road, and show some mercy to your beasts? It would pay ye better 'n hurryin' through."

"Dat ish so," said the man, striking the good mare a sharp cut on the hind-quarters, which made her plunge violently forward, and really start the wagon before her slower mate had bestirred herself at all. "Dat ish so; but must make time; all bodies ish waiting for deir t'ings. Vat wagon go quickest, he get most freight."

From the window above came the faint wail of a very young babe. Only a few days before, the little creature had come to begin life in this lonely, storm-smitten spot. There was something infinitely touching in the low cry. If it had come from the top of one of the tall, creaking pines, it would not have seemed to belong more thoroughly to the wilderness; no young of wild bird in all the surrounding forest more helpless and more unconscious of the meaning of the perpetual going up and down of money seekers on the road below.

Next morning, clear sun and white frost everywhere. Seven miles of muddy slough were powdered thick with tiny ice crystals, whose treacherous beauty would only make the muddy slough worse an hour later. Out on the open of the Platte River, northward along its meadows, then westward again, over divide after divide, through seemingly interminable forests of spruce and fir, and so we came at sunset to the edge of the great South Park. Here we found the song sparrow; or at least if he were not the song sparrow, he was a sparrow with

a song. "How would you describe the song of that bird?" said I to the realist. "Does it not baffle all description?"

"Oh, no," was the instant reply. "Two sweet little whoops, a twiddle, and a twitter."

And that is precisely what it was. Will an ornithologist recognize our bird by this token?

All along the way we had found flocks of blackbirds eating greedily in the road and on the roadsides, hundreds in a flock, and so tame that they only hopped, like hens, leisurely to right or left, as we passed, often barely escaping the wheels. Even these tiny creatures were profiting by the new discoveries of silver in Leadville; but who told them that freight wagons and campers would be on this particular road this particular summer? They were like the stragglers in the rear of a great army on its march, picking up a comfortable vagabond living on the remains of the army supplies. Sometimes, the first indication we saw that a spot had been a camping-ground the night before was a solid black patch of these birds, heads down, tails all in a quiver, crowding, pushing, snapping, as if they were in terror of being driven away before getting their fill. They were so fat and round-bodied they waddled. Evidently, they had been part of the Leadville procession for weeks. When the reaction comes, as it does come in all these mining excitements; when some bigger mines are found in some other mountain, or the Leadville mines begin to dwindle in yield, and the frantic throng of delvers and sellers turns into another road, how will the little blackbirds begin to wonder and wait. They too will have to come down from a season of unearned plenty to one of want. Yet they are luckier than men: they can take wing any morning, and fly till they come where food is; at worst, they can return to their native wild foods, which though scantier are no doubt more wholesome for them than the oats and corn of civilization. But they are sure of feasting so long as the Leadville fever lasts, for all roads leading to the town are alive: freight wagons coming down

loaded with ore, and freight wagons going up loaded with every conceivable thing, from mining machinery and railroad iron down to baby-wagons and pepper-casters; we saw sixty-two of these wagons in this first day's journey of ten hours. The most interesting thing in the procession, next to the blackbirds, was the human element: families—fathers, mothers, with crowds of little children, bedsteads, iron pots, comforters, chairs, tables, cooking-stoves, cradles—wedged into small wagons, toiling slowly up the long hills and across the long stretches of plain, all going to Leadville to seek that fortune which had so evidently eluded their efforts hitherto; solitary adventurers, whose worldly possessions consisted of a pack-mule, a bundle, and a pick-axe; and adventurers still more solitary, with only the bundle and pick-axe, and no mule; dozens of these we passed.

"Going to Leadville?" was our usual greeting.

"Wall, yes; I was a-thinkin' I'd make my way over there," was a frequent reply, often followed by the anxious inquiry, "How fur is it?"

We always gave them the distance as low as we conscientiously could. It seemed cruel to say to that sort of pedestrian that he had fifty or a hundred miles to walk; and it seemed half inhuman to whirl past him with our fast trotting horses.

The South Park is sixty miles long and forty wide, walled on all sides by high mountains. When it was a lake it held many fair and wooded islands; these islands are now fair and wooded hills, among which winds sluggishly the Platte River, all that is left of the waters of the olden time. A belt of green meadow, invaluable for farming and pasturage, marks the course of the river, and ranchmen are growing rich on its free domain. We slept in one of the most comfortable of the ranches, and were up and off again early on our second morning; snow-covered peaks before us, behind us, east, west, north, south,—a panorama of the guard mounting of Winter over one of Summer's palaces.

And the figure is, after all, not so forced as it sounds; for it is the slow and almost exhaustless filtering down from the mountains' reservoir of snow which keeps the rivers full and the park green and fertile. The western foot-hills were dark blue and purple; the snow line just above the blue and purple sharply defined and dazzling white. Winding among the fair and wooded hills we had a succession of changing vistas, and new revelations of the mountain walls in the distance. They looked arctic and forbidding; as we journeyed toward the northwest boundary of the park, where Mount Lincoln and its surrounding group make the great water-shed of the continent, we could well fancy ourselves looking toward Labrador. To heighten the effect, columns of storm gathered in the north, inky black, and moved slowly southward, following the mountain line. In spaces they suddenly fringed out into a great glory of white mist, spent themselves for a few moments, then gathered up all their forces and hurried on, in narrower and blacker pillars against the sky.

As we drew near the town of Fair Play, we descended into a miserable bottom-land, full of sloughs and pools of muddy alkali water. Long and sinister-looking lines of gaunt firs bounded and divided this evil region; its tint was ghastly and dead; as our wheels rolled through the sticky water they were instantly covered thick with a white and muddy incrustation, like the hideous things which rural people in some sections of our country make out of variously colored alum solutions. It was a spot for despair, for murders, for suicides. The town of Fair Play, lying in full sight on the foot-hills to the north, and not more than six miles away, looked unreal, unattainable. If we had found ourselves suddenly seized by some dire enchantment and forced to circle round and round, hopeless, slower and slower, to be changed into speechless firs rooted in the desolate moor, it would have seemed nothing surprising. I did not know that Colorado held so unredeemed a spot.

To enter Fair Play from the South Park, you cross the Platte River; that is, you cross the place where the Platte River once was. Men have treated the Platte River roughly here. They have ripped it up, so to speak, and not left a thread of it in place. They are forever sluicing it, draining it, pumping it dry, twisting and torturing it, to get the gold of which its water has been full in its day; but the stream is getting to be poverty-stricken in its old age, and no longer returns such lavish good for evil to its persecutors. It looks now like an old gully worn out by years of freshets; and the water, all of it which is not cooped up in sluices, zigzags along in slow, purposeless, tinkling lines, as if it were not worth while to try to go anywhere in particular. You lower yourself cautiously down a precipice into this gully, pick your way across it, climb up another precipice, and then you are in Fair Play. The name has an attractive sound, as if mirth and mercy had joined hands with justice; but when you hear the legend from which the name sprang, it loses its charm, and makes you shudder.

Two men loved one woman, as has been the way of men ever since the world began. The man whom the woman loved deserted her. The man whom the woman did not love followed the faithless lover, found him, unarmed, working with his miner's pick on the banks of the Platte River, — perhaps just where we crossed that day; nobody knows now the spot where the lovers fought. The avenger pointed his rifle, and was about to fire. The guilty betrayer threw up his hands and called out, —

"Fair play! Give me fair play!"

"Go home, then, and get your rifle," said the true lover of the woman and of honor. "I'll wait for you here."

The other must have had honor, also, for he did not fly; he came back, and met, what perhaps he did not wholly deserve, his death. The rival disappeared, and this is all that is known to-day of the two men and the woman whose loves and sorrows made such sharp tragedy and named the little town.

In its infancy Fair Play, like all min-

ing towns, was full of hope, enthusiasm, and brilliant expectation; it knows better now; nobody has made a very big fortune. It is dull work simply earning a living and no more, — getting just gold enough to pay one's current expenses, when one has had visions of being a millionaire; but if a man would only realize it, it is matter for some thankfulness in this world even to get a living, and mining is not on the whole a harder vocation than many others. When Fair Play recovers from the reaction of disappointment and relative failure, it will perhaps put shoulder to the wheel and be blithely industrious, clear up its disorderly streets, and make itself into a tidy and contented town, which there is every reason for its being. At present it is the picture of slovenly confusion: broken and dirty ditches through which unwholesome water is carried about for the town to drink; unneat-looking houses with only here and there an attempt at inclosure; great waste spaces littered with old bones, tin cans, junk, dead hens, cats, ground moles, straw, paper, rags; and if there be any other variety of refuse likely to accrue to a town from untidy habits on the part of its citizens, it is to be found in the highways and byways of Fair Play. The demoralizing effect on a community of living year after year in such surroundings is hardly to be reckoned. It will make itself felt "unto the third and fourth generation."

The most contented-looking person I saw in Fair Play was a German woman who kept a shop, where she sold newspapers, tobacco, and herbs. The place was barely big enough to turn round in, and looked and smelled as if it belonged to an out-of-the-way street in Prague.

"Do you like living in Fair Play?" I asked her.

"Ach, yes; I haf been in mush bad-der place," she replied, with a chuckle.

"Where was that?" said I.

"Shentral," she answered. "Ach, but dat is hole-y place; if go out house, you ish unter mountain."

So graphic a picture of Central City and of the condition of its inhabitants could not be drawn in good English.

"In a gulch and among guleches," which is what we should say of the situation of the town, is very feeble by the side of "hole-y place;" and how infinitely superior is "you ish unter mountain" to any or all of the circumlocuting phrases by which we should say that each street seemed to be tumbling down on the one below it!

Another contented-looking woman I saw; she also kept a shop, — dry goods, millinery, — and there was a dress-making department in addition. Her stock of goods was so surprisingly well selected that I took the liberty of saying so, and of asking some questions as to her method of doing business. A woman suffragist would have been delighted to hear the story of this Fair Play milliner, whose husband gives her the building for her shop, warms it and lights it for her, and then allows her to "have for her own" all that she can make off the shop. Six years she had kept it, and had never in all that time asked her husband for one cent of money, except for doctor's bills. It struck me, not being a woman suffragist, that most shop-keeping men would be glad to get shops on these terms. However, the energetic milliner had not, apparently, looked at the matter from that stand-point. One of her business principles impressed me as being a noticeably good one: "I never keep an inferior article," she said; "or, if I have to, I keep a first-rate one also of the same sort."

The stage from Fair Play to Leadville starts at seven o'clock every morning. It is an open wagon with three seats; two horses draw it, no matter how many men it carries; luggage is not much taken into account, most of the stage passengers for Leadville being able to carry their luggage in one hand. Men going to Leadville with grave and permanent views are not apt to go by stage. The stage passengers are more likely to be prospecters, silent partners in mines running up for a few days to look into matters, adventurers, curiosity mongers, — in fact, it would be hard to mention the sort of man who is not to be found, in these days, going to Leadville, so strong

is the magnet of rumors of new mines. Before the stage set off, I studied the eight faces of the men it carried. They were simply eight different types of expectation and plotting. They were silent, observant, full of reverie. I fancied that each of them wished he knew about the other seven, — whether they had "struck ore" or not, whether they were going to buy claims or not; but the money seeker keeps his own secrets.

We followed on, close in the wake of the stage. It was to be our guide. "How tiresome!" I thought. "We shall have to crawl along at a snail's pace behind." If the stage-driver had known of our apprehension, he might have laughed well at our mortification at discovering that our horses had hard work to keep up.

It was a clear morning; a hot sun, but a crisp air blowing off the mountains, which stood white as great icebergs against the blue sky. When the Colorado mountains are solidly covered with snow, their many-sided, wedged, crystal-like formation becomes more striking, and makes them look in some lights simply like gigantic upheavals of frozen seas. The range we were to cross looked as white as the rest, but we were assured that, except at the very top of the pass, we should find no snow on the road. Nobody said anything about mud, and who would have thought to ask? A few miles southward down the park, then sharply to the right, threading among the wooded islands, and up into the foothills, and we were in Weston's Pass, one of the very few clefts through which men can cross the great snowy range. As usual, a creek had made the way for the road. The slopes of the pass which faced the north were white with snow. The forests of spruce and fir showed black against it. The slopes facing the south were bare of snow, beginning to be green, young shoots well out on the firs, and here and there daisies in patches. On our left hand, winter; on our right hand, spring. The creek bottom was a study of delicious color. It was filled in solidly with willows, whose stems were claret, red, yellow, orange,

slaty purple. To have painted a picture with this broad, curving belt of vivid tints lying low between a black and white mountain wall on the one side, and a green mountain wall on the other, would have been merely to invite laughter and scorn, as by a picture of the impossible. Nobody may dare be so daring as nature herself; no, not even so daring as to tell the truth about nature. Now and then little opens, where last year's grass lay silvery or pale brown, added to the beauty of the belt of reds and yellows. In some places this belt must have been three hundred yards wide; in others it narrowed to a yard; but nowhere did any one tint predominate; they mingled like threads shot in and out of some gossamer fabric, distinct yet blending, transparent yet solid. As we climbed up, the contrasts grew more vivid,—the forests blacker, the snow whiter, the willows redder. At last we were twelve thousand feet high. The forests suddenly ceased; the creek sank farther from sight among sharp and barren hills; forbidding peaks, seemingly all of disintegrated rock, with here and there colossal boulders to hold them down, rose on all sides, their tops shining with snow; snow-banks began to appear on the roadside; on the edge of one of these, where the sun had melted a tiny opening, looked up one white strawberry blossom; and on two or three of the barrenest hills we saw the blue anemone, lying low, dainty and courageous. But at the top of the pass was a deep-sunk lake; it was frozen solid; the wind had swept the snow off its surface, and piled it up in a wall on two sides. This was the highest point; from this summit we looked down into the great Arkansas valley, which would be called a park, doubtless, except for its view. The Sawatch mountains, sharp, serrated, made its western wall. They were dazzling white with snow; only for a few moments did we enjoy this surpassing view. The stage, which was a few rods before us, began suddenly to execute the most surprising gyrations. My first thought was that the driver had lost his senses and was driving over boulders. The

realist knew better. An ejaculation of something very like dismay broke from his practical lips. A few seconds more, and we ourselves were gyrating, floundering, as the stage had been; it took all the nerve and muscle of our good little horses to pull us through the morass mud—black, sticky, bottomless mud—on this mountain ridge, twelve thousand feet above the sea. As we descended the slope, a sorry sight met our eyes: all we could see was a ghastly alternation of snow-drifts and black mud. The road, a gloomy belt of inky water, disappeared at intervals between high walls of snow on either hand; it was simply a track hewn through the snow-banks. On the left hand the ground sloped away sharply, almost precipitously, in places, down to the snow-filled bed of a creek. On the right it was less forbidding; there were here and there open spots on which it seemed probable a man, if he were cautious, might stand without slumping through. These gracious high and dry spots were crowded with freight wagons in different states and stages of unloading and general confusion, mules in different states and stages of exhaustion, and men in different states and stages of profanity. Some of the wagons were stuck fast in mud; some drivers were unloading and dividing their load into two parts, to make two trips across the ridge; some were unhitching their horses and mules, to “double up” on the more heavily loaded wagon of a comrade. All was misery. In desperation, for there was nothing else to be done, we floundered along, following closely the lead of the floundering stage. The driver knew better than we where the mud was deepest. Except for the sight of the stage ahead, we would hardly have ventured on and in. Again and again we thought it had surely gone over, or sunk too deep to get out. Our little horses went in literally up to their bellies; their legs seemed to fly and sprawl like the legs of spiders. Even the realist was alarmed.

“How much road is there like this?” he asked one of the freighters.

“Oh, only about three miles where

it's so muddy; none of it so bad 's this," he replied, cheerfully, as if it were all nothing more than what might be expected in spring on mountain tops.

"That man is a philosopher," said the realist.

"What'd ye say, sir?" asked the man, thinking the words were addressed to him.

"Nothing, nothing," the deceitful realist replied. "I did not speak. This is the worst road I ever" . . . He did not finish his sentence. At that moment we suddenly sank into a trough of mingled mud, water, and ice; the trough was barely wide enough for the carriage; walls of muddy snow from eight to ten feet high were on both sides of it. The bottom of the trough was simply more snow; soft in places; worn away in places by hidden currents of water. The horses sank, we sank; the horses scrambled out, and as no part of the harness gave way the carriage had to follow, but it was an ugly piece of work. Nobody spoke a word. The stage-driver, in spite of his own difficulty, looked back anxiously at us. A worse spot for an upset, or one where an upset seemed so inevitable, I never saw. Nothing but positive virtue could carry horses safely out. This did not last long, luckily. When we were out we stopped and looked back. Doré would have liked to add the sketch of that hill-side to his portfolio of studies for the horrible. And in one hour we were on smooth, green, grassy opens in the Arkansas valley: such is Maying in Colorado.

California Gulch, in which or on which the new town of Leadville is growing up, lies at right angles to the Arkansas valley, and about twelve miles from the head waters of the Arkansas River. It was a wild gulch, its sides grown thick with spruce forests, and a little snow-fed creek making its way down among them. But the waters of the creek held gold, and men soon found it out, cut down the spruce forests, and began placer mining all along the sides of the gulch. They are torn up and riddled, to-day, as if an earthquake had shaken them violently. All this while, in the stony mountains at

the head of the gulch, lay stores untold of solid silver, of which the miners lower down, working for gold sands by the handful, never so much as dreamed. It is the old story of treasure biding the time of the man who knows its secret. One day, a man who knew one stone from another picked up a bit of mineral and handed it slyly and significantly to his comrade, saying nothing. The comrade, experienced in the ways of mines, took it, saying nothing, and pocketed it. The gulch was full of men: there were those working by their side to whom one word might be a hint. Later, alone, the two comrades conversed with each other on the subject of this bit of stone. They took cautious and secret rambles over the mountain side. They said not one word to anybody for two years, but quietly possessed themselves largely of lands. To-day, in one mine which these two men own, you may see, it is said, six millions of dollars' worth of silver; not infer it, trust, hope, believe it, from the "dip," or "bearing," or "vein," as is usually the case in silver mines, but see it; the walls of the galleries are it! The miners simply chop the walls down, foot by foot, and wheel out the ore in barrows.

And the whole range is believed to be full of the precious metal. It is the western slope of the mountains lying back of Fair Play, on whose eastern slopes many profitable mines have been worked for years. It is odd that miners did not at once think that if one side of a mountain were made of silver, the other was likely to be. But they did not; and so the Leadville silver bided its time.

The town is a marvel. In six months a tract of dense spruce forest has been converted into a bustling village. To be sure, the upturned roots and the freshly hacked stumps of many of the spruce-trees are still in the streets of the town; fallen spruce-trees, too, on which you can sit down to rest, and here and there clumps of superb tall ones standing, which afford a most grateful protection from Colorado's hot May sun,—the sun which made that mud I spoke of at the top of Weston's Pass. Great spaces of scorched sage brush are to be seen, its

gray stalks looking as twisted as if they had been wrung out wet and thrown down to dry. Great spaces covered with chips, also; nobody had time to pick up his chips, and they are handy to burn; the houses are all log cabins, or else plain, unpainted, board shanties. Some of the cabins seem to burrow in the ground; others are set up on posts, like roofed bedsteads. Tents; wigwams of boughs; wigwams of bare poles, with a blackened spot in front, where somebody slept last night, but will never sleep again; cabins wedged in between stumps; cabins built on stumps; cabins with chimneys made of flower-pots or bits of stove pipe, — I am not sure but out of old hats; cabins half roofed; cabins with sail-cloth roofs; cabins with no roof at all, — this represents the architecture of the Leadville homes. The Leadville places of business are another thing; there is one compact, straight street, running east and west, in the centre of this medley of sage brush, spruce stumps, cabins, and shanties. Here are shops, restaurants, billiard rooms, dance halls, banks, lawyers' offices, hotels, livery stables, — all that a town needs. There are fairly-built, wooden houses, principally of the battlement-front style, and one story high, — a few of them two stories high, — and not without some pretense of finish; the platforms and steps in front of them make one continuous line of lounging grounds for Leadville men. I counted forty-six at one time in a short distance, men either leaning against door-posts, or sitting with their elbows on their knees. The middle of the street was always filled with groups of men talking.

Wagons were driven up and down as fast as if the street were clear. It looked all the time as if there had been a fire and the people were just about dispersing, or as if town-meeting were just over. Everybody was talking, nearly everybody gesticulating. All faces looked restless, eager, fierce. It was a Monaco gambling room emptied into a Colorado spruce clearing.

The town lies well up on the slope; the mountain off-look toward the west is good, — the broad, green valley of the

Arkansas, some miles wide, and the Sawatch mountains, all from ten to fourteen thousand feet high, all snow-topped, beyond. From higher points on the mountain, where clearings have been made for the miners, the view is made much more beautiful by the near foreground of the solid green of the spruce forest. Just in the edge of the forest are large reduction works, their smoke pouring up a perpetual lurid column of almost rainbow tints. Here one may see long rows of bins filled with the ore from different mines. It looks simply like yellow dirt, but fire turns it into solid silver. I looked into the mouths of the great furnaces; the molten mass bubbled and seethed; from one opening ran the worthless "slag," from the other the shining metal. The slag was caught in an iron vessel shaped like an inverted bee-hive, and swung between two wheels. By a long tongue, two men drew it out, emptied the fiery liquid on the ground and shook out the crust which in that few seconds had solidified into a cast of the bee-hive. The ground was strewn with these casts, and crusted with the hardened slag in shapes like those of lava beds.

Near the other opening were piles of solid bullion bars ready to be shipped, each bar worth about fifty dollars. I saw a dozen of these made in a few minutes.

By a queer and paradoxical mental process, money seems to be at once cheapened and made precious as you watch it being created by the ton. There is no reason why everybody should not be a millionaire; and as for actual poverty, it is perverse and impossible.

In the afternoon we climbed the mountain side to the highest point where mines are being worked. Looking up from the town we could see nothing except a solid front of spruce forests, but winding in among the trees we found mines and miners every few rods; before we could see them, the creak of the windlass would draw our attention to the spot. They were all alike: a square hole in the ground planked over like a disused well; just open space enough left for a

man to go up and down; a windlass, rope, and bucket; two men at the windlass; one below, filling the bucket. Over and over and over, all day long, the bucket is lowered and raised, emptied on the yellow pile of earth or ore, at one side, — lowered and raised, lowered and raised, from eight to twelve times an hour. Bending over the dark opening, you can hear the faint clink, clink, of the miner's shovel at the bottom of the well; it sounds incredibly far off. The men at the windlass lean on their elbows in the intervals of rest, and look off vacantly into space. They are paid by the day, most of them; it is all one to them what the bucket brings up, earth or ore. Now and then, however, when a new shaft is being worked, and it is uncertain whether ore will be "struck" or not, as the decisive time draws near there is great excitement at the windlass. Any moment may show that which will reveal that a fortune lies below. It is like waiting a throw of the dice.

It is two miles from the town up to the highest mine now being worked. Nobody seems to think the road a bad one; but it is simply a mixture of gullies, morasses, and boulders. A New England farmer would hardly think his oxen could draw wood down such a road, yet every day the Leadville mules and horses draw four-thousand-pound loads up, and eight-thousand-pound loads down, and make nothing of it, — so their drivers say. The stretches of spruce forest are grand, and even the thickly-scattered mines, with their windlasses and piles of ore, do not much break the sense of profound solitude. The ground is in places literally matted with *Linnea* vines, the first I have found in Colorado; why it should elect to grow at this altitude of eleven thousand feet, and decline to grow lower down in the same latitude, is not easily seen. In New England it luxuriates at elevations of twelve to fourteen hundred feet; in the White Mountain region and in Nova Scotia it runs riot in the woods along the banks of tidal rivers; but in Colorado I have never found it before. It startled me, looking up suddenly in my face in the dark depths of these

spruce forests. It would have been easy to fancy the dainty thing chuckling at my surprise. The vine is a little more compact, leaves smaller and closer together, than at the East, but the mats are thick and glossy, and can be taken up solidly. When it is in bloom, the air of these wildernesses must be almost overpoweringly sweet with its fragrance, added to the aromatic odor of the spruce. I ran against another old friend, also, on this high mountain, — the yellow buttercup, genuine glossy buttercups; these and a new variety — to me — of white daisy grew in a bit of green and spongy meadow which lay far up on the mountain side.

Around two of the largest mines we found clearings of some size, and comfortable wooden buildings put up, — boarding-houses for the miners, offices, and stables. In one of these boarding-houses was a woman who reminded me of the Fair Play milliner in clear business-like qualities. She had "taken" this miner's boarding-house on her own responsibility, and during the first month had made profit enough to buy the furniture for her bedroom, goblets, glass preserve dishes, and pitchers for the table; at least fifty dollars she must have spent on these things. And she had not made the money by starving her boarders, either, for I chanced to be in her house as she was putting dinner on the table, and very much I wished I could accept her hospitable invitation to eat dinner with them, the meal looked so thoroughly good: roast beef, potatoes, stewed tomatoes, pie (of course), stewed cranberries, and a sort of jelly cake; the bread looked delicious. All was neatly served, and on a white table-cloth.

"The men think everything of that," the woman said, with justifiable pride. "Some folks think miners don't know the difference, but they do. This is the only boarding-place where they get a white table-cloth, and they jest do enjoy it. It's some trouble to wash 'em, but I'd rather 'n not."

The ordinary visitor to Leadville listens to the talk of men, and busies himself with the statistics of the newly-made

fortunes. These conversations, as you overhear them, on street corners, door-steps, in hotel offices, sound bewildering enough, almost like a jargon of new dialects. And no doubt there is much of interest to be learned from them, — some most remarkable cases: for instance, like this of two brothers, Irishmen, common day laborers, so poor that they had difficulty in supporting their families. One day they would have been glad and thankful to engage themselves for three months at two dollars a day, to dig; the next, they had sold their "claim" for two hundred thousand dollars, and had had the actual money counted down into their hands. And of another man who offered his mine for sale, went about vainly begging people to buy it for four thousand dollars, and is now taking out of it eight hundred or a thousand dollars a day. There are numbers of cases similar to these; but to me the whole thing resolved itself, after all, into the same old story: so many men getting rich of a sudden; so many men getting poor; crowds pouring in to snatch at chances. Names and dates are of no account. The drama has been repeating itself over and over ever since the time when the Weitmorers mined gold in the Austrian Alps, centuries ago. Weitmorer then, Gallagher now. It is all one, or will be.

But the lives of the homes, the experiences of women, little children, fathers, mothers, — those are individual; those belong to humanity; those have the greatest interest. Of any new or exceptional life the narrative of one individual home will give a far better history than volumes of statistics and general descriptions. One who wishes to know the real atmosphere of a place lingers in suburbs, chats on door-steps, and does not concern himself about town records. By far the most vivid impressions I brought away from Leadville are of conversations which I had with women whom I met accidentally, and who never dreamed that they were talking history. Two of these women were washer-women: theirs is always the first and most thriving industry in a new mining town.

One of the women was a Canadian, mother of twelve children. Seven were with her in Leadville; four or five of them were rolling about on the floor of her log-cabin. The cabin had no window; a big fire-place supplied some ventilation, but not enough. The fumes of the boiling clothes made the place reek. This woman was bold, slatternly, and antagonistic. She said, with a toss of her head, that they had always lived "in style" till they came to Leadville, but she thought she "might as well make a little money, 's that was the order of the day. She reckoned, however, she should n't keep on long. 'T was too hard work, and one dollar and a quarter a dozen did n't pay, anyhow."

Meantime, her children were in filthy rags, and she herself was barely decently clothed. If this woman's husband finds his fortune in the hill-side, evil times will come of it.

The other washer-woman was English: a sweet-faced, fair, blue-eyed woman, painfully thin, and with a nervous vivacity and energy in every word and movement. Her cabin was in the edge of the forest. I had found her hanging out clothes the first time I climbed the hill, and had been much amused by her reply to my inquiry how she got water for her washing.

"Oh, I 'ire my 'usband and his partner to pack it up 'ere for me. They pack up all my washing water, and I keep them in tobacco. That's our bargain."

The next day, when I went by, the husband was at work putting up a little shed in addition to the cabin. "Ah," I said, "you are going to have another room."

"Yes," she said, "'e is going to put it up for me. I've got it to pay for, though. Fourteen dollars it'll cost me; not paying 'im for the work. 'E can take that out in board, I tell 'im," and she looked affectionately at the strong, square-shouldered fellow, who did not betray by a change of muscle that he heard a word we said.

"It is a comfort to see anybody look so contented as you do," said I.

She laughed out. "Sugar, Sugar!" she called to her husband, "the lady says I look so contented."

"Live with her, mum, an' you'll see the difference," said Sugar gruffly, but with a half twinkle in his eyes.

"Oh, you can't deceive me," I said. "I know by the little wrinkles all round her eyes that she laughs a great deal."

"And the corners of her mouth turn up, too," continued Sugar, proudly and confidently, thawing out at last. Then they fell to chaffing each other good-naturedly about the new shed and how it was to be paid for. "She always gets the best of me, somehow. She's sharp enough for that," said he.

And she: "Ah, 'e's always a-borowin' money of me, an' there's never any change, when it's to pay." But it was plain that they loved each other, and matters generally went well between them. Twenty-seven dollars she had earned by her washing the last week, and she would earn more this; but "a dollar was not worth any more here than a shilling in the old country," she said. She had been a servant in a gentleman's house in Liverpool, and she liked it much better there than in America. People talked about all people's being alike in this country; she did n't see it. If you had money, you were somebody; if not, you were nobody. Poor woman! it was a strange thing that she had such merry wrinkles around her eyes, for she had known great suffering. For three years after coming to this country she had been very ill, and had finally had "a tumor large as a water jug" taken out of her side. For a year she could not sit up or move. "It cost 'im as much as eight hundred dollars, my bein' sick," she said; "an' that took just about all we had." Now she felt perfectly well again, if she did not sit and sew. She could wash or iron all day long, "from morning till night, an' never get tired; anything but sewing." The last year they had lived above timber line, and she had washed and ironed "every day but Sundays for one whole year, and hardly sat down."

There was a lesson for pleasure lov-

ers, and all grumblers, in the laughter record on the temples of this working woman. I am not sure that I know to-day any other face which has so long a "tally" of smiles.

A mile farther up on the mountain I met Cupid and Psyche. One meets them everywhere, the masqueraders, of so many ages and in so many different garbs that one never knows where or how they will turn up next. This time Cupid was a tiny fellow, about ten; he wore ragged gray trousers and a flannel shirt of red and black check. Psyche was a little older, — twelve, perhaps; she wore a limp, short, blue calico gown, an apron of plaid, and a green sunbonnet which hung far down her back. Her pretty brown hair, half in, half out, of curl, reached to her waist. She held her apron gathered up carefully in one hand; it was evidently full of something very heavy.

"Goodness!" I exclaimed, "where have you been, children?"

"Oh, up to the Crescent Mine," they answered, both speaking at once.

"What have you in your apron?" said I.

"Specimens," they answered proudly, still speaking both at once, as if some mysterious bond linked their vocal organs together; and Cupid took hold of Psyche's hand, and loosening her grasp of the apron folds opened them, so that I might see their treasures.

I examined them eagerly with deceitful interest, to lure the children on to more talk. "What is this?" I said; "and this?" touching some of the stones.

"Oh, that's no good," said Cupid, scornfully; "that's jest waste."

"I don't care," said Psyche. "It's real pretty, and I'm going to have it in my museum."

Cupid tossed the stones over with a lofty air of superior information. "That's third-class ore," he said, pointing out one piece; "and that's — well, I guess that's pretty near first-class. They don't let us take much that's real first-class, though; but that's more 'n second-class, I'm sure."

"How do you know them apart?" I asked, eying the confident little chap more closely, he seemed so ludicrously mature for his size.

"Oh, I've been told lots o' times," he replied; and waxing garrulous under my admiring gaze, "I've been down a hundred feet under the ground, too, in lots o' mines, on a ladder; 't was all icy, too."

"What did you see down there?" I said.

"Oh," contemptuously, as if it were not worth while to particularize to an ignoramus like me, "lots o' stuff. It seemed as if you'd never git to the bottom."

"One of these days you won't," interrupted Psyche, sententiously, looking down at Cupid from her vantage-ground of some two inches more height. He quieted under her glance, and began kicking in the dust uneasily with one of his bare and dusty little feet.

"Do you like living in Leadville?" said I to Psyche.

"No," she replied, "I don't like Leadville very well. I like a bigger place. We used to live in Denver. That's splendid. I used to like to look at these mountains, but I don't now. We had such a terrible time gettin' over 'em. We was a whole week comin'."

"How did you come?" I asked.

"Oh, we come in a wagon: marmer [mamma] and us — there's three of us — an' Miss Sanborn an' Mr. Elkins. He drove. Parper he'd been here all winter, an' he sent for us to come; an' Mr. Elkins he wanted to come, an' he said he'd drive for his board; an' marmer an' Miss Sanborn they thought that would n't be much; but my! he jest et and et; it seemed as if he could n't ever eat enough. Ye see, we had our own pervisions. Miss Sanborn she laid in four dollars' worth, and marmer she laid in five dollars' worth, and she thought that would carry us through; but my! we

had to buy all over again in Fair Play. So you see we was out all that," and the worldly-wise little Psyche stopped, and drew a long, sighing breath at the recollection. Then she continued: "Miss Sanborn she gave fifty cents for bread, at once; and marmer she gave fifty cents too, and it did n't last any time; an' then we had to buy oats an' hay for the horses every day; so we was out all that; an' marmer she said, anyhow, she would n't do it over again, not if she got her fare for nothin'."

Cupid listened to this narrative with a shrewd and serious expression, which gave a queer and incongruous sort of dignity to his small face. They knew a great deal about ways and means, these babies; quite too much for their years. It was pathetic to see. Psyche's brow knit itself into wrinkles, as she enumerated the "fifty cents for bread," and the "four dollars" and "five dollars' worth" of "pervisions;" and added, with a sort of taken-for-granted intelligent freemasonry between herself and me, "You see we was out all that."

I did not want to hear her talk any more about such sordid details, so I said, looking towards Cupid, "Is this your brother?"

"Oh, no," she replied; "we're" —

She hesitated for a word. "Just friends?" I suggested, laughing inwardly to think how many times a year Psyche was caught in that same dilemma of need of defining her relation to Cupid.

"Yes," she nodded, "that's it. Just friends. Come on!" And seizing Cupid by the hand, she set off on a quick run down the hill. As they ran, Cupid said something which I only half heard. I heard the word "friends," however; and Cupid laughed.

Could it have been that the little barefooted beggar was chuckling defiantly over my volunteered shield of phrase to describe his relation to Psyche? Just like Cupid!

H. H.

ENGLISH CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

Now that President Hayes has taken the first great step in the civil service reform by crushing out the New York custom-house combination, it will be instructive to consider the course by which other countries have reached the end we are aiming at. Of all European countries England is most like us; she has passed through the storm we are combating, and has now a reformed civil service. In 1854 she was in our present position, while now her civil service is such that politics have absolutely no influence in obtaining ordinary situations, since they are thrown open to competition; *detur digniori* is the motto by which the ablest man is successful, whatever may be his political views. Before 1855 the positions in the civil service were distributed in patronage by government, with that boldness which comes from the consciousness of right doing. Not only was patronage deemed proper and right, but many thought it impossible to run the government without some such bribery as the control of the service permitted. Earl Granville, in 1854, said in the Lords, "Previous to the revolution it was deemed impossible to manage the House of Commons without a liberal exercise of the royal favor. In the time of Sir Robert Walpole not a secretary could be found who was not prepared to say that it was impossible for government to go on unless a certain number of bags of guineas were distributed among the representatives of the people. Since that period patronage has been employed as the agent of corruption; but some years have now elapsed since Lord Althorp declared, in the House of Commons, that the time for a system of government by patronage was gone by; and every eminent statesman has since shown that the true policy of a government was in appealing to the good sense and intelligence of the large classes of the community."

England's change from patronage was due, according to the statements of the

initiators in the work, to the revolution of 1848. Many a liberal measure found its starting-point in that tidal wave of revolution which spread from France over most of Europe. It struck England lightly, but sufficiently hard to cause the government to look well to her foundations,—to strengthen and alter according to the demand of the times. Lord John Russell, ever ready for liberal measures and reform of abuses, was now premier, and his ministry began a thorough investigation into the civil service, the incompetency and corruption of which was now too apparent. For this purpose a royal commission was appointed, of which the principals were Sir Charles Trevelyan and Sir Stafford Northcote, the present chancellor of the exchequer; and these two men have done the most to bring about the present state of the service. The investigation by the commission lasted five years, some of the departments being examined twice; and such was the detail of the examination, so large were the premises, and so ample the induction that the final report, which stated the incompetency of the service and the need of competitive examinations, well claimed to be the necessary logical conclusion of what had preceded. The report on the organization of the civil service was written by Sir Charles Trevelyan and Sir Stafford Northcote, to which were added the opinions of the most eminent civil servants of the crown and of others acquainted with the service, and a plan of examinations, by Rev. B. Jowett, of Oxford. The report was presented to Parliament in 1854, at which time there were sixty-four thousand civil servants. It was shown that large numbers of appointees were utterly unfit for their official duties. The report says: "Admission into the civil service is indeed eagerly sought for, but it is for the unambitious, the indolent, or incapable that it is chiefly desired. The comparative lightness of the work, and the certainty

of provision in case of retirement owing to bodily incapacity, furnish strong inducements to the friends and parents of sickly youths to obtain them employment in the service of the government. The extent to which the public are burdened, first with salaries of officials absent from ill health, and second with the pensions to those same, would hardly be credited by those who have not had opportunities of observing the operation of the system. There are, however, numerous honorable exceptions to these observations." Mr. Chadwick wrote to the commissioners that he had been assured that, under a certain commission, out of eighty clerks who had been supplied by the patronage secretary not twelve were worth their salt for the performance of duties requiring only a sound common education. Many instances could be given of young men holding appointments, sons of respectable parents, who could not read or write. One person almost imbecile long held an appointment, although incapable of any work. It very often happened that a young man was sent to the head of the department without sufficient knowledge of his duties. The head knew that displeasure followed if he sent the young man to the higher authority, and therefore gave him a vacation in order to learn to write or spell. The majority of gentlemen giving opinions testified to the inefficiency of the service, but many gave opposite opinions. Sir G. C. Lewis thought the large majority of clerks were efficient. Sir T. F. Fremantle believed that "the clerks and officers of the civil departments generally are faithful, diligent, and competent." Mr. Waddington, of the home department, said that "the exceptions to competency are few indeed." But Mr. Adams, head clerk of the treasury, said that the head of a large department, being desirous of instituting improvements in keeping accounts, could not find one clerk sufficiently acquainted with the science of accounts to carry out his system.

On one point all were agreed: that numbers totally unfit for the service were placed there by patronage. Besides the

evil of patronage, promotion was regulated entirely by time of service. The ordinary work of the clerk was mere routine, such as copying. Beginning at sixteen, he was often engaged on the same work at sixty. His pay was increased by regular increments; his promotion depended in no way on his merit; whether he worked hard or idled neither hastened nor hindered his advance. Ambition found no sphere for action when men saw the highest offices as a rule given to outsiders. The remedy proposed by the report for these evils was admission by open competition and promotion by merit. Open competition, besides checking political corruption and chicanery, would give the public the ablest servants. Promotion by merit would inspire energy and life by making each man's advance depend on his own labors. The plan of examinations proposed by Mr. Jowett was almost exactly that now in operation; it was obtained only after a struggle of sixteen years.

Ten or twelve highly educated men were to act as a board of examiners, who should investigate the candidate's intellectual, moral, and physical qualities, and without whose certificate no person could be appointed. After a probational trial of six months the candidate should receive the regular appointment. In 1854 there was no distinction in pay between common routine and work of the highest order, the mere copyist having the same pay as the framer of dispatches. The report proposed two classes of officers, with different work and pay: the duties of the first class to be the highest, with pay accordingly; while the duties and pay of the second class were to be correspondingly lower. When the report was presented, though many praised it most highly, as it deserved, it was greeted by the majority with astonishment and derision. Some of the ministry were loath to give up the power of patronage, and the whole body of ministerial parasites and influential place hunters, who saw that open competition would prevent the continuance of their hold on government situations, joined in the cry against the reform. It

was called suicidal to the power of the ministry, and an innovation most dangerous, as the civil servants would become too independent. The *Saturday Review*, the *National Review*, and the *Economist* called the idea impracticable, but the *Westminster Review* and the *Spectator* worked well for the system, as did all liberals, independents and reformers. Lord Brougham said in the Lords, in 1855, that he had not seen a man who had not, on hearing the plan, held up his hands with astonishment. Let the school-master stay at home, he said, and not meddle with politics. But the arguments and facts were so greatly on the side of the report that its opponents retreated from their ground, confessed that an examination would be wise, and advocated a test examination for those nominated by the heads of departments, hoping thus to retain patronage. The reasons given for open competition were two: first, that it prevented patronage, and in consequence diminished political corruption; second, that it obtained the best civil servants. The first needed no proof, but as regards the second there was much difference of opinion. The qualities needed in a civil servant are honesty, intellectual and practical ability, health, and energy. Open competition of all other methods gives to government the broadest choice. Honesty and health can be found out as well by examiners as by heads of departments, and even better, since they would have more time to make inquiries, that being their occupation. Intellectual ability and knowledge can be best known by examination. A candidate's recommendation given by friends, or his own statement, cannot be trusted, but no man can pass a hard, thorough examination without the ability to apply his knowledge. The examination can be and generally is made as near as possible to regular office work. The same qualities of judgment, quickness, and accuracy are brought into play in examination and in the office. Abstracts of reports, financial accounts, and correspondence are required to be worked in the examination in given times. The

man with most energy, *cæteris paribus*, will work hardest, longest, and best in his preparation. Where others tire he will press on with vigor, and the same is true in the examination; energy gives him an advantage. A long examination is a hard strain, perhaps no harder work exists; and that man who is successful over numerous competitors must generally have energy, and that, too, in ample supply. It may be said you cannot be sure that the successful competitive candidate will be steady and reliable. How can the head of a department know any more certainly than the examiners? The question is not as to whether competitive examination is a perfect system, but whether it is the best possible system. If a person is steady and reliable in his own interest, he is more liable to be the same for government than would a person of opposite qualities. The summary is that the examiners can learn more about the qualifications of candidates than can the ruling power in the patronage system, while those qualities which the examiners cannot fully discover, except on long acquaintance, the ruling power cannot. In America every able young man, however poor he may be, can obtain an education; hence all who have not education (and these are they who are kept out of the civil service by the competitive system) are not able men. One objection raised against the system, and which all the opponents of the reform continually put forward, was that in examination cramming and not ability succeeds. The commission answered this by stating how little superficial cramming assisted the candidate. The papers were made very hard, and when the candidate showed only a smattering of knowledge in any branch, he received no credit for it. This was an absolute discouragement to cramming. But when by cramming was meant the power thoroughly to master a subject in a short time, this the commissioners maintained was an indication of ability, and ability useful in a civil servant. As regards test examinations the commissioners claimed that their standard would always tend to be lowered on ac-

count of the kindness of examiners, experience having always shown this to be the case. Again, test examinations would not remove patronage. In Parliament the first victory for open competition was due to Lord Macaulay. In 1853 he spoke upon the question of free competition for the India offices. "It is said that the proficiency of a young man in those pursuits which constitute a liberal education positively raises a presumption that in after-life he will be overpassed by those he overcame in his early contests. It seems to me there never was a fact better proved by an immense amount of evidence, by an experience most unvaried, than this: that men who distinguish themselves in their youth above their contemporaries in academic competition almost always keep to the end of their lives the start they have gained in the early part of their career. Our history is full of instances which prove this fact. Look at the church, the Parliament, and the bar. Look to Parliament from the days of Montague and Saint John to those of Canning and Peel. You need not stop here, but come down to the time of Lord Derby and my right honorable friend the chancellor of the exchequer (Gladstone). Has it not always been that the men who were first in the competition of the schools were first in the competition of life? Look to India. The ablest man who ever governed India was Warren Hastings; and was he not first in rank at Westminster? The ablest civil servant I ever knew in India was Sir Charles Metcalf; and was he not of the first standing at Eton? Have not the most eminent of our judges distinguished themselves in their academic career?" After mentioning a long list of eminent men who had been eminent scholars he added, "Can we suppose it was by mere accident all these obtained their high positions?" This won the day for competition, especially as the orator, by his long stay in India, had extraordinary means of judging the probable usefulness of the system.

After the presentation of the report in 1854, Lord Aberdeen, then premier,

prepared a bill which substantially included the recommendations of the report; but the trouble with Russia prevented any action on the bill, which was laid on the table. However, on May 21, 1855, under Lord Palmerston's ministry, the order was given in council which appointed the Civil Service Commission, with Sir Edward Ryan as the head, and gave to the commission power to examine candidates for the civil service. The commission had control only of such offices as were permitted by the different secretaries, while the latter or the heads of departments could say whether they wished test, limited competitive, or open competitive examinations. The commissioners were decidedly in favor of open competition; they wished the age of entrance to be from nineteen to twenty-five. While the examinations were to vary according to the duties of the offices, for the highest positions they desired the examination to include history, jurisprudence, political economy, modern languages, political and physical geography. But to the successful completion of this plan there were many obstacles, as the heads of departments did not always agree with them. In most offices the head of the department nominated three candidates to compete for each vacancy. In other departments a test examination, agreed upon by the commissioners and the head, was held for nominated candidates. The commissioners were upheld by public sentiment, which was intensely partisan for open competition; and this public sentiment acted on principal secretaries, forcing such as were disinclined to place their departments, as regards the disposition of offices, in the commissioners' hands. The commission from time to time reported its work, which steadily progressed. In 1855-56, 1089 candidates were examined. The number continually increased as the success of examinations brought new departments under the new régime, until in 1865 it reached 4200, the average for the ten years being 3200. The per cent. of rejections was thirty-three, of whom nine tenths were rejected for deficiencies in writing,

spelling, or arithmetic. One per cent. were rejected on the score of health, and one half of one per cent. for not satisfying in respect to age. The examiners were the best scholars from Oxford and Cambridge. The danger of cramming was stated to have been much overrated. No trouble was found in managing large examinations, while appointments were all made within six weeks from the commencement of the examinations. For a moderate recompense an ample supply of intelligent and efficient persons were willing to enter the service, coming generally from the professional and middle classes, while age and an interval since leaving school seemed to have no preventive effect. In the Indian offices especially a great change was seen. Formerly, the worthless sons of influential peers often obtained appointments; important posts were bestowed on men of less than ordinary ability, the high salaries in these offices and the great opportunity that was furnished for perquisites making them great desiderata for place hunters, while the happiness of the millions in India often fared badly in the hands of these officers. But under the system of open competition the ablest young men in the kingdom obtained appointments. Over nine tenths of the successful candidates were graduates of universities, Oxford sending the largest number. But up to 1870, though the commission constantly increased its number of appointments, it did not secure open competition as the ruling principle. The cause is found in the status of the ministry and the House of Commons. Two principles were at work: conservatism and the dread that the common people would control the offices; and the desire of the ministry to retain patronage. All desired an examination, but many, and probably a majority, of both houses desired a test examination for those nominated by the heads, or at the most limited competition, the head nominating two or three men to try for each office. By this means the nominations would be practically in the hands of the ministry, and the aristocracy might still control the offices. Some ultra-conserv-

atives thought open competition a dangerous innovation, — the poorest possible means of obtaining efficient civil servants. These classes all wanted examinations, but patronage as well. When the report was first brought up in Parliament, Lord Monteagle attacked it with asperity. His argument was that open competition was a Chinese system; and as China was not an enlightened country, the system was therefore poor. But he forgot to say that in the opinion of travelers best acquainted with China much of her educational advancement is due to this very system.

After the formation of the commission in 1855, competition advanced quite slowly, but still surely. Every year more offices were placed under its working, but the ministry in power, Lord Palmerston's, was eminently conservative. The premier favored a test examination, and the ministry grudgingly gave new departments to competition. Ninety-nine out of one hundred of the clubs were against the reform, and the main reliance for the system was found in the middle classes. They had tasted open competition in a few offices; they had not been obliged to beseech ministers for nominations for their sons, but each felt that his son had as fair a chance for success as the son of the highest lord, and if a place were obtained, it was done justly, by honest endeavor, not by cringing or party work. Every *paterfamilias* in the middle classes felt the privilege a dear one, — was anxious for its enlargement, and jealous of every restriction upon it. Relying on these backers the leaders of the movement resolved to force the ministry into promises in its favor. Limited competition had increased patronage. Formerly, when appointments were in the hands of the ministers, only one means of patronage existed for each office; but under limited competition the ministers gave three nominations for each office, and these nominations they scattered broadcast throughout Parliament, the members distributing them to their constituents. Any ministry would be loath to give up such a privilege. The leaders of this force measure were Viscount

Goderich, Sir Stafford Northcote, and Gladstone. One conspicuous argument in the debate, put forward by the opponents of the measure, was that if competition were the law the service would become too strong for the government. But this argument was characterized by Gladstone as womanish, weak, and unworthy of England. "The stronger the civil service," he urged, "the better it will perform its duties. The greatest security is in the fullest examination of fitness." The strength of the measure, however, was less in its able supporters in the house than in the middle classes outside. As soon as it became known that a motion in favor of open competition was coming up, shoals of letters in its favor came to the members from their constituents, from clergymen, from merchants, from retired military officers; and as the vote had been made open, the members dared not vote against the measure. The leaders were astonished at their majority; and the chancellor of the exchequer, Sir G. C. Lewis, was forced to promise that competition should be gradually extended, as experience had shown it to be the best system. Such was the popular feeling that hardly a meeting was held at a mechanics' institute at which the hope was not expressed that the principle of open competition would be universally applied for admission to the civil service. But Lord Palmerston's ministry acted with its usual exceeding moderation, and the system was extended very slowly. Formerly, the cry was that the service was inefficient; now the advocates of the old system spoke of the excessively high standard of admission. This able young man had been kept out of the service; the clerks were treated harshly and were a brow-beaten race. Mr. Baillie Cochran made frequent attacks on the commission, and tried to ridicule its examinations by reading the hardest questions to be found in the papers for the higher technical appointments; but he was overwhelmed by Gladstone, who laid bare his deceptions and overthrew his arguments.

In 1861 a committee composed of Lord

Stanley, Mr. Lowe, Sir Stafford Northcote, and Mr. Bright, after making a thorough investigation into the service, reported in favor of open competitions. The report said that the accusation that men who were great students, but with poor health and physique, were often appointed was broken down by inquiry, great care being taken in investigating the health of the candidates; that while competition was the only cure for patronage, and the best of all means for entrance into the service, it was advisable to act with moderation, that a reaction in public feeling might not arise. From this time the system had a sure footing, and with Gladstone as chancellor of the exchequer it was sure to advance. It was much helped by the numerous statements of heads of departments as to the improvements in the service since the introduction of examinations. It had been predicted that successful competitors would turn out mere bookworms, unfit for the practical duties of office, especially in the India offices, where activity was an important desideratum and the entrance examinations were of the highest order; but the *Times* correspondent in Calcutta, in 1869, analyzes the position of the first competitive *wallahs*, and finds that the first eleven chosen (the twelfth having died) had worked themselves in less than twelve years into the most important and well-paid offices, with salaries from sixteen hundred to thirty-three hundred pounds per annum. All were above the average, and several were men of the very highest promise, while younger competitive *wallahs* had risen even more rapidly. The result showed the admirable physique no less than the intellectual ability of those who, it was confidently predicted, would turn out sickly bookworms. In 1870, under Gladstone's ministry, came the great triumph by which competition was made the rule. By an order in council, all the principal offices were thrown open to the fittest. The struggle was over and the victory won. The reform had been purely English, slow and obtained only after a bitter fight with conservatism. In 1875 a committee thoroughly inves-

tigated the civil service, with Rt. Hon. Lyon Playfair as chairman. The opinion of heads of departments, of clerks, of any supposed to understand the service, being taken, the majority favored open competition, though a large number in the service were appointed under the old system or under test examinations. Some few clerks, however, maintained that gentlemen alone ought to be in the service, and as open competition allowed non-gentlemen to enter, open competition was an injury. The committee gave a summary of the advantages and disadvantages of open competition, the principal disadvantage being that the clerks, feeling they had won their offices, were too independent, and combined for the purpose of pressing their claims on the government. It speaks well for a body of civil officers when they are called independent; the fault in the old régime was that they were dependent. A second disadvantage was that "the wants of different offices vary, and one examination, — several cannot be held, — will not give a good test for all offices." Yet Sir Charles Trevelyan said in that same year for the Civil Service Commission that all obstacles to the success of the system were removed. The commission had before stated that no trouble was found in the large examinations.

Nearly every civil office in England is to-day open to him who can show he is best fitted for it. Staff appointments are made by selection from the best in the several departments, promotion also existing within the service without examination. The examinations vary from the most difficult to the most simple, those for the letter carriers consisting of read-

ing, writing, simple addition, and a physical examination. It is somewhat strange to an American to find position in the civil service a mark of honor among Englishmen. The reason is that in England a man earns his position; in America he begs it or is a political parasite. In England the pay for civil clerks in the higher positions is as high as that received for the same work in banks and insurance offices, while for the lower clerkships the pay is higher than is received in private situations, especially when are considered the surety of pay, the shortness of hours of work, and the certainty of a pension on good behavior. The hours for clerks are from ten to four or from eleven to five. After ten years' service the clerk has the right to a pension. The sum allowed is one sixtieth of his last salary for each year of service up to forty years. Thus to a person entering at twenty, serving until fifty, and then retiring on account of ill health, if at that time his salary is six hundred pounds annually, his pension will be three hundred. The senior clerks are allowed six weeks' vacation, the other established clerks having one month, and draughtsmen two weeks. The pay is relatively higher than in the United States, which may account for the high order of examinations, those in the higher departments being harder and more searching than are required in any American college upon the same subjects. It is not expected that the United States can at once arrive at England's perfection in competition, but this is possible in time; and it cannot be said, with the facts which are before us, that the system is impracticable.

George Willard Brown.

A FANCY.

WHENE'ER my lady turns her eyes on me,
 A blue forget-me-not in each I see;
 And where the sweet flowers bloom in garden plots,
 Her blue eyes smile from the forget-me-nots.

IRENE THE MISSIONARY.

VI.

THE boat was oared into what might be described as a watery alcove, imperfectly fenced from the strength of the sea by a shapeless and half-ruinous jetty, and shadowed by blind walls of sombre and massive edifices.

It struck our untraveled American girl with immense astonishment to discover that the wharf on which she set foot was composed partly of columns of Egyptian granite, while others were lying at hand in the clear sea-water, their polished gray looking blue and very precious. She had never seen above a dozen granite columns in her own land, and probably not a single one that was polished. The pillars of her father's tabernacle were pine beams fluted with clapboard casings.

"Why don't they pull those out and use them?" she asked hastily. "What a waste!"

Before this great question could be settled she was in the principal thoroughfare of the Beirut of that time, — a narrow and crooked alley, broken into all sorts of angles by irregularly placed buildings, and so obscured by their lofty stone-walls that she thought of a dark closet. It was very dirty, too, and haunted by odors of decaying vegetables and refuse, and none the sweeter for the generally shabby Orientals who lounged through it. There was a gutter of running water down the middle, which seemed merely to waste its time and labor there, effecting no purification. Passing a glum, ugly edifice, which Payson said was a public bath, they had to pick their way among runlets and puddles. Here and there was a café, with a slender array of nargilehs and copper coffee-pots; or a manufactory with one room, where turbaned men were weaving a carpet; or a cuddly where some squatting creature was boring a pipe-stem; or a shop gay with red shoes and

yellow slippers. Then, while Irene supposed that she had just entered the city, she saw a little in advance a tall arch of light, and perceived that she was near the outer gate-way.

Here an Arab awaited them with horses, which had not been brought into the town on account of the pavements, too uneven and too slippery with refuse for safe riding.

Outside the gate was a broad glare of sand; beyond rose on all sides a large, gently-sloping amphitheatre of greenery, flecked abundantly with yellow, flat-roofed, stone houses, some of them exhibiting graceful Saracenic arches. It was a most beautiful spectacle, and very surprising in its contrasts. The sand seemed as barren as sand could be, and yet out of it sprang a mass of the richest and brightest verdure, bedecked with luxuriance of blossoms. To look at the dry, drifting, yellow sand, you would have said that naught could grow in it. To look at the gigantic cactus hedges, the dark green groves of lemons and oranges, the multitudinous mulberry-trees, and the profusion of flowering plants, you would have judged that they must have been charmed out of one of the richest soils of earth. Yet, by some magic of nature, the sand was the sole mother of this plenty.

"You see what the ocean moisture and a very little irrigation can do," said Payson. "A cactus leaf stuck into this sand makes a huge plant, and a row of leaves makes a rampart. What could you raise on a sea-shore drift in New England?"

They mounted their horses and rode on at a walk through a winding lane. On either side were hedges of prickly-pear, the contorted, leaf-built stems measuring four or five yards in length, and the leaves themselves ten or twelve inches. Within these thorny barriers orchards whispered to the breeze and gardens poured their oblations of per-

fume. Yet at every step the horses sank in deep sand, unstained by a single blade of herbage, and apparently as unfruitful as snow. Where naught was planted nothing grew, and where aught was planted everything grew.

Early as it was in the day, the natives were up and out. Springy mountaineers, who had left their eagle-nests of villages two hours before, saluted the travelers with a deep-toned *naharkum saiced*, or a cheerful *subhac bel khia*. The grave, dark men in striped overcoats, who held their heads so high and looked so unconquerable, were Druses. The gayer, fairer, gentler-voiced fellows in blue or scarlet jackets and blue muslin trousers were Maronites, or Greek Syrians, the descendants of the ancient Phœnician population. A jaunty horseman, armed with dagger, scimitar, and pistols heavy enough for bludgeons, belonging probably to the *howaleh* or mounted constabulary, passed them in silence, with an insolent Moslem stare. A muleteer, whose comical bare legs stuck straight out across the huge load of his beast, drew forth his purse from his girdle with an air of munificence, and tossed an invisible coin into the lap of a hideous beggar.

"That was the muleteer's mite," smiled Payson. "He gave a *pard*, or the tenth of a cent. But he accompanied it with a benediction, and the beggar returned him another. If these Syrians meant half the religion they talk, they would be the salt of the earth."

Five or six hundred yards from the city gate the party turned into a narrower road, or lane, also hedged in with cactus and bordered by gardens. At the end of this lane rose a plain, massive, and rather imposing mansion, built, like all the Beirut houses, of large hewn blocks of yellow limestone, and lifting its flat roof to the height of three tall stories. An open gallery in the second story, faced with a graceful Saracenic arch, gave its severe front sufficient ornament.

"That is the principal mission house," explained Mr. Payson. "There is the chapel, the printing-press, and the fam-

ily of Brother Kirkwood, our moderator, as we call him."

"What a noble building!" exclaimed both the women, obviously delighted with this promise of comfortable homes.

"Dear me! so it is," said Payson, looking up with an air of surprise; "I am almost afraid that we shall yet be visited with judgments for our luxury. The good people at home talk about us as martyrs; but that is far finer than an American parsonage. St. Paul did n't do his missionarying in such wise."

"But St. Paul did n't have a printing-press," argued Irene. "He did n't have to teach civilization as well as Christianity. He preached among nations more civilized than his own."

"To be sure," chimed in Mrs. Payson. "And I do think that when we go among half-civilized people we deserve a cosy home."

The missionary smiled at the feminine epithet "cosy," but did not scoff at it.

"There is something in that," he conceded. "Nevertheless, too much of the church's money is spent on the machinery, and too little reaches the spiritual field of tillage. I am sometimes reminded of a scheme of mine, when I was a farmer's boy, for collecting maple sap. To save the trouble of going from tree to tree and bringing the pails, I built an immense system of troughs, running all through the grove like a monstrous spider web, and terminating in a main trough which emptied into my boiling kettle. Then I waited for my sap to come, and I never saw the first drop. Not until night-fall did I fully discover and concede that it took all my sap merely to wet the troughs."

"Oh, Mr. Payson!" begged Irene. "Do be careful where you tell that story."

By this time they were near the rude gate-way of the little inclosure which fronted the Mission House. Down a narrow stairway of stone, which led from the second story to the ground, ran a dozen or more of eager people, some in European and some in Oriental attire, all exhibiting the glee of welcome. They were "Brother" Kirkwood, his pale and

pensive wife, his two pretty daughters, three or four pupils of the female school, a bearded native assistant or two, and three Beirutee servants.

There was a simple, warm-hearted greeting, very pleasant to look upon. It was such a greeting as one might expect between two men of sweet character and purpose in life, who had held for years a companionship of elevated sympathy and benevolent labor, and had never yet seen occasion to withstand each other to the face.

Kirkwood, by the way, was a very different apostle in appearance and manner from the pale and gently grave Payson. He was large in body, and had a broad, high-colored, farmer-like face, a voice fit to call the cattle on a thousand hills, a merry eye, and a ready smile. He shook hands with the two ladies in a style which made our bookish Irene think of the oak which closed upon the fists of Milo. His miscellaneous household he introduced, with compendious humor, as "My wife and daughters and happy family."

"You will find that some of them are foreigners and speak nothing but tongues," he said to Irene. "But we get on as sweetly together as if there had never been a misunderstanding at Babel,—and in fact a little more so. There is something in learning another man's language which seems to make a bosom friend of him. I positively fear that I should be quarrelsome in a population which all spoke English."

Irene exchanged kisses with gentle Mrs. Kirkwood, as well as with the two willowy brunettes, her daughters. It seemed to her that they were hardly countrywomen, so marked were they by a certain Levantine softness of bearing. Then she was startled and almost shocked by the fact that the servants and the two youngest pupils only took her hand to kiss it.

"You will get used to that," smiled Mrs. Kirkwood. "We cannot introduce new manners, and we have given up trying."

Irene scarcely replied. She was staring with astonishment at the regular

features and magnificent eyes of one of the elder pupils.

"Is n't she pretty!" she exclaimed, quite forgetting that the young person had saluted her in English. "Is she a Greek?"

The girl's clear, pale cheeks filled with roses, and the tortoise-shell colors in her dark eyes sparkled.

"Not a scrap of a Greek!" shouted Mr. Kirkwood. "A native of Mount Lebanon. I suppose you expected to find us all as black as Ethiopians. We'll show you prettier girls than Saada," he added, perhaps anxious to counteract the unspiritualizing effects of Irene's compliment. "Is n't that so, Saada?"

"Yes, sir," meekly replied Saada, but meanwhile glancing at her admirer with an expression of wondering thanks, as at a queen who had given her pearls and diamonds.

"You will find many interesting people here," said Mrs. Kirkwood. "The Syrians are very engaging, as well as very pitiable; they have the graces and vices of a fallen aristocracy. Beirut is the choicest of all the mission stations. I have learned to feel that there is hardly any other place in the world so contenting. I fear that if I should go back to America, I might be homesick."

Meanwhile Mr. Kirkwood was leading the upward way into what he called his rookery.

"I suppose, Miss Grant," he said, "that you think I live here like a nabob in a bungalow. Well, it is rather nabobish. But there are a good many people under my big roof, and a good deal of hard work goes on here. Hallo! here I am waiting on the young lady, like an old-bachelor beau. Where's Mrs. Payson? My dear good friend, let me pull you up this stone ladder, and thank you meanwhile for turning our Paul into a Peter. I must say that, to my mind, that is one of the prettiest things in Peter's history, that he would lead about a wife and a wife's sister."

Irene noticed with pleasure that the Kirkwood girls, the school pupils, and even the servants followed close on Mr. Payson, and seemed to catch at opportu-

nities of touching him, as though the hem of his garment wrought miracles. Evidently all young people, and the humbler sort of folk also, loved this thoughtful sympathizer with human nature as she herself loved him. Saada alone diverged from the majority, and inclined toward her newly-found admirer. Irene passed an arm about her as they mounted the stairway together, and was almost startled to find the young Syrian heart beating with excitement.

"How old are you?" she asked, as if querying how mature that heart might be.

"Fourteen," replied Saada, responding to this small token of interest with a look of gratitude brilliant enough to reward an offer of marriage.

"Fourteen! I thought you must be eighteen," said Irene, staring at the fully developed little figure.

"No, Miss Grant, only fourteen."

"Why do you call me Miss Grant? We are going to be close friends. I want you to call me Irene."

"I think I had better call you Ya Sitty," returned Saada, shyly.

"But I am not a city, — not even a village," laughed Irene.

"Not city," said Saada, puzzled by the pun. "Ya Sit-ty," she repeated, sounding both the t's. "It means Oh My Lady."

With a laugh at the magnificence of the title, the Lady Irene entered the cool spaciousness of the Mission House.

VII.

The massiveness and roominess and breeziness of the Mission House pleased a young lady accustomed to wooden dwellings of a Nuremberg toy architecture, such as we build and admire in America.

She even liked the careless simplicity with which it was finished, and the truly Oriental plainness and inexpensiveness of its few movables. There was a great saloon, thirty feet by twenty, and some fifteen feet in height, which seemed to her little less than princely, although it

had scarcely any furniture besides a cushioned settee running around three sides of it, while its ceiling was made of rudely carved slats resting on huge rafters of Lebanon pine, also slightly carved and touched in black along their edges.

Then there was a wide hall, almost as lordly as the saloon, closing at one end into an alcove for the reception of visitors, into which flamed the light of an ample, triple-arched window. The floor of the alcove was raised six inches above the rest of the hall, and along two sides of it ran very low settees, or sofas, covered and cushioned in colored muslin. The alcove was the *leewan* (Turkish, *deewan*, or *divan*); the window was the *comandaloona*; the sofa, the *mukaad*. A dining-room, a single large guest chamber, containing little beside an iron bedstead, and a wing which included the kitchen and the servitors' rooms made up the rest of this story.

In the solidly vaulted basement were the printing-rooms, a chapel of respectable dimensions, and a stable. In the upper story were the bedrooms of the family and of the girlish Syrian pupils. Above all was a terrace of solid cement, two feet or more in thickness, and sloped enough to shed rain. The floors everywhere were of large squares of limestone, very sparingly provided with heavy and coarse mattings. It was all simple, strong, dignified, breezy, and agreeable. Irene, a little disposed toward patrician tastes, perhaps, looked about her with pleasure. Mrs. Payson admitted that it was comfortable, but secretly added that it was not cosy.

The atmosphere was a luxury. There was a sybaritic softness about it which made one feel that merely to breathe was pleasure enough. A languid breeze flowed through the pointed arches of the *comandaloona*, and brought with it a very faint perfume of fresh vegetation and of flowers. Presently there was a much-needed breakfast of coffee, eggs, chicken, dried fruits, and bread. Then came a chance for that cleansing which the passenger just off a steamer longs for as one of the chiefest of luxuries.

During the forenoon visitors dropped

in to welcome the new arrivals. First appeared the wife and daughter of a Syrian neighbor: the mother, a dark and somewhat worn woman of forty; the girl, a willowy yet nicely-rounded figure of eighteen. Irene took special note of this damsel's delicate waist, and of the fine way in which its slenderness was set forth by a large shawl, twisted loosely into a girdle and barely hanging on the hips. Her complexion was very dark, her profile strongly Oriental, and her black eyes languishing. She had a sauntering, simpering, fine-lady air, as though her tarbooshed noddle harbored not a little vanity. The salutations of this pair were so many, and their compliments (when translated) sounded so much like gross flattery, that Irene hardly knew how to keep her countenance, and was relieved when they turned their supple backs and dawdled away.

The next caller was a great surprise to a young American who had expected to be a rarity of whiteness in Syria.

"Come into the parlor and see a real Beirut lady," said Amy Kirkwood. "She belongs to the people who have to be received in the great room. She has her Syrian finery on, and I think she is lovely."

What was Irene's wonder to find a thorough blonde, and a charming one! This Syrian belle had those clear and sweet gray eyes which one is most apt to look for in a certain species of Irish beauty, only, instead of being vivacious and frolicsome, they were full of gentle and pensive dignity. The profile was not aquiline, but straight and Grecian. The whole expression was refined, gracious, and thoroughly lady-like. It was not merely a handsome face; it was also a very attractive one.

The lady had on the usual raiment and finery of wealthy Beirutees. Her golden-brown hair, braided in many little strands, was almost hidden by a network of gold coins, weighing a pound or more, which glistened down to her shoulders. On her head, worn jauntily to one side, was the universal crimson tarboosh, swinging its long silken tassel. Her short robe and loose trousers were

of heavy silk stuffs, striped in gay colors. Her curiously little bare feet were in pointed slippers of yellow morocco. Yet in spite of the barbaric pomp of her attire, she was a lovely and interesting young woman. It was hard to understand how she could have acquired, amid the ignorance and restrictions of Syrian female life, that bewitching expression of intelligence and sensibility.

Against her knees leaned a child, a shy and willful-looking girl of five or six, also costumed in silk and bedizened with gold.

"This is a lady of the Beit Keneasy, or House of Keneasy, or Church family," said Mrs. Kirkwood. "It is a rich mercantile family, and very respectable in every way."

Then she said a few words in Arabic by way of introducing her dark-eyed countrywoman to the Syrian blonde. A few civilities, such as pass between people of diverse tongues, were translated to and fro. The Arab lady's voice was a sweet soprano, at least as pleasant as Irene's mellow contralto. It was a very pretty dialogue to hear, even though one understood but half of it.

"I want to look at her head-dress," said Irene. And Mrs. Kirkwood turned the request into Arabic.

The lady of the House of Keneasy smiled, and gracefully bowed her gilded and tasseled head.

"What a lovely white neck!" whispered Irene, as she studied the net-work of golden circlets. "This is the blood of the crusaders."

"Older than the crusaders," said Mr. Payson, who had just entered the room. "The Semitic race was, I verily believe, a white race of old. The Egyptian monuments paint the Rotennu—as they call the Aramean peoples—with blue eyes and yellow hair. I hold that the tribes of Shem, before they descended into the plain of Shinar, and for centuries afterward too, were fair-skinned mountaineers. You will find more golden heads and blue eyes when you get on Lebanon, Irene. Nearly all the men of this Beit Keneasy are light, and two or three of them have sandy

beards, like Scotchmen. But it is not crusader blood."

Irene turned to the child and kissed its apricot cheek. The coy little Oriental shrank back and hid her face against the maternal shoulder. The Syrian mother bent slightly over her shy cherub, and then looked up with a smile of angelic sweetness.

"Tell her," said Irene, "that I should love to see her often."

"She asks you to call on her," replied Mrs. Kirkwood. "She says your coming will fill her house with blessings."

Irene returned the most florid thanks which the imagination and conscience of an American clergyman's daughter permitted. Then the Lady Mariam, of the House of Keneasy, arose, and with many final compliments took her tinkling departure.

"I hope you have no more beauties to show me," said Irene. "My mind is getting worldly."

"Just one more," laughed Amy Kirkwood. "Mirta is in the leewan waiting to see Miss Grant."

"Mirta is one of our own girls," explained Mrs. Kirkwood, as they turned into the hall. "She is of a poor Beirut family, but reared and educated in our house. She is married to one of the best and ablest of our Protestants, a man of high character and scholarship. Her appearance is very striking. You will think of Cleopatra or Queen Esther."

In the broad light of the comandaloona Irene found still another Syrian who was indisputably handsomer than herself. Although Mirta Saboonie was scarcely of middle height, her aspect was nothing less than that of a sultana. Like the generality of Syrian women, she was slender and supple of person and very graceful in carriage; and her costume set forth the pliable beauty of her figure, as well as the regal beauty of her face, in a manner which was almost startling.

Around her tarbooshed head and crossing over her breast was a cloud of white, gauzy drapery, contrasting vividly with the rich brunette of her complexion. A dark, figured shawl, twisted

loosely into a girdle, just hung upon her hips, and called attention to the delicacy of her waist. The skirt of her close-fitting dress hung low, in a fashion devised by the mission ladies for their scholars, concealing the Eastern *shint-yan*, or trousers, and barely exposing the pointed yellow slippers. The sleeves of the dress fitted to the arm and were fastened about the wrist with a row of silken loops and buttons, while a pointed scallop, edged with braid, reached nearly to the knuckles. The coquettish jacket of blue broadcloth had scallopings of blue braid down the front, and a low standing collar stiff with gold embroidery. The body of it was short enough to show Mirta's slender waist, and its sleeves stopped at the elbow so as not to hide the braiding of the undersleeves. The whole costume was a very pretty missionary compromise between the fashions of Orient and Occident.

Mirta's face was of the purest Syrian type, slightly aquiline, like that of a model Jewess, and yet distinctly not Hebraic. Its color was very much that of a handsome brunette from Louisiana or Cuba, and it was enriched to real magnificence by a glow which reminded one of crimson roses. Her hair was nearly black, and hung in ripples along a low forehead, while long black lashes shaded her brilliant, tranquil hazel eyes.

But the chief beauty of this Syrian houri lay in her noble, her really queenly, her almost tragic, expression. Whoever has seen the great Rachel in the part of an empress has seen a face and air worthy to be compared with Mirta's. You would have supposed that only the most patrician thoughts and the grandest emotions were known to her. You would have guessed that she had suffered and triumphed over some majestic anguish worthy of a Rizpah or a Vashti. She seemed an incarnation of the sorrowing and yet imperially beautiful Orient.

"I am very happy to welcome the lady to Beirut," said this sultana, extending her hand in European style and speaking in English. Her utterance had not a trace of foreign accent, barring a

somewhat marked deliberation, and even that seemed but an expression of Eastern repose, or of natural dreaminess of temperament.

"And I am truly happy to see your beautiful country," returned the young missionary. "I mean to remain in it many years, and perhaps all my life."

"Oh, you like Syria!" smiled Mirta, flushing with pleasure. "It is very kind of you to tell us so. We are a poor people now, but we are proud of our country. We know that we were once a great people. You will find that the Syrians are very vain."

"I like the country and the people," declared Irene. "They surprise me exceedingly. I did n't expect to find such sweet manners."

"Oh, you thought us savages," laughed Mirta, in a mellow, purring tone, for her voice was a contralto. "Mr. Kirkwood says that the Americans suppose we are all Bedaween, living in tents and caves and ruins. I used to believe that he meant it as a joke, or to make us humble. But perhaps it is so."

"I don't know precisely what we think. We think a good deal of ourselves, and not much of others."

"It is the custom of every country, I presume," moralized Mirta. "But I must not forget to tell you that my husband sends you his salaams, and will call upon you this evening."

Irene expressed her thanks, and Mrs. Kirkwood added, "Why did n't you bring your little Lulu?"

"She is so little, and she is cross with teething," said Mirta, just as an American mother might have said it.

There was more feminine talk, all curiously domestic and commonplace, that is when compared with Mirta's queenliness; and when the visitor went her way, Irene had a disappointing sense that some romance, or tragedy even, had been concealed from her.

"What is she?" she demanded. "What has happened to her? What does that face mean?"

"Nothing has happened to her," replied Mrs. Kirkwood. "She has been quietly brought up with us, and has mar-

ried a good, wise man, and makes him a good wife. I don't know how she came by that expression. My husband calls her a type of the race. He says she represents what this people would be, if it should ever recover its ancient soul."

"I wish I could paint her as an emblem of Syria," said Irene. "Why don't I know how to paint? How few accomplishments we have in America!"

At this moment a man of twenty six or eight entered brusquely, and was introduced as Doctor Macklin, the physician of the station. Irene received him with that slight reserve and interior embarrassment which a young lady often accords to a young man who is known to her by repute as a bachelor. The doctor had a shy and constrained air, also, for there was much modesty under his brusqueness.

"Welcome to Syria," he said loudly. "I hope that your life among us will be a pleasant one. We will do our best."

Then, as if he had done his best, or rather as if he found it easiest to talk to an old acquaintance, he turned to Mrs. Kirkwood.

"I had a hot ride from Abeih," he went on, pointing to his face, which was of a flame color. "I was goose enough to wear a tarboosh, and I shall be in misery for a week. My epidermis was n't made for a missionary."

"You are always doing something wrong and getting punished for it," said Mrs. Kirkwood in a motherly tone of reproof. "How is your ague?"

"Bad. I took ten grains of quinine before starting this morning. I saw the steamer out at sea, and I wanted to welcome the Payson family. The shakes are nothing. I learned all about them in Aleppo."

"You should n't have come down," said the good lady. "You are so reckless!"

He looked reckless, even to his costume. He had on Frank clothing, such as one buys ready-made in Beirut, with a crimson tarboosh over his long brown hair, and a large silken girdele around his waist. His face was kindly, but

his dark-blue eyes had a strongly masculine and almost combative expression, and his manner was abrupt, a little noisy, and, in short, utterly unconventional.

Irene contrasted him in thought with the gentle and polished DeVries, and could not help saying to herself that she should not like the doctor.

VIII.

Let us see how the gentle and polished DeVries was occupying himself during his separation from Miss Grant and the Paysons.

When he left them on the steamer his feeling was that he had been turned out of a sort of Eden into a barren and rather wicked world, and that the expulsion, while it was undoubtedly a liberation from strong influences, was nevertheless a depressing and saddening circumstance. On the way to the hotel, merely to alleviate his melancholy, he sought conversation with a stout, high-colored young American whom he had noted on the steamer, but to whom he had not hitherto spoken. The result of the interview was that they took adjoining rooms and ordered a breakfast together.

"Coffee first, Antonio," suggested Mr. Fred Wingate, the new acquaintance, in the cheerful tone of a good liver. "Then the best fruit you have, with your best white wine. Then a couple of courses of meat and vegetables. Lastly chibouks and nargilehs."

"Very good," said DeVries. "I don't mind a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, though I was only thinking of bread and fruit and coffee."

"You have been in ascetic company, lately," smiled Wingate. "I never afflict myself with anchorites, and seldom go to the joss-house. A fellow might like to flirt with that young lady, though. Was she susceptible?"

"No," replied DeVries, gravely, and Mr. Wingate perceived that he had given annoyance, and changed the subject.

"I believe that there are only two things to do in Syria. You go to Jerusalem, and then you go to Damascus, Baalbec, and Palmyra."

DeVries came near mentioning his project of excavating in ancient Philistia. But he checked himself; there was a possibility that this Wingate might be the sort of fellow to jump another man's claim, — might dig up all the Philistines himself, and so carry off the glory of proving that they were, or were not, Pelasgians.

"There are objects of interest everywhere," he said, with the comfortable feeling of a man who can give information. "You can't get far away from antiquities. The north of Syria is full of ruined cities."

"Anything in Beirut, or near it?"

"Not much, except a few fragments in the city and some Roman cisterns on the cape."

Then it was agreed that, after their *déjeuner à la fourchette*, they should take horse and ride to the Roman cisterns.

Just as breakfast appeared the American consul was announced, and of course was admitted. He proved to be a tall, hard-featured, butternut-bearded gentleman of near forty, newly appointed to the station, speaking no language but his own powerful English, and half starved in soul for American company. Mr. Wingate, a jovial youth of social temperament and hospitable habits, promptly had him seated at table.

"I assure you, gentlemen, this is a very delightful occasion to me," said the consul, with an air of really pathetic gratitude. "I have breakfasted, but I am glad to remain. You can't imagine, gentlemen, how much I love to see my countrymen, and how confoundedly tired I am of this out-of-the-way district."

DeVries, to whom any land full of ruins was fascinating, thought what a shame it was that such a dunce should be there. However, he was just as polite to Mr. Porter Brassey, of West Wolverine, as though he sympathized with his tastes and held his intellect in high

respect. Mr. Fred Wingate, who was equally a man of the world, bent his dimpled smile upon this fervent American, and made haste to turn him inside out, evidently with the purpose of telling about him afterward.

The breakfast was an exceedingly hilarious one. Before they had done with all the sauterne which Wingate ordered, they were at a height of spirits which would have cast a gloom over a teetotaler. Even the castaway official, as he drew back from the table and accepted a chibouk, seemed to feel that the venerable East might be made almost as pleasant as the abode of the setting sun.

"You see a man need n't die of a broken heart, even if he is afar from West Wolverine," said Wingate, with that jolly smile of his which would pacify a cavalryman.

"That's so," returned the comforted consul, quite willing to be laughed at for his homesickness, so long as his dear countrymen would let him stay with them. "I assure you, gentlemen, that I have had a most delightful morning. I never shall forget it. And I've learned a new trick, — a trick worth remembering. This is the first time in my life, gentlemen, that I ever saw wine for breakfast. I tell you it won't be the last, if this consulate understands itself, — and it thinks it does."

"Wingate," said DeVries (they were quite intimate by this time), "we shall find this position vacant when we get back here."

The functionary laughed as loud as the others, and indeed several times louder.

"No, no, DeVries," he haw-hawed. "You're out of your reckoning there. I can stand a power of drink. If I could n't, I should n't be here. It takes a pile of whisky to get atop of politics up our way. Hullo, my shebang is out," he added, referring to his chibouk. "Here boy, give us a match," addressing the Italian waiter in English. "A match — lucifer — locofoco," he insisted, making a sign of drawing one on his pantaloons.

Either the gesture or the polysyllable

"foco," so like to the word "*fuoco*," illuminated the Tuscan, and he brought a coal of fire for the official pipe.

"I can't get a grip on the lingo," proceeded our representative, referring to the Arabic language with its hundred thousand words, or possibly to all languages whatever outside of English. "Hands slip every time I catch hold. It leaves me rather mum here, except when a traveler from the land of freedom happens along, or I run up to jaw with the missionaries. But a man can have too much missionary, as the New Zealand chieftain said. They're good fellows, — real good-hearted, honest, *white* men; by George, I respect 'em. But an ordinary man of the world don't want missionary in his'n all the time. Let me tell you what happened when I was breakfasting, quite in the family way, with one of 'em. He's a good man and a learned man, — as smart in spiritual things and scholarship as a steel trap, — but rather stiff and devout in his manners. Well, this man, — his name is Pelton, the Reverend Pelton, — as I was sitting at his hospitable board and assailing his chicken fixings, he whips out a little book, a kind of pocket volume of Scripture Promises, and reads a text aloud. I did n't quite understand, — thought it was one of his own remarks; and so says I, '*What?*' Well, gentlemen, that man was n't flabbergasted a particle; he just read the promise right over again from top to bottom. I tell you, gentlemen, it did n't seem to have any comfort for *me*. I think I never was so upset and rolled in the mud, before or since."

DeVries, who was no longer the serious creature known to us heretofore, laughed as heartily as the convivial Wingate over Mr. Brassey's misadventure.

"It's a way they have among themselves, I expect," continued the consul. "Or perhaps they hankered to do *me* a good turn. But it's embarrassing to have a text touched off under your nose in that way, when you ain't looking. I respect the missionaries very much, and want to see 'em — once in a while."

"*Fuoco*, Antonio, *se vi piace*," said

DeVries, whose nargileh needed a fresh coal.

"Do you know his language?" asked our representative with respect.

"I speak a pretty fair foreign Italian. *Lingua toscana in bocca americana.*"

Mr. Brassey sighed. He felt keenly, as he had never formerly imagined that he could feel, the inconvenience and humiliation of his linguistic ignorance.

"There ought to be a seminary for our foreign civil service," he declared. "It's a ridiculous shame to see the representatives of a great country walking around as mum as so many deaf and dumb idiots. You can't much wonder, gentlemen, that I sometimes wish I was back in West Wolverine."

"Consul, do you keep a horse?" asked Wingate.

"Yes, two of 'em, — pretty fair Ay-rabs, as common Ay-rabs go. Got a mounted dragoon, too, — or dragoon. I can let you have the whole outfit."

"Suppose we take a ride to the antiquities."

"There ain't nothing of the sort in the neighborhood," declared the consul.

"I beg your pardon," said DeVries.

"There are the Roman cisterns at the Ras el Beirut."

"What's the Wrastle Beirut?"

"I mean the head of the cape."

"Oh, all right," returned Mr. Brassey. "I don't mind taking a skitter over there."

So the official outfit was sent for, and steeds were ordered for Wingate and DeVries, and the trio set off for Ras el Beirut, guided by the consular *kawass*.

They had a spirited, and in fact a downright furious gallop over the sand and rocks of the desolate cape. DeVries jumped into the largest cistern, measured it carefully with his tape-yard, calculated the cubic capacity, and put all in his note-book.

"As a spectacle, I consider it a failure," said Mr. Brassey, staring thoughtfully into the coarse excavation. "It's not up to what I expected of the Romans. Why, we could beat it all hollow in West Wolverine, if we only had the rock."

The cape thoroughly investigated, DeVries and the *kawass* had a break-neck race along a rock-strewn sea-beach, while the consul whooped like the Last of the Mohicans and bet a good many piastres on the result with Wingate.

"I thought I should win," said DeVries, when he got in first on the home stretch. "I knew this horse had the right kind of hind legs to him. Sorry I beat you out of your money, Mr. Brassey."

"By George! it serves me right for laying against my own countryman," declared our patriotic functionary. "You can give me my little revenge, gentlemen, in our national game of poker."

So, on their return to the hotel, they played not a little poker, and Mr. Brassey pocketed a very handsome balance, as he called it.

"To make all square, gents, I stand the dinner," proclaimed this fair-minded gentleman. "Now, no objections, I beg and insist. I shall take it mighty hard if I ain't allowed to stand the dinner."

He was so nobly eager about it that the two young millionaires let him have his way, and the national game was followed by an excellent repast, with abundance of French and Oriental wine.

"Cyprus, Antonio," the consul recommended, with a generous wave of his huge hand. "Good, old, thick Cyprus wine. It's the best counterfeit they've got on solid, intrinsic whisky," he explained. "You shall have Borducks, too. But I don't myself fancy the inky taste."

"Whisky is all very well at home, Mr. Brassey," said DeVries. "But when a man is abroad, he should take to foreign drink. Otherwise, what does he learn?"

It will be perceived that our young gentleman, so delicate and almost spiritually gracious when he was with devout people, could entirely change his deportment, and apparently his sentiments, when he was among worldlings. Are we to suppose that he was a hypocrite, whether intentional or unintentional, who had played a demure game with the

Paysons? Not at all. He had been sedate in their company, because he sincerely respected their purity and piety, and was for the time colored in spirit by their companionship. The fact is that up to the present day we have had but an incomplete view of DeVries. It is much as if we had seen a landscape through green glasses, or examined a turbot only from his under side.

This rich and favored youngster had two faces, if not many more than two faces, to his character. He had a nature which reflected the serious education of his childhood, and another which consorted with the freedom of his life in college and in Europe. When he met a sainthood like that of Payson, or a maidenhood like that of Irene Grant, he behaved, and almost felt, as if he had never quitted his mother's fireside. But when he fell in with a wine-colored Wingate or a poker-playing Porter Brassey, he was easily and comfortably one of them. A very weak character, the men of regular habits and strict principles will say; and the young man himself sometimes remorsefully held the same opinion of it. Well, perhaps so, and perhaps not. Whether a nature is weak because it has various sides, because it is capable of vigorous movement in more directions than one, is surely a question open to argument. At all events, the trait is common enough, and more so in real life than in romance.

They had a fine dinner; at least, they all said so. There were a dozen courses, between European and Syrian. And there were more bottles of Bordeaux and Cyprus than I choose to mention. After dinner came further poker, for the two rich, good-natured youngsters were sorry for the bestranded politician, and did not care how much they spent in gilding his homesick existence. At last, when he had pocketed a thousand piastres (\$45) and felt that it would be wrong to win any more, he himself closed the game.

"Young men, go West," he said, with a smile. "When you have graduated in West Wolverine, I shall feel it right to play with you. Excuse me for seem-

ing to brag on poker. I am not proud, but ashamed."

Wingate, who could have gambled the consul out of his wardrobe, flung a sly smile at DeVries and pushed aside the cards.

"What can I do for you, gents?" demanded Mr. Brassey, rising to depart. "Don't you want my dragoon to bully somebody? Let me help you about your outfits. Borrow my horses, and make me happy."

Wingate replied, with thanks, that he had already engaged a traveling outfit; and DeVries explained that he was to make a brief sojourn with the missionary Payson.

"The dickens!" stared Mr. Brassey. "You're a queer fish for the Pool of Siloam. However, I'll come up and have a jaw with you, and we'll read the promises together. Good-by, Wingate. You make me sick to be home again, where they raise such men. Good night and good luck to you both."

Then Mr. Wingate, who was a very polished wine-bibber, begged DeVries to excuse him for setting about his preparations for the morning's start. Thus left to himself, our hopeful young Janus remembered his missionary friends, and decided to make an evening call on Miss Grant.

IX.

Towards the close of Irene's first day in Syria, she began to wonder whether Mr. DeVries would come to see her, either that evening or ever. The query and the frequency with which it returned upon her caused her some humiliation and compunction. How absurd and wrong in a poor minister's daughter to long thus for the entertainments of earth, and to have so little power of self-absorption in the work of missions, even here on mission ground! How small-minded to think and think of one "darkling man," when a sunset of purple and rose and gold sat enthroned upon Lebanon!

What did it mean? Did she "care for" this lovely young man with great

possessions? She hoped not; it would be both wrong and silly; it would be perilous to piety and peace. It must be that she was homesick; that she thought of him so much because he was a part of her home, because he was to return to her country, and she not. In truth, homesick she was; how could she well help it? At last she was really in Syria, and the whole question of coming was settled, and the question of staying, also. Her gloom of spirit was manifold and profound, and not to be dispelled by a sunset on Mount Lebanon. A sunset on the rail fences and whortleberry bushes of a Connecticut hill-side would have been more effective.

She tried to "lean upon" Mr. Payson, as she phrased it in her interior language, the speech of Bible-classes. Indeed, she did find soothing, as well as support and guidance, in the presence of that cheerful and sympathetic sanctity. At tea, when he took out his well-worn little volume of Promises, and read two or three such texts as he thought would profitably direct the family conversation, she was not confounded, as the consul had been at the Pelton table, but sustained and comforted.

"I am a poor, tottering pilgrim," he said apologetically, as he pocketed the book. "My life has been an incessant struggle to remember the unseen world, — the only world of any note to a sane person. Every means and appliance has to be used, or I am lost. I sometimes doubt whether there ever was another man with such a bent toward worldliness. The idea of death, for instance, — the idea of being withdrawn from this small and perilous earth, — has always been peculiarly dreadful to me, and is so still. Ah dear, if I had been with Peter to the hall of Pilate, I should have denied the Master with him! It is an immense mercy to me that my soul was not called to run its earthly career in the ages of the martyrs."

"Mr. Payson, I don't believe you are fearful," replied Mrs. Kirkwood. "You saved several persons in that dreadful collision on the Mississippi. We read it in the New York Herald."

"Ah, yes, I was wonderfully helped on that occasion," said Payson. "It seemed to me that I had the strength of ten men when I saw those poor, shrieking people hanging on the verge of an eternity for which they were perhaps not prepared; but it was not *my* strength; it was mercifully lent to me."

Irene had never before heard of that scene of peril and rescue, although she had been traveling for months with the hero of it. She was greatly moved by this humility and bravery, and longed at once to do something useful to her kind. "How soon can I get to work?" she asked. "You will have to find me a teacher. I ought to learn Arabic in the next six months."

The Kirkwoods smiled to each other over a burst of zeal and hope which they had seen before in novices.

"Yes, Irene must have a teacher at once," assented Mr. Payson. "She must be allowed to see what she can do, and what she is fitted for. It is not every one, to be sure, who can master this most difficult language, and become acceptable in it. But she may be, and I think she is, one of those who have the gift of tongues. She shall begin Arabic to-morrow morning, even though she should go but a little way in it, and eventually occupy herself mainly with teaching in English."

"Is it so difficult, then?" said Irene. "I want to master it. However, if I can't, I'll teach English."

Then they had to hurry their tea a little in order that the men of the party might go to the great saloon and receive three influential Druses from Mount Lebanon.

"Can I see them?" asked Irene, who was fervently interested in everything Syrian.

Mrs. Kirkwood led her to the long reception-room, and they sat down at one end of the mukaad, or cushioned sofa, where they could watch the mountaineers without seeming to court their acquaintance. They were dark, black-eyed, upright men, singularly dignified and grave in aspect, looking all the more severe and ascetic because of their huge,

white turbans and cloaks of black and white stripes, so unlike the usual florid raiment of the Orient. One of them seemed to be eighty years of age, and had a truly patriarchal expression of command, enhanced by a long, wavy beard of silver.

"That is a famous sheikh, or holy elder," whispered Mrs. Kirkwood. "He is one of the chiefs of the Okkaal, or Enlightened. There must be something important stirring, or he would not be here."

"What are they saying? Do tell me," begged Irene.

"They are saying that they and the English are brothers; that they have the same religion with us; that they want to learn it more perfectly,—want us to send them teachers. The man with the long knife in his girdle says they are all determined to become Protestants."

"Oh, is n't it wonderful!" murmured the novice. "To think that I should get here to see this!"

A serious smile came over the sallow and patient face of the elder lady. "My dear, there is n't a word of truth in it, I am afraid," she responded. "The Druses are always of the religion of the company they are in. If we were Catholics, they would speak the same things. They are commanded in their Scriptures to conceal their belief. The door is closed, they say, and nobody can become a Druse, and so it is useless to preach, as well as dangerous. I would n't attach any importance to the talk of these men, only that I don't understand why they should come down from their mountains to utter it, apparently for no other purpose. And the old sheikh, too! I can't help suspecting that there is something important at hand."

Just here the discourse of the Druse spokesman, the white-bearded Okkaal, descended to a guttural murmur, and Mrs. Kirkwood could overhear no more.

"Perhaps they are in earnest this time," hoped Irene. "They seem so very serious."

It was at this moment that Hubertsen DeVries dropped in upon the valued

friends who had been so much out of his mind during the day. Our youthful missionary rose to greet him with a blush which indicated that he could at least make her forget all about the conversion of the Druses.

"I am so glad to see you!" she confessed impulsively. "Why, it seems to me as if I had been here a year, and you were a friend just arrived from home. And yet," she laughed, "I did n't know you at home."

It occurred to DeVries that if they had known each other at home, she might not have been here, at least as a missionary. For the moment he was all back again to the content which during three days he had found in her company. To him, as well as to her, it appeared that they were old friends, such as fate could not easily disunite. He was almost equally glad to see Mr. Payson, and the two met with the effusion of woman-kind.

"My dear young friend," exclaimed the clergyman, "I am rejoiced by your coming! I have had a foolish fear to-day that you might get into trouble during your explorations."

"I got into nothing worse than a cistern," replied DeVries, with a slightly guilty recollection of poker and Cyprus wine.

"Sit down and talk with our sisters," said Payson. "I have some important business with these mountaineers. I will join you in a few minutes."

Then DeVries listened a long time to Irene's enthusiastic account of the wonders of the day: the courteous and attractive manners of the Syrians; the blonde graces of the lady of the Beit Keneasy; and the tragic queenliness of Mirta.

"I wish I had been with you," he said, remembering with some disgust the rustic, gambling consul, and that polished roisterer, Wingate.

"Oh, but you shall see it all," she promised, of course not understanding him, and unable to imagine that he had been on a frolic. "We will have Mirta to dinner before you go. And I can take him to the Beit Keneasy, Mrs.

Kirkwood, can't I? There, I said Beit Keneasy properly, did n't I? It is almost my first Arabic. Mr. DeVries, I am going to learn the whole language, or at least going to try."

"I don't imagine that you will find much difficulty in getting a fair reading and talking knowledge of it," said DeVries, one of those happy linguistic souls who can pick up a smattering of a strange tongue in six months, or so.

"Ah, but I want to master it."

"I am afraid you won't. The French is a very simple, lucid language, but how few foreigners really master it! It is n't an easy matter to master one's mother tongue."

"Oh, dear! I know it. How you discourage me! It will end in teaching English and caring for woman's matters, perhaps. It seems so feeble to come four thousand miles to do what I did in America."

Mrs. Kirkwood laughed good-naturedly. The girl was sketching her own history, but she was not annoyed by the picture. She had learned long since to be contented with the humble and monotonous round of the domestic threshing-floor.

At this moment, the three Druses arose, murmured a deep-toned salutation, and stalked gravely out of the room, with an air of ill-concealed displeasure. Kirkwood and Payson attended them courteously to the door, and then turned, with serious faces, to join in entertaining DeVries.

"What is the matter?" Mrs. Kirkwood presently asked her husband, speaking, however, in Arabic. "What is the sheikh of the Okkaal here for?"

"There is going to be trouble in Lebanon," he answered in English. "It is no secret now, and we can talk of it."

"The slayer is to run to and fro in that goodly mountain, and all its high places are to be stained with blood," echoed Payson.

He was really pale and tremulous with anxiety and sorrow. His face was naturally a very manly one, and all the more noble because of a habitual expression of ascetic sweetness, the result

of many an hour of spiritual conflict and many a victory over himself. It was quite pathetic to see this far-away gaze so clouded, and this martyr-like serenity so shaken.

"Those men were deputies from the great Druse house of Abd el Melek," continued Kirkwood. "They came to say that the Maronites are going to rise, and that the Druses will shortly be fighting for their lives. The Abunekeds and Jemblots are ready for war, but the Abd el Meleks desire peace. This is their story, — perhaps true, perhaps not. These envoys wanted us to beg the English consul (you know they consider us as English) to provide them with money and arms. We had to tell them that all that sort of thing was beyond our power. They did n't believe us, and went off in a grim humor. I trust, however, that they will come to reason, and won't trouble our outlying missions."

"The results of the painful work of many years will be brushed away like a few drops of dew," sighed Payson.

"Brother, you are always looking at the Egyptian chariots," smiled Kirkwood, cheerily. "Israel will get safe across."

"At all events, nothing can happen but the will of the Master of earth," bowed Payson. "And how much better he knows what is best for his world and his church than a poor, short-sighted creature like me! But I shall go to Hasbeya. I must be among our people when their hour of trial comes."

"And take your ladies with you?" stared DeVries, anxious for Miss Grant, we may suppose, rather than for Mrs. Payson.

"No, no. They will stay here."

"And how will your wife like that?" asked Mrs. Kirkwood.

"Ah dear! I don't know. I trust that she will like what is right."

"Well, you need n't pack your saddle-bags to-night," observed Kirkwood.

"Even according to the Druse story the Maronites are not to break out for eight days, which may mean eight weeks, or eight months."

"I shall stay on here a while," said

DeVries. "I should like to see some Oriental fighting."

The two clergymen looked pained, and Mrs. Kirkwood horrified. Even Irene turned upon him a glance of amazement, like one who has got new light upon a familiar character, and light of a startling nature.

"Ah, you don't know war," answered Payson, in a tone of apology rather than of reproof. "You are thinking of the combat, and not of the vanquished. A mountain massacre is a fearful thing."

"I must seem rather brutal to you," said this surely considerate and civil youngster. "Excuse me for being so thoughtless."

"I can understand you," returned Payson. "Our Anglo-Saxon race loves to fight. It has been fighting ever since it came out of its German forests, and probably for long before. The gates of its temple of Janus are never shut except when the wind of Providence blows them to."

DeVries was not troubled, but Irene

supposed that he must be, and wanted to relieve him from this conversation.

"Let me take you up to the terrace," she said. "I want to show you the lights of the city and of the villages on the mountain."

As the two young people stepped out of the saloon they met Dr. Macklin, and the traveler was presented to him. There were a few words of embarrassed, insignificant conversation, and then Irene rustled away with DeVries to the secluded, sombre housetop.

"Who is that dandy?" demanded the doctor, in a very glum tone, when he entered the parlor.

Mr. Payson told what he knew of DeVries, and of his excellent parentage.

"I don't like him at all," said Macklin. "I wonder our young lady should go off alone with him."

"She asked you to go," observed Mrs. Kirkwood, gently. "Why did n't you?"

"I did n't like him," explained the doctor, savagely. "I did n't want to be with him."

THE SHIP FROM FRANCE.

QUEBEC, 167--.

I PASS the great stone church, where shines the altar-light;
The lonely convent walls, wrapped in the shade of night.
Above the fortress grim and high *château* I see,
Its white folds proudly spread, our regal *fleur-de-lis*.
I see the traders' roofs close clustered on the strand;
Their two towers dimly reach below me, as I stand
Upon this tower-rock above the stream's expanse,
And watch the moonlit tide to see the ship from France.

Thou piercing northern star that dost so clearly gleam,
Look down the spreading way of this life-bringing stream,
And tell me if thou see the blessed sail appear
That bends above my love, that brings my true love here!
In the dark wilderness, where raging rapids toss,
I ardently have fought to raise the flag and cross;
But now my heart is wild in Love's enraptured trance,
To know my maiden comes within the ship from France!

Thou bright and distant France! the rich lights of thy skies
 Will shine on me again from out her sunny eyes;
 And I shall feel again my young life's brilliant stir,
 When I clasp her soft, warm hands and kiss the lips of her.
 And will she bear the change, my lily pure and white,
 That knows no harsher touch than balmy dew of night?
 My blossom of the south, my girl of gentlest glance,
 Will she regret she left her gay and gracious France?

Great river of the north, back from the ocean glide,
 And swifter bear along the soldier's peerless bride;
 Blow, forest wind, whose breath is of the fir and pine,
 And hasten, hasten her to these strong arms of mine!
 Is it the mist that moves upon the channel's trail?
 No, there the lanterns gleam beneath a gliding sail!
 They pass the shadowy isle, and to the cliff advance:
 She comes, she comes, my love, my darling bride of France!

C. L. Cleveland.

THE ABOLITION OF POVERTY.

IN 1839, George Ticknor could write to Miss Edgeworth from Boston: "In this town of eighty thousand inhabitants, or, with the suburban towns, one hundred and twenty thousand, . . . there is *no visible poverty*, little gross ignorance, and little crime." Is there to-day a town of twenty thousand inhabitants in the United States of which this can be said? Poverty has grown rank and flowered into ignorance and crime in our hot-beds of civilization. The three great forces which the practical man recognizes, the state, the church, the rich, have been apparently almost powerless against this primal curse of poverty. And they are so.

The state is as old as civilization, but it has never destroyed want. By grinding and ill-judged taxation, by frantically foolish attempts at what is miscalled "protection," it has often made its people poor. The state that makes its people rich is one of the fruits of the far-off future. And yet the state can do something now. We have heard too much of the gospel of *laissez-faire*—that political gospel which makes the policeman

the sole representative of government—which finds its prophet in young Herbert Spencer. Its disciples still con the books which Spencer's ripper thought has contradicted and disowned. They would leave the miner unprotected from the death that hovers around him in the fire-damp, the farmer unaided in his hopeless struggle with the railroad, the child to sink under twelve hours of daily labor in the factory. They would close the post-office and shut the public school. When the merchants of France, in reply to Colbert's questioning how he could best serve their interests, said, "Let us alone," they voiced their needs correctly enough, but not those of the many. The clerk, the mechanic, the seamstress, the unskilled laborer, the child, ought not to be let alone.

The state should enforce universal education. This is the corollary of universal taxation for school purposes. The common conception of compulsory education as "an outrage upon the rights of the parent" is not sentiment, but sentimentality.

A rigid building law, so framed and

enforced as to prevent the curse of overcrowded tenement houses, has, I am informed reduced the volume of crime in certain quarters of London and Glasgow fully sixty per cent. within six years. It has not done this by reducing the population. Sir Sydney Waterlow's company for the construction of model tenements, a company formed and managed for pecuniary profit, has proved that one hundred and fifty people can be comfortably housed on the land covered by an ordinary building in which one hundred tenants have slowly rotted to death, dying morally some time before they died physically.

The land laws of the French Revolution transformed millions of serfs into millions of farmers, and multiplied tenfold the aggregate comfort of France. The strongest nation in Europe to-day owes its strength to the laws which Stein and Hardenberg modeled after those of France.

In such ways, the state can do much. But this "much" is comparatively little. Far more remains to be done.

The church is of even less use in the warfare against the primal curse of poverty. The church, in some form or other, is older than civilization. It dates from the day when the first two savages trembled before the thunder, or adored the sun. Yet it has never pulled up poverty by the roots. Through the Middle Ages, the church was a gigantic machine for the unproductive consumption of wealth. While famine palsied the hands of the workman, the dead hands of monastic orders clutched hill and valley by the mile. The church of to-day, in all its myriad forms, Roman, Hebrew, Liberal, Protestant, is wiser, better, kinder. It comforts many a sorrowful soul. It sometimes builds a hospital, sometimes supports a school. If, in the latter, it teaches spelling and sectarianism, shall we not be grateful, at any rate, for the spelling? Yet, if we take the church now, look at the half-filled pews that cluster under the mortgaged roofs, reckon on the mighty array of clergy, and then think of what the money, time, and effort spent here might do elsewhere,

we may fancy that the era of unproductive consumption by ecclesiastics has not quite passed by. As far as the prevention of poverty is concerned, a hundred thousand dollars' worth of model tenements may be safely expected to do far more than two hundred thousand dollars' worth of church edifices.

The rich cannot destroy poverty; they can do a little towards it. I am about to try to show some of them how this little can be done. It is not to be done by alms-giving. Casual charity cannot destroy poverty; it multiplies it a thousand fold. Systematic charity, too, pauperizes the multitude, unless administered with a wise hard-heartedness that few of us are strong enough, unselfish enough, to maintain. All alms-giving that does not help the recipient to help himself is, save in the case of the incurably sick, a curse.

The three great recognized forces of modern society thus seem unable to cope with poverty. They cannot, at least they do not, give the poor that comfort without which life is not worth the living, and death is more than worth the dying. Salvation must be sought elsewhere. The poor can be saved from poverty only by the poor. Not by praying for sudden wealth; not by entreating government to give them work, or to surround the country with a Chinese wall of protected pig-iron and protected clothing and protected everything else that the poor man buys and the rich man sells, — it is not in these ways that the poor are to throw off their incubus.

The poor must save themselves. They must coöperate.

I asked Charles Bradlaugh, some years ago, whether he thought that coöperation had been a substantial success in England. He said, "I know it has. Distributive coöperation has brought comfort to thousands of families. Productive coöperation is still in its infancy, but we have great hopes of it." The facts which impressed Mr. Bradlaugh so strongly are open to anybody who can spend a few months in England and content himself with studying the present rather than the past. To the be-

liever in coöperation, the centre of England is near Manchester, and London is but an outlying suburb of Rochdale. It was my privilege to make a coöperative pilgrimage with a friend through parts of Germany and England, some five years ago. The shrines at which we worshiped were usually plain, not to say ugly, piles of brick or stone, and the sacred relics which we sought at every shrine were facts. Some of these latter, brought from England, afford the main material of the following pages.

In 1842, twenty-eight weavers formed the Rochdale Equitable Pioneers' Society. Their poverty was such that each could pay but four cents a week into the capital fund. It took them two years to accumulate \$140. One December evening in 1844, Toad Lane, a narrow, winding street of Rochdale, was crowded with a hooting rabble, drawn together to see the opening of the weavers' shop. When the dingy shutters of the dingy little room were taken down, the mob screamed with laughter at the sight of the almost empty shelves within. As the twenty-eight weavers, the only customers, came out with their scanty purchases, they were met with taunts and jeers. Nobody jeers at the weavers' shop now.

We spent an afternoon in going through the building. Its top floor is a plainly but comfortably furnished hall, where monthly meetings are held, lectures are delivered, and parties given. Below are the committee-rooms, the reading-room, and the library. This last contains ten thousand volumes. The battered, well-worn, dog-eared books in it are by no means all novels. Many of them, perhaps the majority, are works on the natural sciences, technical trades, travel, or history. The reading-room is large, well lighted, and comfortable. It contains all the leading periodicals, with a collection of scientific instruments which can be hired for a penny or two a night by members of the society who wish to entertain or instruct themselves or their friends. We were told that it is quite

common for an artisan to give a small party at which the main attraction is a display of some simple scientific experiments. On the three lower floors of the building are stores where a man can buy clothing for his family and himself, boots and shoes, meat, vegetables, and groceries, watches and clocks, books, coal to warm his house, and the house itself, — for the society is now building homes for its members.

And all this is but the central store. There are many branch establishments in other parts of the town, among them thirteen groceries, eleven butcher shops, and eleven reading-rooms. The society also manufactures tobacco on its own account, has heavy interests in corn, cotton, and woolen mills, and manages a great savings-bank.

The Equitable Pioneers' Society sells about \$1,500,000 worth of goods every year, and declares quarterly dividends, or rebates on purchases, of from twelve to fifteen per cent. This is the result of the weavers' shop in dingy, dirty, dark Toad Lane. From the beginning, the institution has been managed by men earning daily or weekly wages. They are no better, no wiser, no honester, than American workmen. What is to hinder the latter from following their example, from gaining their success? ¹

It is now ten years since some clerks in the London post-office found themselves unable to live on their pay. They asked for more, and were refused. The answer came on a foggy November afternoon, a day that was gloomy enough without bad tidings. Three of the men, talking over the dismal present and the dreary future, resolved to try what coöperation could do. They canvassed their fellows, and found a dozen who were willing to buy among them fifty pounds of tea. The money was paid in on the spot. The next morning, one of the original three, on his way to the office, bought at a wholesale store half a chest of tea. After office hours, the purchase was duly divided. The amount saved was twenty-five cents a pound. The

¹ For full details of the methods of management at Rochdale, the reader is referred to *The Primer of*

Political Economy, by Alfred B. Mason and John J. Lalor. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1875.

story of this success speedily spread abroad. Within three days, the triumvirate had orders for another half chest. Soon they began to buy in somewhat larger quantities. They put the tea in an empty closet in the post-office, and hired the porter to weigh it out to the different purchasers, paying him for his trouble with the pound or so which each chest contained over its nominal weight. Little by little they added a few other staple articles to their stock. The old cupboard, their first store, was now too small. They hired a little room in the topmost story of a neighboring building for a few dollars a month. This was considered to be a most daring step. But their business speedily outgrew these narrow quarters. They were crowded out of room after room. Five years ago they moved into a building of their own, for which they paid \$200,000. It is several stories high, with a frontage of perhaps a hundred feet on each of two streets; it is crowded with goods, clerks, and customers. The Civil Service Supply Association, as it is called, sells \$5,000,000 worth of goods a year; moreover, it has arrangements with a great number of the best firms in London, by which its members can buy from these firms for cash at from twenty to forty per cent. discount. The business done in this way is estimated at \$5,000,000 more. Nine years ago, the association began by selling half a chest of tea. Its growth is a most joyous fact. It has been, however, a most alarming fact to the retailers of London. Two years ago, they petitioned Parliament to forbid the government employees engaging in such enterprises. The petition was in vain, but the petitioners took their revenge by driving Mr. Thomas Hughes from his place in the Commons. When a number of the underpaid clergy of the Church of England undertook to imitate the civil service clerks, their proposed league was broken up, it is said, by the threat of an organized bolt of small tradesmen into the dissenting sects.

England and Scotland have now over one thousand coöperative stores, and a number of manufactories owned in part

by the operatives in them. These are leagued together by a system much like that of the United States under the old articles of confederation. There are five territorial divisions, or sections, which correspond to our States. Each of these is represented on the central board, a body of eleven men clothed with a scanty and a vague authority, and able to do little more than suggest needed reforms. Its suggestions seem, however, to carry great weight. Once a year, a congress composed of delegates from all the coöperative societies meets to listen to suggestions and discussions on every point of interest. There are similar assemblies in each of the five sections several times a year. When the twenty-eight flannel weavers of Rochdale gathered, by two years of patient saving, their scanty capital of \$140, they planted a seed which has grown into a tree that now shelters thousands of healthy and happy homes.

The prevention of adulteration is one of the incidental blessings of distributive coöperation. Pure food can scarcely be found in small quantities, except in a coöperative store. The value of good food as an element in labor has been more fully appreciated since the publication of Thomas Brassey's *Work and Wages*.¹ It is doubly unfortunate that manual laborers, who need such food the most, should have the greatest difficulty in getting it. The poor buy from the last of a long line of middle-men, and so run the maximum risk of being poisoned. This risk disappears when they can go to a coöperative store. Its owners, who are also its main patrons, do not adulterate the wares which they not only sell, but buy. Neither do they use false weights. At such a store, the customer gets full measure and pure goods. At an ordinary retailer's he is apt to get scant measure, and he does not get goods at all. He gets bads.

A few figures, carefully verified, may serve to indicate the possible margin of saving by distributive coöperation on a small scale. A workingman friend of mine gave me a list of the groceries he buys every week, and the prices he pays

¹ See also Macdonell's *Survey of Political Economy*.

for them. This list was taken to a wholesale grocer in Chicago, who is now selling supplies to several coöperative stores among the miners of Central Illinois. He gave me his prices for the same goods. The man who made out the list spends \$3.36 a week for barley, coffee, currants, flour, pepper, raisins, rice, soap, soda, starch, sugar, and tea. All these twelve articles, with the possible exception of the currants and raisins, are probably greatly adulterated before they reach him. The wholesale price for the same quantities of the same things, in a pure state, is a shade over \$2.50. If an allowance of five per cent. is made for the working expenses of a coöperative store, — and English experience shows that this is a high estimate, — my friend, if he could buy at such a store, would pay less than \$2.64 for what now costs him \$3.36. Such a saving, if carried out in other purchases, would add nearly thirty per cent. to his income.

Little effort is required to start a coöperative store, or to manage it at the outset. Let a dozen men form an association, and agree to pay every week a fixed sum, ten cents to a dollar, towards the capital. As soon as seven dollars has been paid in, the manager can buy a barrel of flour, which he will take to his home and weigh out there to the subscribers at nearly cost price. The saving on that single barrel would be from two to three dollars. With the money got by the sale of the flour, and with constantly accumulating subscriptions, a chest of tea can be bought. The saving upon this should be nearly fifteen dollars, and both the tea and the flour will be much better articles than can usually be bought in small stores. As each man pays the last installment of some stipulated sum, five or ten dollars, his weekly subscriptions will cease. His stock will be paid up. Meanwhile, money will constantly be turned into goods, and goods back into money. A sufficient price will be charged to cover the original cost and the expenses of management. The latter will be very light at first, for a small room will answer for a store, and the members of the society can take turns in keeping it open

during the evening, when their day's work is done. If finally a larger room has to be rented and a manager hired, it will be because the store is prosperous. In that store the workingman can buy pure food at the cost price, and have it weighed on honest scales. Everything will be bought and sold for cash, so that there will be no bad debts, no long accounts. A coöperative store never gives a cent's credit. This is one of the reasons of its success. Coöperation and cash together carry the day.

Distributive coöperation is a phase of economic progress which will probably disappear at some time, but which will not do so until it has greatly lessened the number of persons engaged in merely distributing wealth, has concentrated in each city each branch of retail trade in the hands of a comparatively few firms or joint-stock companies in which the employees have a share of the profits, and has made this trade a cash instead of credit operation. Productive coöperation will, I trust, result in the almost universal abolition of the wage system.

I have chosen three examples of productive coöperation: one a signal failure, one a signal success, and the other both failure and success.

First, the success. Most of the plate-locks used in England, and perhaps in the world, are manufactured at Wolverhampton, near Birmingham. Some years ago, one of the lock manufacturers there cut down his men's wages. The men struck. Then the other employers hastily formed a lock-out, and so threw the whole body of mechanics out of work. The men met, and decided to establish a manufactory of their own. They went to work at once. The masters had immense stocks on hand. They put their prices below cost, and found a quick and ready market. Yet they were soon undersold by the men. The latter knew they must lose, and did so. But they stood by their machines, and worked with will and skill. They sold or pawned everything that could be spared. Some of them lived on three cents a day. At one time, when failure seemed inevitable, only a timely loan from a generous sym-

pathizer enabled them to avoid bankruptcy. Some long years went by before the Workingmen's Wolverhampton Plate-Locks Company began to pay well. When once it began, it did not stop. It is now¹ a flourishing, profitable concern. The men are their own masters. They get the wages for their work and the profits on their work.

The failure is nearer home. In January, 1874, when the Chicago Tribune was publishing a series of articles on co-operation abroad, a man called at the editorial rooms of that paper, introduced himself as the secretary of a trades-union of carpenters, and asked the writer of the series to come to the next meeting of the union. He did so, and found these men bent upon forming a coöperative association for carrying on their trade. He sought in vain to persuade them to try their 'prentice hand on a coöperative store. They were bound to have a shop, or nothing. The doubtful experiment was made. As a stockholder in the corporation and a receiver in bankruptcy for it, the journalist tested the strength of the experiment well. Three things were fatal to it, — lack of business skill, lack of capital, lack of harmony. The first was the first to show itself. These simple men fell into the hands of a knavish lawyer, who first charged them an extortionate fee for getting the society incorporated under the general law of the State of Illinois, — a proceeding that requires about an hour's work and the expenditure of a couple of dollars, — and then demanded that he should be elected attorney of the organization at a stated and startling salary. When they declined to do this, he held back their papers of incorporation from record, and managed in this way seriously to embarrass them. Meanwhile, they had bought large and costly books, the chief use of which proved to be to contain the complicated bankruptcy accounts, had provided themselves with an imposing and expensive seal, and had elected an array of officers. The second difficulty

now confronted them. Their scanty capital had already been sunk. The lawyer took most of it; the books and seal took the rest. They could not venture on large contracts, but were forced to bid only on small jobs. Their figures were ignorantly reckoned and thus their work was too often done, and faithfully done, at a loss. Finally, however, the tide seemed to turn. A little money was made. Then a besotted spirit of dissension seized the men. They could not bear to obey the fellow-workman whom they had selected as their business manager. Quarrel followed fast on quarrel. When the ruling wage of carpenters in Chicago was \$1.50 a day, a dissatisfied majority of the Coöperative Carpenters' Association voted themselves \$3.50 a day apiece, in fatuous disregard of the fact that there was no money to pay such wages. There was soon no money at all. The treasurer absconded with all the funds on hand, and the carpenters, paying thirty-four cents on the dollar of their joint debts, ceased to coöperate.

Their career may serve as an "awful warning." The causes of their ruin threaten every association of workingmen for producing wealth. Lack of skill, lack of capital, lack of harmony, — these are the rocks ahead. They can be shunned, but only by the exercise of uncommon care. Distributive coöperation should precede coöperative production. The store should accumulate the capital needed for the shop.

The famous "industrial partnership" between the Briggs brothers of Yorkshire and their men is the instance of combined success and failure which I have chosen as a final illustration.²

The Briggs brothers owned and worked two collieries. They were in constant trouble with their men, an idle, drinking, uproarious, careless set. The men had a rough saying that shows the depth of the ill-feeling: "All coal owners is devils, but Briggs is the prince of devils." Strikes were frequent. Holidays were

¹ My last definite information about this coöperative enterprise was in 1873. I believe, however, that it is comparatively no less prosperous now than then.

² The next few paragraphs are condensed transcripts from Mason and Lalor's *Primer of Political Economy*.

taken with more than Spanish abandon. The capital invested in the business paid only about six per cent., on an average.

In 1866 the Briggs brothers formed a partnership with their men, on a plan proposed by Professor Fawcett six years before. They issued 9770 shares of stock of \$50 each, and sold a small fraction of them to the workmen, taking their pay in installments. It was announced that future profits would be divided as follows: a dividend of ten per cent. would first be paid on all the shares, and the surplus, if any, would be divided into two equal parts; one of these would be used as an extra dividend on capital, and the other would be shared among all the workmen, whether stockholders or not, in proportion to the wages each had earned during the year.

The result was remarkable. The men, assured of half the profits above ten per cent. on the stock, did all they could to increase the profits. They worked steadily. They were careful of the tools and materials used. When a man found a broken tool, he did not kick it aside, as formerly, but took it to the shops to be repaired, saying, "That's so much towards the divvy." "Divvy" was their pet name for the dividend on labor. It became the interest of all that each should work. Each was an overseer for his fellows. A considerable part of the former expense of superintendence was saved. Public opinion, which before had favored dissipation, now opposed it. Idleness, drinking, and rioting became far less common. Good feeling between masters and men sprang up. Questions about wages, hours of work, etc., were settled by friendly talks or by arbitration. At the end of the first year, the Briggs brothers and the share-holding workmen got a ten per cent. dividend and \$8500 besides, while another sum of \$8500 was divided among all the workmen. The second year, the dividend to labor was \$17,500. In 1875, when the plan had been in operation for some eight years, the Briggs brothers were said to have cleared, on an average, during that time, sixteen per cent. a year on their capital, or nearly thrice as much as they had

made under the old system. Meanwhile, their workmen, whether share-holders or not, had had annual dividends on their labor, and part of the joint profits had been used in supporting a library and schools for the benefit of the miners and their families. There had been a very notable advance in the morality, intelligence, and thrift of the whole body of employees.

Two years ago, the men struck. They did so in obedience to the orders of their trades-union, and on account of a quarrel between other men and other masters, with which they had nothing to do. Their own act dissolved the industrial partnership, and thus one of the most encouraging and important facts of the nineteenth century ceased to exist. The same cause put an end to a similar experiment in New York city, in 1872.

A certain manufacturing village lies sheltered between New England hills. A stream winds through it. It enters the town clear, dancing, health-bringing. Fretted by mill-wheels, checked by dams, poisoned with sewage, it oozes on its sluggish, death-dealing way. It leaves traces of its passage in white faces in the tenement houses near by, where drunken men, pinched-visaged women, and puny children rot and die. It leaves other traces, higher on the hill-side, in other white faces, whiter yet,—whiter than the tombstones above them. This is the village cemetery. And higher yet, in a purer air, above the dens and the graves of the many, are the homes of the few. The upper ten have comfort for their heritage; the lower thousand, crime.

Yet among these there are the elements of a celestial civilization; trained skill, executive ability, learning, wealth. Must the skill in handiwork be forever divorced from the ability, the learning, the wealth?

The answer to this question has a far-reaching, political significance. The future of our institutions depends upon it.

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

Boston is richer to-day than in 1839, but how infinitely fitter for democratic forms

of government was the town of 80,000 inhabitants, with "no visible poverty, little gross ignorance, and little crime," than the city of 350,000, with its swarming paupers, its untaught voters, and its Pipers and Pomeroyes! And yet Boston is more prosperous and moral than almost any other city in the land.

The increase of socialistic sentiment among the masses is not a matter of

light consideration. If the proletariat once becomes convinced that property is robbery, what can prevent the temporary extinction of both property and society? Socialism is a sign of discontent. It grows rank in times of depression. It withers away as comfort increases. The book that contains the most forcible argument against Proudhon's maxim is a bank-book.

Alfred B. Mason.

THE FAÏENCE VIOLIN.

OUR writers are not in search of an original passion of the human breast to introduce to the public for the first time. All that was done so long since that the precise date is not a matter of consequence. If a newish style of treatment or an unhackneyed situation is attainable, an exemption from further responsibility is naturally looked for. Yet it was something like an original passion of the human breast, and nothing less, that M. Champfleury, not a very great writer of our own time, hit upon less than twenty years ago. His *Faïence*, or *Crockery*, *Violin*, instead of the love, jealousy, patriotism, filial affection, friendship, which constitute the usual motive powers of romances, is propelled by the passion for pottery, up to that time a novelty in literature. The subject had its library of catalogues, technical and statistical works, but it had hardly ever been treated in a literary manner. Lamb has a delightful essay upon the ostensible topic of Old Porcelain, but it is as full of irrelevant matters as Artemas Ward's famous lecture on the Babes in the Wood. At any rate, Champfleury first gave it a tale. His little story, which was originally published in the ordinary guise of the French novel, has lately appeared in an *édition de luxe*¹ worthy to stand by the

side of the choicest volumes of reference upon the subject. Its heavy paper, extravagant margins, interleaved etchings, and designs in color from rare ceramic specimens give the text an air of preciousness as in an illuminated manuscript, and add to the interest of the story the attraction of a quaint and charming work of art.

So necessary, by long usage, has love-making become in the romance that this one, in which there is nothing more of it than a paragraphic announcement at the close that one of the principal characters has married his cousin, is laid down with a feeling of incompleteness. Could there have been a light and graceful affair of the kind interwoven with the rest of the attractive material, little would have been left to desire. The result, however, might have been less logically perfect. This sense of deficiency is a tribute to the severe completeness with which the author has confined himself to the exposition he had in view. Projecting a study of the state of mind of the irrepressible collector, he was unwilling to complicate it by the display of other distracting emotions.

In the particular of pottery, our own country afforded no material for the sustenance of this singular rage until the late Centennial Exhibition, of happy memory, which placed a Doulton ware pilgrim bottle upon every mantel, and

¹ Champfleury. *Le Violon de Faïence*. Paris. E. Dentu, Editeur. Libraire de la Société des Gens de Lettres. Paris. 1877.

largely diverted the female sex from their spatter-work and crochet to pasting silhouettes of kittens and nineteenth-century school-children upon vases of pure Etruscan outline. But the collector's passion has multifarious objects, books, old pictures, coins, musical instruments, arms, autographs and photographs, wigs, shoes, canes, snuff-boxes; postage-stamps, theatre tickets and programmes, and even buttons. Among them all, its phenomena must have become more or less familiar even here. The general disposition is to look upon the passion as harmless and amiable. M. Champfleury follows it out to its logical consequences, and shows at what extremes, if perverted, it may arrive. It is capable of becoming an enormous species of egotism and avarice, of betraying the warmest friendships, of reveling in falsehoods and perfidies, and of stopping short only of robbery and assassination.

"There are innocent passions," he says, "which begin by clinging to the rugged trunk, and end by choking the life out of it." "No passions! Gardiolanne had them all; he was a collector. Lightning might have struck beside him in the street without withdrawing his attention from a shop window in which he was interested."

M. Champfleury is indicated by his record as a person of peculiar qualifications for the task proposed in his little story. His histories of ancient, mediæval, and modern caricature, of the potteries of the Revolution, and of the brothers Le Nain, — obscure painters of the time of Louis XIII. whom he endeavored to install in their rightful place in the popular esteem, — all show his natural bent towards the rare and curious. He has the additional title to speak with authority of being himself a devotee of the fantastic passion he so entertainingly describes. He does not hesitate to confess, according to La Rousse, that the three passions of his existence are music, faïence, and cats. His taste for what is out of the common fashions marks even the habits of his private life. He is said to have proposed to his wife, by whose

appearance when a young lady in society he had been attracted at an evening party, by sending her a laconic message that if she agreed with him that the unmarried are like one half of a pair of scissors, of no use without the other, he was at her service to make a joint endeavor to cut out the fabric of life agreeably. She replied still more laconically by sending him a pair of scissors.

His strongest claim to confidence is his realism; his critics say that the title of realist is inseparable from his name. Where Mürger, whose friend and intimate he was, sang Bohemian life, in the description of which both made their early successes, he studied it. His fidelity to actual types has secured him the singular compliment of a beating from an irate mountaineer who considered himself personally aimed at in a rural work called *The Christmas Geese*. An overflowing genial humor — not too common among his fellows — is one of the leading features of attraction in the story. He enjoys all the phenomena of this ardent dilettanteism, from the *Chineurs*, sent down to the country by dealers in quest of curiosities, who enter the houses with the audacity of our own book agents and lightning-rod men, are put out-of-doors by the ruffled housewives, but return through the windows and succeed in prosecuting their search from garret to cellar, to the learned Parisian club which despises porcelain, even the finest *pâte tendre* of Sèvres, in comparison with its adored faïence. His humor takes for the most part the form of a dry irony. Nothing, he says, in the collector's cabinet is the result of chance; profound meditations determine whether a Chinese pipe is to be suspended above a dried Malabar frog or *vice versa*. But his leading situations are as dramatically amusing as some of those ingenious combinations of ludicrous misery often seen upon the boards of the French theatre.

The conceit of a faïence violin is not, as it might appear to the reader, in common with the honest citizens of Nevers, among whom it was sought, a mere conceit. To one aware of the ex-

cessive delicacy of the violin, its proportions and curvatures and *f* holes and sound-post, in the adjustment of any of which a difference of a thirty-second part of an inch would make a radical difference of character, the construction of the whole in pottery would seem a chimera. The amateur who was searching for it at Nevers felt greatly comforted and reassured when he encountered an old workman in the potteries who admitted that such a thing might be possible. "He had at last met with a person who did not put the very existence of his coveted treasure in doubt." It is recorded, however, as among the accomplishments of the skilled workmen of Delft, at the period of its greatest glory, that they even made violins in pottery. Such a *chef d'œuvre* is actually extant in the ceramic museum at Rouen, and the etchings of it with which the book is adorned show that the description of the imaginary one follows it exactly. Possibly the sight of it first suggested to M. Champfleury his idea.

The faience violin "had contours to make a Stradivarius jealous. Its enamel was of an incomparable purity. Its delicious blue recalled the azure skies of Spain. Not a crack, or a blemish even, on the fine curves of the neck. Never had the potter's art reached so high an achievement. Angels playing upon viols in the clouds displayed a scroll with the motto, *Musica et gloria in aer*. Below, a group of figures in Louis Quatorze costumes surrounded a pretty woman seated at the harpsichord."

The marvelous instrument is represented as of the pottery of Nevers, where it is discovered by chance among the rubbish of an old wardrobe. The wares of Nevers, distinguished by prevailing blue and orange colors, are in a decided state of decadence from the attainments of the Gonzagas, who established the industry there with imported Italian workmen, but still among the best of French manufacture. A quaint poem, published in the *Mercure de France*, in 1735 defies history to the extent of claiming for Nevers the first introduction of faience to the country,

and describes allegorically the processes there in vogue:—

"Chantons, Fille de Ciel, l'honneur de la Fayence.
Quel Art! dans l'Italie il reçut la naissance,
Et vint, passant les monts, s'établir dans Nevers,
Ses ouvrages charmans vont au de là des mers."

It appears, according to this poet, that the origin of the art was in a quarrel between Plutus, the god of wealth, and Minerva. The former was inclined to despise taste and skill, placing his reliance solely upon the intrinsic value of the precious metals included in his province. "But I will show you, sir," said the ruffled goddess, "that I can get along very well without your rich materials. I will let you see that in my hands the commonest clay becomes precious." She takes up a lump of earth and throws it upon the potter's wheel, when lo!—can I believe my eyes?—forth start in an instant a hundred curious vases:—

— "en croirais-je mes yeux,
Sortent dans un instant cent vases curieux."

Pursuing further her disparagement of his valuable metals, she takes a little of the commonest tin, lead, salt, and sand and makes an enamel "dazzling as the rays of the sun." Then she paints upon her vases figures of shepherds, festoons, games with songs and dances, loves, grotesques, palaces, and temples. Plutus, not yet abandoning the contest, says, "Yes, but all this is very flimsy." "No," she replies, as the fact is, "it will outlast your metals and marbles a thousand years." "And now, what do I see?" continues the poet; "proud Paris and supercilious London—who would credit it?—paying tribute to our little city."

In the Faience Violin we are first introduced to a citizen of this favored locality, M. Dalègre. He is a jovial bachelor of thirty-five, of ample fortune, who hardly knows that there is such a thing as pottery. Making a casual visit to Paris, he falls in with Gardilanne, an old friend and school-mate, who is a confirmed collector. He passes for having the keenest scent in Paris. "A diabolical astuteness" takes the place, with him, of capital. He is not rich, but has managed upon his income of a thousand francs as government clerk to get to-

gether a collection which is the envy of museums. He hardly eats or sleeps, and has scarcely dreamed of anything else for fifteen years. He encounters rain, wind, and hail in the pursuit; he goes to the length, if need be, of passing himself off as a rag-and-bottle man, to have an opportunity of examining stocks of old trumpery. In him the disease is fully seated, but in Dalègre we are shown its gradual rise and progress. He looks at the plates and ewers which his enthusiastic friend places in his hands with about the intelligence of a bat at fire-works. Living as he does in so promising a locality, it occurs to the Paris collector to turn him to account. He might pick up a few pieces, while he was around town, and send them up to him as well as not. Dalègre receives his directions as to what is desirable, and agrees to do so. It is faïence or fine stone-ware, in which there are many beautiful objects, and not pottery in general, which is Gardilanne's particular hobby. "I tell you," said he, "porcelain has lorded it long enough. A revolution is at hand in ceramics like that of '89. The *bourgeois* faïence is to have its rights, and aristocratic porcelain will fall. It will not be persecuted, it is true, but it will pass into contempt. That cold and heartless production will be sought only by *parvenus*."

Dalègre complies with his promise. Praises and profuse instructions are showered upon him by his friend. "Make tours in the churches," urges Gardilanne. "Happily, the village priests know nothing of archæology; they will let you have things cheap. The hospitals, too, are a fruitful field. In their pharmacies there are beautiful old jars made to contain drugs. Manage to get a wound in hunting, or a sprained ankle; a mere scratch will do. The sisters of charity are very simple. If you find there is no faïence, your complaint will of course immediately disappear. If there is, it will become serious, and you must manage in the end to take, besides the medicine, the bottle that contains it." This ardor by degrees inspires a slight interest in the breast of Dalègre himself.

It is increased by the indignation of some people who complain of his robbing his native town of its treasures, for the benefit of a cold and greedy Parisian. At last he finds himself bitten with the infection. He exhibits its symptoms in their utmost violence. He becomes a collector on his own account. An interior voice bids him sacrifice Gardilanne. There is a moral in the story of this whimsical passion, as in those selected for especial mention in the decalogue. Here, too, it is the first false step that involves a continually increasing train of evils, and at last overwhelms its author in ruin. Had he boldly avowed to Gardilanne that he had become a convert to the taste, and made no secret of his collection, all would have been well. But no; he entered upon a course of abandoned hypocrisy. He began to send his friend packages which he knew to be unmitigated rubbish, as an indication that Nevers was exhausted. The confiding Parisian wrote to him of the faïence violin which he had just heard of from M. du Sommerard, the founder of the Cluny Museum. It was believed to be extant at Nevers, and he was adjured to search for it. He entered vigorously upon the quest, but he muttered to himself, "Oh, yes, I'll play you a jig upon your faïence violin." He had become more perfidious than Iago.

Thus matters ran on. He has not heard from Gardilanne — doubtless disgusted with the paltry stuff he had sent him — for a long time. His hard heart smites him a little, but he does not relent. One day, at supper, his servant hands him a letter, which has been received in the morning, during his absence. He toys with it, and does not break the seal till he has nearly finished eating. He gives a cry of dismay. It is a notice that Gardilanne is on the way to visit him. He is due in twenty minutes. The distracted master runs hither and thither, not knowing where to begin. The house, full of pottery, must be dismantled; Gardilanne must not discover his treason.

It is hurriedly determined to remove the specimens from one other room and the guest chamber, to which he can pos-

sibly be confined until, at night, the rest can be removed and secreted in the cellar. The manœuvre is barely accomplished when the redoubtable Parisian collector arrives. He has secured a vacation, and will commence to-morrow to beat a grand *battue* in the Nivernais. Dalègre's heart sinks within him; for in this tour among the dealers his own occupation must inevitably come out. He determines to accompany his guest like his shadow wherever he moves, in order to find some means of turning aside indiscreet revelations. At bed-time the guest inquires what village the old servant Margaret is from, and announces his intention to talk to her. Most likely she will have recollections of seeing some pieces among her people which might be desirable. Dalègre feels that if such a talk is permitted the gossiping old woman will betray his secret. During the process of concealing the things in the cellar, therefore, he gives her the most alarming account of Gardilanne's purposes in his visit. He instructs her, under the heaviest penalties, to appear to be deaf and dumb, and assures Gardilanne that she is. Sainte-Beuve, who criticised the story briefly in his *Causeries de Lundi*, upon its first appearance, speaks of this scene of the furtive stowing away of the crockery in the cellar, the fears entertained by Dalègre lest the guest should be awakened by the delicious clicking of the wares, or lest he himself should be precipitated headlong down the stairs with his basket in punishment of his perfidy, as one of the most excellent in a book which calls itself a description of a unique case in moral pathology.

The Nevers collector is exposed at too many points to escape not only harrowing annoyance, but ultimate discovery. Lies upon lies flow from his tongue. Once, by a blunder of Margaret, a lovely mustard pot was put upon the table. Gardilanne half closed his eyes, and clacked his tongue over it. Dalègre hastened to explain, in trepidation, that it was an heir-loom, from his grandfather, by which he set great store. Later on, a faïence writing-desk, left in the *salon* by oversight, was discovered.

"This also has been handed down"—began Dalègre.

"From your grandmother," interrupted Gardilanne, dryly.

"Yes," assented Dalègre, humbly. "We provincials, you know, live in nothing so much as our family traditions."

And still again, the old Margaret, forgetful of the admonition she had received, and tired of keeping her tongue so long idle, while waiting on the guest alone at breakfast, began to talk to him. "Monsieur has not much appetite," said she.

He was abstracted, and carried on a conversation for some moments without thinking of its strangeness. But suddenly he exclaimed, "You are not deaf, then?"

Pressing her hands desperately over her ears, as if it were somehow possible to remedy the irreparable blunder, the old woman cried at the top of her voice, "Oh, yes, I am! I am! I am deaf! I am deaf!"

From this point to the crisis of the story, the discovery of the faïence violin, Dalègre and Gardilanne are as ill at ease in each other's company as two galley-slaves dragging the same chain and meditating different methods of escape. They come, upon the last day of their rounds, to an old shed full of second-hand goods, on the quay. To Dalègre's astonishment, Gardilanne, after a little inspection of the interior, appears to be impressed with a bulky wardrobe about which there is absolutely nothing of interest, and begins to drive a bargain for it.

"It is worth a good fifty francs, if it is worth a sou," said the proprietor.

"Come, now, you are chaffing. I will give you forty," said Gardilanne.

"Why, I can get you a car-load of them for half the money," expostulated Dalègre aside.

After further jockeying, Gardilanne promises to think about it. They leave the shop. But no sooner are they again at Dalègre's door than Gardilanne claps his hat desperately upon his head, turns about, and takes to his heels, leaving his

amazed and rotund host completely in the lurch. Returning to the dealer, he renews the bargaining for the wardrobe. Amid the rubbish in the interior, the artful collector has discerned the marvelous violin. It sang to him like a rare bird from an ignoble thicket. Dissembling his ecstatic feelings, he affects to make light of it as a petty children's toy.

"Nothing of the kind," said the dealer; "that violin is worth six francs, I can tell you."

Gardilanne thought he should be seized with vertigo. He was obliged to sit down. Six francs for a treasure worth six thousand at least! These are the shocks that shorten the collector's existence. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he managed to say, with a tremulous effort at self-control. "Throw in that crockery trifle, and I will give you forty francs for your wardrobe. I have a small nephew to whom I suppose I might make it a present."

The dealer consented, with an appearance of grumbling. Gardilanne departed, with his treasure under his arm. "But you have not told me where to send the wardrobe!" called out the man, as he was disappearing.

"To the bottom of the river!" he muttered, hurrying on.

Who can picture the condition of Dalègre when the marvelous violin, thus carried off from under his very nose, was shown to him? A mist swam before his eyes; he could hardly see it. And the triumphal entry of Gardilanne into Paris! He was prouder than a conquering general returning from his wars.

Time did not abate the chagrin of Dalègre, but rather increased it. He felt at last that he could not live without the inestimable treasure. At night he dreamed of a St. Cecilia drawing tones from it clearer and sweeter than those of crystal. He went to Paris to throw himself upon the mercy of Gardilanne. If he did not have it, he should die. Arrived there, he found his friend as full as ever of enthusiasm. He was assured that Paris lived but for faïence. His heart failed him, and he dared not pre-

fer his preposterous request. He was taken to the club, and heard porcelain unsparingly denounced. He was introduced to this one, who collected only revolutionary pottery; another, pieces with *fleur-de-lis*; another, pieces with game-cocks, of which he had already more than seventeen thousand; another, whose hobby was shapes of fruits and vegetables. He saw a thimble of Henri Deux ware which had cost six hundred and twenty thousand francs, and Madame Dubarry's faïence phaeton. He passed through a museum of faïence lions, tigers, and dragons, but Orpheus-like he clutched the memory of the faïence violin to his breast, and passed their yawning jaws in safety.

He resolved to return to his home and write what he dared not speak. His pathetic letter enhanced the charms of the faïence violin amazingly, as the fame of a willful beauty is increased for whom despairing suitors have blown their heads off.

It was read by its proud recipient to the faïence club in full council.

Still Gardilanne relented to the extent of agreeing to leave it to him in his will. Thenceforward, reproach himself as he would, Dalègre lived only in the hope of the testator's death. He prepared the place the violin should occupy upon the wall, and looked forward with unceasing desire to the time when he should rapturously fix it there. Meanwhile, it was securing a European reputation. A Dutch *savant*, with the sublime effrontery of his race, published a memoir claiming it as of the manufacture of Delft. Then did every member of the faïence club sink his private theory and unite in a common rebuke of the audacious Hollander. Before all, the honor of France must be protected.

Gardilanne died, and the violin passed into the possession of Dalègre. The emotions of this poor man seemed to have been tried to the limit of endurance. But they were to be racked still further. While making his elaborate preparations for suspending the violin in his cabinet, the fancy took him to play an air upon it. He tightened the screws to secure

the proper pitch. More. A *faïence* violin is not made to stand the pressure of ninety pounds, which the strings at their full tension exert. It flew into twenty pieces. For a moment the unhappy man was mute. Then he rushed in fury upon the rest of his museum. His servant endeavored to stop him; he hurled her against a cabinet of specimens, which crashed down and added to the ruin. The passers-by rushed in; the fire department followed; under their feet the remains of the collection were ground to powder. Dalègre was stark mad. A friend of his gave utterance in a *café* to a witticism, which must be rendered in its own tongue: "Dalègre has fallen into *defaïence*."

The author, however, is a merciful person, who by no means desires to lay himself open to the attention of the proposed society for the protection of readers. He does not leave us with the clamor of this complete catastrophe ringing in our ears. A supplementary paragraph explains that Dalègre had a benevolent aunt and pretty cousin in the place, who took care of him in his sickness. He had brain fever for a month, during which he dreamed that the world was inhabited entirely by *faïence* people, who were very polished and brilliant, it is true, but declined to have any intercourse with each other for fear of spoiling their enamel. He awoke entirely recovered from his delusion. After a proper interval, he espoused the pretty cousin, who took care never to allow him to relapse into it again.

Such is the vivid account — which the unique character and rarity of the volume may be an apology for having paraphrased at some length — furnished by a competent witness of the possible vagaries of the passion for pottery. Few of us would be prepared from any personal experience to guarantee it. Its substantial correctness must rest for the most part upon the reputation for accuracy of the author. The rage is not easily understood by reasonable people. The taste itself is less difficult of comprehension. It is, with those who possess it, a sort of instinct. Lady Mary Wortley

Montague, indignant at Richardson, for some slighting reference to it, and casting about for an argument in refutation of him, in one of her sprightly letters, could find nothing better than that it was enjoyed by a prominent person in the social world at that time. "I cannot forgive him [Richardson]," she says, "his disrespect of old china, which is below nobody's taste, since it has been the Duke of Argyll's, whose understanding has never been doubted either by his friends or his enemies."

But if other reasons were needed than the smooth and flowing forms, which have properties in common with the liquids they are for the most part made to contain, the outlines of flower and leaf and curling waves and beautiful women, the cream and pearl-tinted enamels, the dainty patches of color, — pink of sea-shells, blue of the sea and of lapis-lazuli and turquoise, the ruby reds and opaline iridescence, — doubtless they could be found. One is the apparent capability for use of even the most elaborate specimens. It gives them an air of honest worth lacking in the gingerbread articles which are solely objects of ornament. Another is the odd marks, the anchors, arrows, crosses, and monograms, upon the pieces, which show the personal interest taken in them by their makers, like that of painters in their pictures. The great age of that art of which they are the product is again an attraction. There are specimens extant three thousand years old, as bright in color as the day they were made. The potter's wheel is one of the oldest of human mechanisms; after centuries of progress towards patent side-draught and stem-winding improvements, frescoes of four thousand years ago in the catacombs of Thebes show it to have undergone no change.

More potent than all the rest is perhaps some subtle influence emanating from the trial by fire. Whatever has bravely undergone tribulation diffuses an involuntary air of respect for itself about it. Yonder pretty vase, of the thickness of an egg-shell, has withstood a heat of 4717 degrees. It was not

shriveled like a leaf at the first breath of the hot blast, but endured its whole fury for days, and came forth glorious at last, like Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, from the fiery furnace. Henceforth the ruggedest stone and the hardest metal

will corrode while it blooms unchanged in its coquettish beauty. As if all possible calamities were concentrated in that one furious trial, which having passed nothing else could harm it, it has entered upon an immortal existence.

W. H. Bishop.

SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

I.

The Printing-Press.

In boyhood's days we read with keen delight
 How young Aladdin rubbed his lamp and raised
 The towering Djin whose form his soul amazed,
 Yet who was pledged to serve him day and night.
 But Gutenberg evoked a giant sprite
 Of vaster power, when Europe stood and gazed
 To see him rub his types with ink. Then blazed
 Across the lands a glorious shape of light
 Who stripped the cowl from priests, the crown from kings,
 And hand in hand with Faith and Science wrought
 To free the struggling spirits' limèd wings,
 And guard the ancestral throne of sovereign Thought.
 The world was dumb. Then first it found its tongue,
 And spake,—and heaven and earth in answer rung.

II.

The Ocean Steamer.

With streaming pennons, scorning sail and oar,
 With steady tramp and swift revolving wheel,
 And even pulse from throbbing heart of steel,
 She plies her arrowy course from shore to shore.
 In vain the siren calms her steps allure;
 In vain the billows thunder on her keel.
 Her giant form may toss and rock and reel
 And shiver in the wintry tempests' roar;
 The calms and storms alike her pride may spurn;
 True as a clock she keeps her appointed time.
 Long leagues of ocean vanish at her stern;
 She drinks the air, and tastes another clime,
 Where crowds incurious hear her signal gun,
 Careless as idlers greet the rising sun.

III.

The Locomotive.

Whirling along its living freight it came,
 Hot, panting, fierce, yet docile to command, —
 The roaring monster, blazing through the land
 Athwart the night, with crest of smoke and flame, —
 Like those weird bulls Medea learned to tame
 By sorcery, yoked to plow the Colchian strand
 In forced obedience unto Jason's hand.
 Yet modern skill outstripped this antique fame,
 When o'er our plains and through the rocky bar
 Of hills it pushed its ever-lengthening line
 Of iron roads, — with gain far more divine
 Than when the daring Argonauts from far
 Came for the golden fleece, which like a star
 Hung clouded in the dragon-guarded shrine.

IV.

The Telegraph and Telephone.

Fleeter than time, across the continent,
 Through unsunned ocean depths, from beach to beach,
 Around the rolling globe Thought's couriers reach.
 The new-tuned earth, like some vast instrument,
 Tingles from zone to zone; for Art has lent
 New nerves, new pulse, new motion — all to each
 And each to all in swift electric speech
 Bound by a force unwearied and unspent.
 Now lone Katahdin talks with Caucasus,
 The Arctic ice-fields with the sultry south;
 The sun-bathed palm thrills to the pine-tree's call.
 We for all realms were made, and they for us.
 For all there is a soul, an ear, a mouth;
 And Time and Space are nought. The Mind is all.

V.

The Photograph.

Phœbus Apollo, from Olympus driven,
 Lived with Admetus, tending herds and flocks;
 And strolling o'er the pastures and the rocks,
 He found his life much duller than in Heaven.
 For he had left his bow, his songs, his lyre,
 His divinations and his healing skill,
 And as a serf obeyed his master's will
 One day a new thought waked an old desire.

He took to painting, with his colors seven,
 The sheep, the cows, the faces of the swains, —
 All shapes and hues in forests and on plains.
 These old sun-pictures all are lost, or given
 Away among the gods. Man owns but half
 The sun-god's secret — in the Photograph.

VI.

The Spectroscope.

All honor to that keen Promethean soul
 Who caught the prismic hues of Jove and Mars;
 And from the glances of the dædal stars,
 And from the fiery sun, the secret stole
 That all are parts of one primeval whole, —
 One substance beaming through creation's bars
 Consent and peace amid the chemic wars
 Of gases and of atoms. Yonder roll
 The planets; yonder, baffling human thought,
 Suns, systems, all whose burning hearts are wooed
 To one confession — so hath Science caught
 Those eye-beams frank whose speech cannot delude —
 How of one stuff our mortal earth is wrought
 With stars in their divine infinitude.

VII.

The Microphone.

The small enlarged, the distant nearer brought
 To sight, made marvels in a denser age.
 But science turns with every year a page
 In the enchanted volume of her thought.
 The wizard's wand no longer now is sought.
 Yet with a cunning toy the Archimage
 May hear from Rome Vesuvius' thunders rage,¹
 And earthquake mutterings underground are caught,
 Alike with trivial sounds. Would there might rise
 Some spiritual seer, some prophet wise,
 Whose vision would be light to avert the woes
 Born of conflicting forces in the state;
 Some listener to the deep volcanic throes
 Below the surface, — ere we cry, "Too late!"

C. P. Cranch.

¹ A letter from Europe in the Boston Daily Advertiser says: "Cavalier de Rossi went to Naples this autumn, to compare with the records at Vesuvius the results he had obtained during the summer in his seismic observatory at Rocca di Papa, where, with his own especial microphone, he could hear the agitation produced by the interior forces of the

earth during the eruption of Vesuvius. De Rossi also visited the Solfatara at Pozzuoli, and by his microphone the internal labor of the volcano was heard in such a surprising manner and with such noise that every one present during the examination was startled."

GEORGE'S LITTLE GIRL.

I.

GEORGE BALL was the handy man of Dicksonville. We always thought that if he had been at home we should not have burned up, or down, as we did, on a certain fatal July night, long remembered and still quoted.

For George had gone to Boston, an unexpected, unusual event to him and to us, who all knew his poverty, for although he had worked hard all his life he had not made any money. We had no gold mines in Dicksonville, and the granite rocks scarcely yielded that poor article which was called up there a living. The climate was of that early New England quality which one of the sufferers from it described as "nine months of winter, and the rest of the year pretty cold." He used a stronger word, perhaps, in the place of "pretty," but the principle remains the same. We had excellent diamonds in the way of wit, mines of gold and silver in the virtues of the people; we had all the somewhat cold and forbidding puritan integrity. "You can't catch anybody in this town a-bein' dishonest," remarked Deacon Gregory. But alas! was not that because nobody was smart enough to catch them? George, on receiving a present from Mr. Osgood ("Colonel" Osgood we called him, though why this title we never could find out) of ten dollars over and above his wages for digging a very superior well, determined on the first, greatest, last indulgence of a self-denying life. He would go to Boston, that Mecca of the New England Mohammedan; that holy of holies; that home of the mysteries; that Valhalla; that favored spot of earth where the learning of the East is garnered up; that Alexandrine library which has not been burned; that home of banks, capital, and insurance companies, where all the money goes, where the boy shall be sent to be educated, the girl to be finished, if

enough can be pinched, squeezed, extracted, bled, out of the poorest farm in coldest Northern New England. George determined to see Boston.

The journey then from Dicksonville to Boston was not by uninterrupted railroad; there were episodes of connecting stage-coach in it which were not hailed with that enthusiasm by the travelers which now haloes the trips of the "tally-ho." No, the nearness to stage-coaching in a rustic neighborhood, an acquaintance with a dirty old unwashed vehicle; certain not too-thoroughbred horses; the handboxes and bundles of local Mrs. Gamps; the buffalo-robos, imperfectly "cured," perhaps, at first, and long the recipients of stale tobacco smoke and ammoniacal stable odors, not to speak of the familiar contact with an active and an industrious peasantry, who had not Mohammedan ideas of baths, whatever they might have thought of Mecca, — all these surroundings, the cold, the jolting, the C springs (more conducive to sea-sickness than anything which "ocean, that mighty monster," could turn up), had given the stage-coach an unpleasant reputation to at least that class of personages in Dicksonville who had the undesirable notoriety of being fastidious in their requirements. But to George and his congeners this diversion of the stage-coach was eminently pleasing: that veteran of the road, Bill Webster, drove from Dicksonville to the cars, and that greater but less successful man, Ira Sprague, drove occasionally, and occasionally acted as ticket-taker and "conductor aboard of the cars" on one of the lesser interregnums between Cranberry Centre and Shaker-town, where the rails again relapsed into ruts, and the coach laboriously dragged onward those unfortunates whom steam had dropped.

As for the cars, George distrusted them; they looked like "the caravan" to him; an idea of wild beasts was re-

motely conveyed to his mind by that straight and boxed-up effect. In such a sort of thing lions and tigers were now and then brought to Dicksonville. Still, it was a dash into the unknown, and George, the most thorough Yankee who ever used his nose as the medium of speech, was not disposed to turn his back upon steam and progress. It was therefore with some natural elevation of manner that he mentioned to Jemima, his wife, —

“Well! I guess I’ve been up and bought me some tickets, and I’ll go aboard of them cars at Cranberry Centre day after to-morrow, and then, if them tickets holds good and I ain’t been cheated, I’ll git to Boston Thursday night, sure as you ’re alive, Jemimy.”

Jemima was very much alive: she sat up all night to finish off a pair of stockings which she was knitting for George; she scrubbed his best coat until it shone. She was a good creature, and dearly loved her lord. It seemed entirely natural and proper that he, the superior animal, should go off pleasuring and leave her behind; she only regretted that their joint savings had not got them around to a better pair of boots for him to wear through the glittering splendors of Boston streets, of which they both thought as the French peasant dreamed of Carcassonne.

The boots did trouble George; but with that heroism of poverty, that sublime sympathy, that best and loveliest courage in all the world, which is to be found only between two poor, humble souls who have tasted nothing but life’s crusts, he hid his own shame, as he saw that it troubled his wife, and took on a jocular tone, which quite reassured her.

“Ho! you git out, Jemimy; you are a-gittin’ proud. I expect Boston mud is considerable like mud ennywheres else, and if I’m a-goin’ to Boston, I’m a-goin’ to see things, — Bunker Hill Monniment, the State House, and the shippin’. I never see a ship yet, nor the Atlantic Ocean neither; and I’m a-goin’ to plow round, I tell you, Jemimy. Now do you s’pose I should wear a pair of new boots to do all that in? I should have to

put ’em in a trunk to travel with, and then leave ’em to Ezra’s whilst I was there; don’t you see, Jemimy? Besides, when I’ve greased up a little” —

He was going on with his noble falsehood, when a little cry from the next room stopped him. This was the cry of his baby daughter, the thing which he and Jemima worshiped most, and a pang shot through his heart at the thought of leaving her for even a few days. He went into the next room and got her, and brought her into the kitchen, where Jemima sat sewing.

She was beautiful, this humble baby, — beautiful with sleep’s disarrangement of brown curls, with sleep’s dewy moisture in her great brown eyes, and that last touch of rose on lip and cheek which the fairy godmother gives to princess and peasant alike, when they travel under her enchantment through her own serene land of sleep. Her hands were buried in George’s great red beard, as they met in their clasp round his neck; her cheek was pressed up against his; a pair of rosy legs and feet, as rounded and as fair as those of Raphael’s immortal infant, hung over George’s bare, hairy, muscular arm; and her little white nightgown revealed the chubby outlines of a sweet baby figure.

“I declare, I ’most hate to leave her,” said the proud owner of the tickets.

“Oh, law,” said Jemima, whose turn it now was to be heroic, “ain’t you ’most a fool, George, about that child! As if I could n’t take care of her alone for a week or two! For if Ezra’s folks want ye to stay, you can stay jest as well as not. Mis’ Rutland, she’s been very kind. She says I may do the house-cleanin’ and carpets this year, and she’s gin me all the clothes of her baby that died; and I can go and take Mimie, and stay there all day, she says, whilst you ’re gone, and leave the baby with Roxy whilst I’m cleanin’; and you need n’t trouble about us, because she’ll pay me well. Now you jest go and have a good time and enjoy yourself, — Lord knows you ’ve worked hard enough for it. And I *should* like a picter of Bunker Hill Monniment, I ain’t a-goin’ to deny it.”

"Mis' Rutland is one of the folks that the Lord made," said George, with a sincere piety. He believed in her as a Catholic would have done in his patron saint. "Riches ain't spoiled her, no way; no, nor trouble don't harden her heart, though I expect she takes that 'ere death very hard, don't she?"

"Yes," said Jemima, wiping her eyes on her apron. "Mr. Rutland, he found her shet up in the room with the little corpse, and he says, 'Gertrude,' says he, 'this ain't Christian-like; this is rebellin' against the Lord.' And she says, 'Richard, jest let me hold his little feet in my hand one't more, as I always did; you know a mother loves her child's little feet and her child's flesh. I'll give him up in a minnit.' And he could n't say a word, but jest stayed and cried, too. And I guess that was jest what he ought to have done; and my opinion is she's jest as good and a great sight better than he is, if he is so stiff and religious-like."

"Oh, Jemimy," said George, "don't say such a word. I've been a-fishin' with Richard Rutland, and I've camped out with him many's the time. We've trained together in the Dicksonville Fusileers, and till he went off to get his eddication we've played ball together and gone a-shootin'. I know him, man and boy, these twenty years. He's a man every inch of him. He's got melancholy and pious lately, and he ain't so pleasant since he got religion; it don't seem to me to be the right kind, no how, since it don't give him no comfort, and he's always a-judgin' other folks now, which he did n't used to do; but he's all right and you'll believe it."

"He ain't nigh so good a Christian as his wife," said Jemima, with wifely pertinacity.

"Well, I swan to man, I should like to know who is! When she come here, just as handsome as a painted picter and straight as a popple-tree, and walked to church with him, folks said she was proud and gay, and warn't a-goin' to make him a good wife, but I should like to jest know what they think now!"

The next morning George had to

finish up some odd jobs on Mr. Rutland's fine place, for he was one of those Yankees of faculty who turned his hand to leaky roofs, unaccountable chimneys that would smoke, wash-tubs that insisted on ungearing themselves, carriages that disintegrated in unexpected places. He could not settle down to any trade; he was too restless and too versatile. He loved the woods and streams, like a wild Indian, and had he been born in England would have been a poacher or a gamekeeper; but in New England he was the Jack-at-all-trades which one finds in nearly every rural neighborhood. His good heart and a certain natural dignity and honesty had barely kept him from being a failure.

"Well, George," said Mr. Rutland, "how about that kitchen chimney?"

"Well, sir, I've pieced it up a few; I guess it'll last a spell. I'm a-goin' to Boston to-morrow; it'll hold on till I come back."

"Oh, you are going to Boston, are you?"

"Yes. Ezra, he keeps a liquor store down in Hanover Street, and is pretty forehanded, I expect; so I am a-going down to visit him. You remember Ezra, don't you?"

"Oh, yes; he caught the largest trout I ever saw. Well, George, here's a little money on account to help you to enjoy Boston. Better not taste any of Ezra's wares!"

"No, sir; thank ye, sir," looking at the clean ten-dollar bill which Mr. Rutland had put into his hand. George began to think the sky was raining money. "You don't owe me nothin'."

"But I shall some day; come and work it out, George," and Mr. Rutland walked away in a melancholy manner, followed by George's sincere pity.

The journey to Boston was a series of delightful and unexpected surprises and adventures. Ira Sprague proved to be all he had hoped for, and more. He was "forbidden fruit," was Ira Sprague,—a gambler, and a generous one; a fascinator of both sexes, and equally dangerous to both. Far and wide had his fame spread, through Dicksonville and Cran-

berry Centre, and George listened to him as he talked and handled the ribbons with a graceful dash. What a large, dissipated, gay, delightful place the world was, to be sure! And when George sat down to a greasy dinner at Cranberry Centre, and a young lady asked him in one breath if he would have "roast pork, corned beef, codfish, boiled mutton," and later on presented him with the varied choice of "mince pie, apple dumpling, custard pudding," in the same dulcet tone, accompanied with a shake of her black ringlets, Brillat-Savarin dining with the Rothschild of Paris was not more satisfied, gastronomically, than George was.

Ezra met him at the depot, and piloted him through the mazes of Boston highways and by-ways. The splendors and immorality of Ezra's large drinking saloon, whose walls were ornamented with a picture of a lady insufficiently clad as to skirts, George thought, and who stood on one foot while the other was extended in air; and another of a gentleman who was even less sufficiently supplied with shirts, and who was engaged in breaking another gentleman's nose, struck George's untrained senses unpleasantly. He did not find Ezra improved, either, although he had store clothes on, and was kind and hospitable. When Ezra took him into the back shop and introduced him to a very showy lady as his wife, George did not feel at his ease with her, either. She was not so neat as Jemima, nor so pretty, although she had on a silk dress, finer by far than anything Jemima had ever owned. Altogether, he was conscious of himself, poor fellow, for the first time in his life, and the antiquated cut of his Sunday coat, his bell-crowned beaver, and, above all, his dilapidated boots all came home to him in a miserable and degrading sense of unfitness. He was ashamed to be ashamed, too, which is the worst of all the forms of shame, — at least the most painful. For an hour or two he wished himself back in Dicksonville, and thought of the morrow with dread rather than pleasure. It seemed to him that every eye in crowded Boston would

be upon him, and every mouth would express contempt for his outlandish appearance. But the good night's sleep, a very robust breakfast, and Ezra's real good nature brought back George's natural dignity, and he sauntered forth to see the "shippin'," gradually much comforted that nobody looked at him. All the men he met were hurrying along, looking on the ground or straight before them. He wondered what Boston folks were so anxious about, and where all the rich ones were, who had nothing to do but to amuse themselves. Down on the wharf he was spoken to by some saucy boys, who alluded to his hat, but he found it did n't hurt much, and one group of sailors looked at him admiringly, for he was tall and strongly built, and asked him if he did n't want to ship for a voyage. The immense picture of the ocean and commerce and a great, busy town finally did for him all that he had dreamed, and when, late in the afternoon, Ezra took him up to see the State House and the Common and the Hancock House, which was then standing, and ought to be standing now, the poor country fellow thought that he had indeed tasted of the joys of travel.

"Well, I swan!" said he. "I jest wish Jemima was here!"

It was another and more sincere way of saying,

"But one thing lacks these banks of Rhine,
Thy gentle hand to hold in mine."

He got home very hungry to a supper-dinner, which included amongst its multitudinous blessings a chowder, of which George's taste approved.

"Well," said he, "that 's as good a meal of vittles as ever I eat in my life," and he began to like his sister-in-law better.

The next week was a dream of delights. Ezra found means to introduce a better pair of boots and a more modern hat without hurting the feelings of his brother, and took him to the theatre and to the circus, and to see the original of the dancing lady on the wall. She did not please him at all; he liked a tragedy, exceedingly, but best of all he liked to go and hear music.

Ezra knew a great many musicians. They came to refresh themselves at his counter frequently, for Polyhymnia is a thirsty muse. These disciples of hers left tickets behind them, which George was at liberty to use. So the poor, uneducated countryman, having a taste for high enjoyment hidden in his rough organization of which he had no suspicion, realized a sort of blind, indiscriminating rapture when he heard, for the first time, a great oratorio, and, without knowing at all what he was about, applauded in the right places, and knew as well how to be pleased as if he had actually been born in Boston. No one could suspect George of affectation, or a desire to appear to love music when he did not. No, that last infirmity of feeble minds; that most ponderous, useless insincerity; that farce which amuses nobody, least of all the actor in it; that ruse which deceives nobody, a pretended enthusiasm for music, was not one of George's temptations.

It was after a week of varied and delightful excitements, that had widened the views of the useful inhabitant of Dicksonville, that Ira Sprague sought him out in the deep recesses of the gallery of the Tremont Temple, where he sat listening gravely and happily to the strains of the oratorio of Moses.

A splendid female voice was rendering one of the solos with intense expression and feeling.

Ira Sprague had become a great friend to George. Ezra's saloon was one of Ira's haunts, and there, after a day's fatigues, the cool gambler still found nerve and taste for a few games, which George watched when not too sleepy, but never joined in.

Perhaps it was not principle, perhaps it was only stupidity, or lack of money, which kept George from this tremendous temptation and excitement. He did not care for cards, except that he liked to have his fortune told, and had always believed that the old woman who predicted that he was to marry Jemima was a sorceress. He knew how to play fox and geese, with corn or beans on a board which he had made himself, but cards

were beyond or above him, or beneath him, as the case might be; and to Ira's honor be it said, he would have starved before he would have plucked the clean ten-dollar bill from George's pocket, where it rested (thanks to Ezra's generosity) until part of it was spent for a "harnsome caliker" for Jemima, and a bonnet which looked like Hanover Street, perhaps, more than it did like Beacon Street.

Still, if every dress that Worth sends out folds half the affectionate good-will within its gorgeous draperies that lay done up in that red and yellow "caliker;" if any Parisian bonnet surrounds a face as honest and beaming as Jemima's was —

But here comes George's tragedy. Perhaps he had taken in his modicum of happiness; the intensity of the flavor had been so great that it made up for its brevity.

But it went to Ira's sympathetic gambler-heart to see him sitting there, mouth wide open, eyes starting from his head, and his hands, which were three times as large as Ira's, grasping his knees, his whole frame instinct with enjoyment as the singer threw out her bird-like notes and trills.

When the song was finished, George turned and saw Ira sitting beside him.

He was George's telegraph, his post-office, his medium. Driving every day from Cranberry Centre to the railroad, and coming thence to Boston, he brought the Dicksonville news through in a day.

Life was simpler; it did not take so many men to manage a railroad then as it has done since, — a fact which the directors remember now with a sense of unappreciated blessings. There was no sensitive wire then, as now, which flashed more bad news than it did good, and performed the doubtful service of letting us know several hours earlier than we wished the evil tidings which proverbially travel fast.

"Well, what's the news?" asked George.

"Well, I dunno; guess there ain't much," said Ira, who had a part to play.

"Ira, you ain't a-lookin' well," said George, struck with the pallor which spread over Ira's thin, well-cut face. "This 'ere a-playin' and a-drinkin' all night, and a-drivin' all day, ain't no life that's a-goin' to last a man. Neow you're too good a feller to throw yourself away; why can't you come up to Dicksonville and farm it awhile, Ira, and kinder rest and git some flesh onto yer bones? You've got good bones in you," said George, looking at Ira's thin, delicate chest, and striving to pay him some physical compliment which should not be too transparently false, "but you're a-killin' of yourself, now, ain't you, Ira?"

"I dunno," said Ira. "I've been a pretty bad lot ever since I was a shaver. I guess there ain't much wuth savin' in me, no how."

"That ain't no way to talk," said George.

"My mother died, my father licked me, and my step-mother starved me. The girl I liked, she went off with another man, and I ain't got very good health," said Ira, who had become wonderfully communicative about himself. "So if I like to play cards and get drunk I dunno as it's anybody's business."

"Well, neow, Ira, git married and settle down, and I tell you you'll feel different. Git some good girl like Jemimy. Why, if it warn't for that Bunker Hill celebration, I'd ha' been home yisterday, I tell you. Ezra, he kinder wants me tu stay over, but I want to see Jemimy and the baby that bad" —

"George," said Ira, hurriedly, "if you'll go home and go to bed, and git a good night's sleep, I will, too. I won't play to-night, and perhaps I shall feel better to-morrer."

"Well, I will," said George, delighted at the effect of his advice.

The next morning at daylight Ira called George, and sat down on the bed by his side.

"George," said he, "I guess you'd better git up and go home along of me, to-day."

"Why?"

"Well, there's bad news to Dicksonville, — half of it burned up night afore

last, and Mr. Rutland, I expect he got some bruised. Mis' Rutland, she sent down a line to the agent to have you come up as soon as you could."

"Why did n't you tell me last night?"

"Because I thought you might as well have a night's sleep. Come along," and Ira went off to his tickets.

In vain did George ask for particulars of the fire from all he met. He remembered afterward how everybody shunned him, and how queer it all was.

Not until Ira got him on top of the stage on that wild part of the road where you first see the mountain top, — that mountain which is the pride, the beauty, of Dicksonville; so gray in winter, so blue in summer (with such a royal purple at sunset and when you were in love!); that mountain, the confidant of all your moods from childhood onward to old age; that sympathetic, secret-keeping mountain, — not till Ira saw the mountain did he feel inspired to speak and to tell his dreadful news.

"George, old man," said he, "I've got suthin bad to tell you."

"I knew it," said George, beginning to shake, "I've felt it all day," and he grasped the iron rail of the stage, as if to keep from falling. "Out with it, Ira," said he, in a minute. "I can't bear this, no how. Mr. Rutland — he's dead — or the baby — No, no! the baby warn't burnt up" — And at this thought the poor fellow threw his arms wildly in the air.

"No," said Ira. "I guess I'll slacken up these 'ere horses a piece as we're a-goin' uphill, and you can git down and walk a spell through the timber here. I'll stop for you to Sparhawk's tavern, if you ain't there, five minutes, when I drive up. George, was 'n that. Jemimy — George — hold up!"

Ira put one of his thin but wiry arms around George's great surging frame, while he held his four horses with the other hand. Card playing, midnight orgies, days' works through summer's heat and winter's cold, had not destroyed the strength of his arm or the native goodness of his heart; some honest fibre remained in both.

There was no one to witness this scene, but the blue sky was above them and the great mountain was before them. Had they had witnesses, these two descendants of the Puritans might have suffered all the tortures of the rack before either would have betrayed such sentiments as sympathy or tenderness. As it was, even the great mountain, respecting their reticence, drew a veil of cloud over his stern face, and left them alone with Heaven.

"Jemimy got frightened in the fire, and jumped from a third-story window. Mr. Rutland went up on a ladder and saved the baby. She is all right, but Jemimy's dead, poor girl, and Mr. Rutland's pretty badly burned. Now, George, be a man!"

The two or three passengers in the stage saw George get off to walk, as they reached the foot of a steep ascent, and noticed that when he got on, an hour later, he looked old and shrunken.

Ira threw his reins and ticket-box to Bill Webster, and quietly assuming charge of George, as if he had been a child, brought home the poor stricken fellow from his pleasure trip to Boston to his desolate existence.

We who saw that fire at Dicksonville never forgot Mr. Rutland's conduct during the night which held for all of us losses and sorrows, but for George so bitter a tragedy.

The town was built along a broad street,—all the business part and the poorer dwellings crowded together, with the culpable carelessness of American villages. Built of wood, a dry season and a match, a favorable wind and the sound sleep of quiet, hard-working people were all that was needed; a conflagration was certain. When we saw how the flame darted out of Mr. Brown's tavern roof, caught on Smith's saddler's shop, leaped to Mr. Pierson's ambitious bookstore, and enveloped the only tenement house of the village, in which poor Jemima was sleeping off the fatigue of honest toil, we paused, and wondered why we had not burned up every night of our lives. Loud on the drowsy ear of the sleepers rang a clarion voice, and

clearer still the high soprano of a woman, and Mr. and Mrs. Rutland, who saw the flame first from their high position on the hill, came down to help us, armed with presence of mind, educated intelligence, the courage which springs from training as well as that which springs from instinct. Out of the houses rushed the sleepy, half-dressed, frightened people; some went mad with terror; some threw the proverbial looking-glass out of the window; others brought down the equally tiresome feather-bed; a few cool heads organized a line of women to pass water buckets; and a few men got out the one insufficient hose of the village. "Where's George Ball? Why ain't he here? He can manage this 'ere thing," said a hundred incompetent voices, as they tried and failed to bring a stream of water to bear on the Niagara of flame, which began to fall as it had risen, and defied in either case the feeble interposition of man.

However, Mr. Rutland, who had set the bells ringing and had wakened the people, soon got command. He seemed to be a dozen men. He was a natural leader. Finding himself at the head of an army that night, for the first time in his life, the quiet country gentleman, the religious zealot, the melancholy abstractionist, became a hero. He trod burning rafters with impunity; he directed a body of men to go into an atmosphere of fire and smoke, and they obeyed him as if they were his slaves; whatever order he gave, it was instantly carried out; he brought fainting women and half-crazed men from houses which were tumbling about their heads. Himself blackened, covered with smoke and water, he still stood forth against the flames, a tall, fine, heroic figure, one which we who saw can never forget, because, perhaps, he had entirely forgotten himself.

His wife meantime was keeping order and sway over the half-distracted band of women, sometimes passing the buckets of water. She kept her eyes on the progress of the flames, and in her clear, beautiful voice, so silvery and so distinct that it rose above the bells and

the din of the crashing timbers, told of a new danger, or of some point which should be defended.

One cannot measure time during a fire; it annihilates that, as well as everything else. Therefore it is impossible to say how long a time had elapsed before she was heard to cry out, —

“Richard! Richard! George’s family! Where — where is poor Jemima?”

At that moment, looking up toward the third story of the tenement house, which we all supposed was entirely emptied of its inhabitants, we saw a white figure at the window.

The whole of the lower story was on fire; the miserable one staircase which had sufficed for the four or five families was a long stream of flame; the smoke rose in terrific gusts and clouds. A loud shriek was heard, and before she could be warned or saved poor Jemima, probably half asleep, or crazed with terror, had thrown herself from the window, and lay on the ground, in her long white nightgown, quite dead.

This catastrophe had drawn the husband and wife together. They stood a moment, looking at the dead woman and at each other.

“The baby!” gasped Mrs. Rutland.

“Yes,” said Richard Rutland. “Men, those ladders!”

“No, sir, — no, no! No, it is certain death!” replied a dozen voices.

“The ladders,” said Rutland quietly, but with a force which was as irresistible as death itself.

A dozen men sprang to the front and brought the ladders; they were scarcely long enough, but two heroes came out of the ranks, two young men, who demanded the right to share the danger with Mr. Rutland.

One was the village dandy, the man who wore long hair and played the guitar; the other was the young minister, who was supposed by Deacon Gregory to be a milksop. Nature hides her heroes in strange places. Mr. Rutland accepted their offer by placing a hand on the shoulder of each.

Up they went, a man at a time, over the shaky ladders, — Edmund Ely, the

dandy, as we called him in derision, last. When he had reached the second story we saw him make a cat-like jump, and, catching on a window-sill, swing himself in, and then disappear in the burning house. Mr. Rutland had reached the last rung of the ladder, and yet was far from the window out of which poor Jemima had thrown herself.

Then we saw Mr. Ford, the young clergyman, stretch two long arms out and clasp the narrow window-sills above him on either side. We did not understand this manœuvre until we saw Mr. Rutland gradually rising, and we found that he was being raised on the shoulders of the muscular Christian, who was prolonging the ladder with his own body.

This act of extraordinary strength and presence of mind raised a shout in the crowd, and as Mr. Rutland disappeared in the burning house, Jim Slocum, our favorite horror, wit, and infidel, remarked, —

“Well, that ’ere action is a-convertin’ me to the Christian religion considerable more than many of his sermons does.”

At this moment Edmund Ely appeared at the window into which he had jumped. “Another ladder here, men!” said he. “Mr. Rutland can’t go down as he came.”

It was there instantly, as Mr. Rutland came staggering through the now blinding smoke with something done up in a blanket.

He was two stories from the ground, and as he stood there we saw that he fumbled blindly with one hand; yet with Ely’s assistance he got one foot out of the window and on the rung of the ladder. At that moment a great tongue of flame started up and seemed to twine around Ely like a snake, but he stood holding the ladder while Mr. Rutland descended; half-way down Mr. Rutland reeled; and would have fallen, but Mr. Ford, on the parallel ladder, again extended a long arm and saved him. Before he reached the ground a dozen arms were ready to catch him and the unconscious child, who had slept through the whole affair; nor did she know until she

was a woman what she had cost three brave men.

Mr. Rutland sank into the arms of his wife, exhausted and badly burned.

The dandy Edmund Ely was quite scorched; his beauty and dandyism were all burned away, but Sarah Crosby, whom he had been courting unsuccessfully for years, ran forward and embraced him, smoke and all, and married him as soon as he could stand up, after his wounds were healed.

Mr. Ford had undoubtedly scarred his white hands for life, and had lamed his shoulders, but he had preached a most eloquent discourse, which moved the hearts of the largest and most attentive audience he had ever had. One great act of humanity and personal courage gave him a hold on many beside Jim Slocum.

II.

"We have a great duty to perform, George," said Mrs. Rutland, as he stood at the door, twirling his hat, after the funeral of poor Jemima.

"Thank God for that!" said George. "You'll let me wait on him?"

"Yes, George. I could not trust anybody else," said she, simply, but laying a soothing balm on the poor bleeding heart as she did so.

It was this woman's mission to do the gentle, the kind, the tender, the thoughtful thing through life. Some people said that it was native generosity, natural goodness; that it cost her nothing, and therefore was not praiseworthy. Others said that it was religion; that Christian counsel and change of heart had done it. Nobody knew what did it, but we all knew we had one amongst us "who saw life steadily, and saw it whole." We knew that while she found it well to be patient, cheerful, truthful, and merciful, it was worth the effort in a somewhat unsatisfactory world to be as she was, cheerful, patient, truthful, and merciful.

For God had put a heavy burden on her. Richard Rutland came out of that night's work a maniac. No doubt a disease of the brain had been developing

itself for some time, and had changed the once cheerful man into the melancholy zealot. He was injured physically; his health was gone; and yet, with a certain remnant of strength, he was left to suffer and to float, a dismasted wreck, destined to give trouble and annoyance for two years before he died to every one around him. For his mental disease assumed that form which is the hardest to understand and to endure, and which no word can express except the New England phrase "hatefulness." To be "ugly and hateful" in New England means something which it means nowhere else: it is a sort of compressed human verjuice, a bitter extract of all the most aggravating forms of bad temper. "Real ugly," also, is one way of putting it. There is no dignified, pathetic badness about it. It is the nagging, insufferable, mean, and sometimes violent expression of ungoverned passions, united to the incessant activity of the Tasmanian devil, as described by naturalists.

No one can wonder, in watching such a case, that the uninstructed regarded maniacs as possessed by devils, and that the usual cure was whipping. Richard Rutland fell into good hands. There was no limit to his wife's patience, no sort of boundary to George's respectful service and watchful care. He was the best of keepers to the most trying of patients. When Mr. Rutland could not bear the sight of him, which was frequently the case, he would lie outside of his door, like a faithful dog. When Rutland was well enough to go out, he would take him fishing. He would lead him forth to those cool recesses of the forest which the meandering brook and the trout love, and with infinite tact lure him back to the days of boyhood and youth, before the cloud came. Often and often he with giant strength saved him from suicide, and held him in his strong arms until the paroxysm passed.

When the man of intellect and culture awoke, as he would do, in the diseased brain, and Rutland wished to return to the society of his wife and friends, it was touching to see George withdraw,

conscious that for a moment his watch was unnecessary; that he, the poor, uneducated man, was no longer on duty; that he was not sufficient for the needs of his beloved patient. He saw it, and acted upon it with all the delicacy of a gentleman. Then it came Mr. Ford's turn, and remembering that night of the fire, he studied the phases of moral and intellectual disease in the unhappy man, and forgave that which he could not understand.

One single agreeable thing remained to reunite the three, and that was music. Mrs. Rutland was a cultivated musician; she sang, she played the organ and the piano and the harp, — that most thrilling, natural, and touching instrument, which once soothed Saul, the first great maniac of whom we read.

George, with his little girl on his knee, would sit outside, in some convenient waiting-room, while this St. Cecilia sang or played to her husband. It was a rest, a comfort, a joy, for hours to all three, — certainly to George, who had been for years, unknown to himself, a musical enthusiast. The bugle of the Dicksonville Fusileers, indifferently tooted by Deacon Doolittle, and the drum and fife, played with military fervor, but with warlike disregard of time and tune, had always distressed George, he knew not why. He, however, dutifully marched to them, and obeyed their discordant call, supposing that as the music pleased everybody else in the regiment, he must have been in the wrong. He did like to hear old Washington Sambo — who sold ginger-pop on the field of Mars when the yearly muster was in progress — sing Jim Crow and Yankee Doodle, little knowing at the time that Washington Sambo had a baritone which would have made his fortune with Christy's Minstrels, and a musical ear which left Deacon Doolittle at a harmonious distance. His naturally correct musical sense received its full benediction in the singing of Mrs. Rutland. It had one greater joy in the future, but that was a long way off.

God vouchsafed Richard Rutland a few hours of sanity before he died. It

was a great comfort to his religious friends, who had begun to be seriously troubled at what they considered an unjust providence, that one of the elect, such a saint and such a hero as he had been, should be thus unmercifully dealt with. His head was on his wife's bosom, his hand in hers, when George was called in to take his last words.

"George, old fellow," said he, with the beautiful old smile, which poor George remembered from the early days, "I see it all now; you will forget and forgive? I have been unjust and cruel to Gertrude and to you, often and often. It was wrong here," and he touched his head. "She understands," he said, pressing his wife's hands; "she always understood me. Don't cry, George; I cannot stand that. Go and bring me your little girl."

George crept out and got the baby. She was nearly three years old, now, — a sweet, brown-eyed creature, like one of Correggio's children; shy as a young fawn; a fresh, strong, large-limbed child; a daughter of the people.

"She was worth saving," said Richard Rutland, with the old smile; "bring her here. I give her — I give her a dying man's blessing," and he touched her brown curls with his pale hand.

"Now bring me my own children." And George saw him no more until he took up his sad vigil by the silent, marble-like face and figure, to which in its majesty and grace came back the early beauty and serenity of Richard Rutland, which George remembered so well.

III.

"So George and his little girl lives there, do they?" remarked Ira Sprague to Bill Webster, as they walked down the village street one Sunday afternoon, in all the glory of store clothes, shiny hats, and conspicuous breastpins in unnaturally starched shirt bosoms, which had a sort of mosaic effect, as if they were not parts of the general whole.

"Yes. My wife, says she to me, Mis' Rutland, she let George have his little

girl for company, and kinder pensioned off Roxy, too, who is a-gittin' old; and George's sister, an awful thin creetur, from the farm, but I guess a nice, smart, capable woman, she come down and tuk care of the house; and that little girl she sets at the head of the table, and is as pert as a peacock. I expect from what I hear that she's dreadful smart at the deestric school, and she plays the pianner like all git out."

"Mis' Rutland pays that Eyetalyan feller for her lessons, don't she?" said Ira, who had a noble American disdain for all foreigners, especially musical ones.

"Oh, I expect so. Mis' Rutland, she never forgets nobody. She give George that cottage and piece of ground; he ought to be considerble forehanded; and she's a-eddicatin' the girl for a music teacher, I guess."

"Well, she's a good woman, although she has aged considerble since he died," remarked Ira, who had an eye for youth and beauty. "Her own darters are gittin' to be quite lumps of girls, — ain't they?"

"Oh, law, yes," said Bill Webster. "A-goin' to Europe, I expect. Let's see; it's eleven years, ain't it, since Rutland died?"

"Expect it is; it was a spell before the cars run into Dicksonville, when we was both a-drivin' stage."

"Yes," said Bill Webster, sighing heavily and stretching his arms in air, partly to relieve him of the *gêne* of his Sunday coat, partly to revive old associations of the reins and of that whip which had once reached, with tingling emphasis, the ear of the off leader, and descended with cutting force on the flank of a recalcitrant nigh wheeler. "'Tain't no use talking," said Bill, with morbid disdain of the present as contrasted with the immediate past, — "'t ain't no use talking, them days was livelier and better'n these, if you du git to Boston in five hours. I've been froze and thawed, and wet to the skin and dried, till I cracked like a mackeril, and so've you, Ira, on top of them stages; but I liked it as well agin as I do to be aboard of them cars, a-gittin' dust into my eyes and

throat, till I feel like a fust-class funeral, anyhow."

"Yes," said Ira, with a hollow cough. "'T ain't agreein' with me nuther."

Evidently not, for although he had lasted longer than George had predicted, Ira was now doomed, and he knew, or thought he knew, poor fellow, that he was not long for this world. Some remembered sympathy took him in to George's cottage.

A tall, slender, graceful girl opened the door. "Straight as an ellum-tree," said Ira to himself. "Hullo," said Ira, "be you George Ball's little girl?"

"I am his daughter Mimie," said the child, somewhat haughtily.

"Well, is he to home?"

"No, but he will be, in a short time. Won't you walk in?"

Ira was no longer the devastator of female peace of mind which he had been ten years ago. He was now a thin, elderly-looking man, slightly bald and bent over, but there was a handsome face and large black eyes left, and that something which in more cultivated circles would have been called *distingué* about the man.

Enough to alarm aunt Sophronia, "the awful thin creetur" of Bill Webster's reminiscences, who ran up into Roxy's room and informed the now disabled veteran that "Ira Sprague, the awful gambler, was down-stairs a-talkin' to Mimie, and he ought to be driv rite out o' the house, heddn't he, Roxy?"

Aunt Sophronia had never been attractive or dangerous to the ravening wolf man, but like many women to whom fascination has been denied, she had at least suffered, the compensating terror. She had never walked alone of a moonlit night that she had not expected capture, nor had she ever, even after fifty-eight summers of meritorious though untempted celibacy, heard a man's voice that she did not suspect an offer of some kind, honorable or otherwise, to be lurking behind it. The care that she took of charms which had never existed, and the suspicions she endured of wooers who never came and never wooed, would have sufficed for battalions of

Helens of Troy. It is probable that a proper regard for the honor of her family was the only motive which induced aunt Sophronia to change her cap and gown, put on her false curls, and cast one last, long, lingering look at the glass before she went down to drive the wolf from the fold.

No more bitter sensation of envy had ever visited the breast of elderly female than she experienced, on entering the room, to see Mimie in a very composed manner doing the honors, while George, who had crept in from the cabbage garden, was entertaining Ira, with a gratified smile.

"My aunt," said Mimie, rising gracefully, and introducing Sophronia, as she had seen Mrs. Rutland present her guests.

"How de do marm!" said Ira, scarcely looking at the irate cap and curls. "Ye see, George, I did n't think as your little girl was so nigh growed up."

"Yes, she's nigh onto fourteen, ain't you, Mimie? And you'd ought to hear her play the pianner! Mimie, give us a tune."

"Not Sunday afternoon, I hope!" said aunt Sophronia.

"Oh, now, Sophrony, don't you be so darned superstitious! Ain't music good anyhow? I expect what Mimie'd do would n't hurt Ira nor me."

"I'd rather not, father," said Mimie, with ready tact. "If Mr. Sprague will call to-morrow, I will play for him as well as I can."

"Well, that'll do. Come along, Ira; we'll go out and smoke in the shed."

So aunt Sophronia's suspicions simply had the effect of bringing Ira to the house again and again, and of subjecting Mimie to a great deal of annoyance from the speeches of the two elderly uneducated and vulgar women who happened to be her guardians.

It would be interesting to see a colony of young people, for once, educated without having the seed of suspicion sown in their minds. It is not a natural growth; it is a parasite insidiously introduced by the cankered and disappointed, in nine cases out of ten. No doubt it is

well to warn a young girl against the advances of a man of bad character, but is not the danger a thousand times exaggerated by some over-suspicious friend? How much better to trust to that armor of honest thought, natural purity, and native good sense which is so often the dowry of our young girls! How touching it is to hear a young person defend a friend against the attacks of his or her elders! We should refrain from brushing the dew off the grape of early belief. When Mrs. Rutland allowed George to take his little daughter home out of her luxurious nursery, she obeyed that kind heart and faultless instinct of hers which never failed her. She knew that the poor laboring man had a right to his little daughter's love and sympathy and companionship, and that it could not be entirely his if the girl were reared in habits of luxury, apart from him. So she had pensioned off her old nurse, Roxy, to keep the house and take care of the little child. George and Roxy had a good old comfortable hatred of each other, which kept up between them a sort of healthful quarrel, but both loved and cared for the little girl. Sophronia had been an after-thought. Mrs. Rutland did regret her introduction into the family, with her petty narrowness and absurd old coquetry, but it was inevitable.

For Mimie, this brand snatched from the burning, was developing into one of those splendid and gifted creatures vouchsafed to us now and then, to show what nature can do if she chooses. She had always been beautiful, from her cradle. The red hair of her father and the black eyes of her mother had met in her, softened in the one case and deepened in the other, until both had reached a sort of perfection which we occasionally find in the old masters, who loved these reddish-brown beauties.

Her complexion was of the highest degree of excellence. Sun did not tan it, nor wind redden it. Its lovely red and white suggested May-flowers, apple-blossoms, strawberries and cream, everything that was pure, wholesome, and delightful. Her features were as patrician as if she had been the daughter of a

hundred earls; probably more so, although her race had never before shown either great beauty, or blood, or breeding. Her teeth, that seal of perfect beauty, were a row of Orient pearls, and as shining as they were delicate and even. Her hands were long, supple, and refined.

She early manifested a talent for music. She sang, she played at nine years of age, and having, fortunately, a great musician for a friend and patron, she was not allowed to misuse that nightingale hidden in her throat, as some gifted singers are.

Mrs. Rutland reserved the right to give Mimie her musical education, and Signor Ceccarini, "the Eyetalyan" whom Ira Sprague scorned, was a good teacher; when Mimie had reached her fifteenth year he came to Mrs. Rutland, and with many Italian gestures told her that Mimie had one of the rarest contralto voices in the world, and that he could not attempt to train it as it should be done, but that she ought to go to Europe; that here was a gem for the opera, an unknown Grisi, a budding Malibran. The child was an artist, too; she apprehended at once all the dramatic purpose and meaning of the music he taught her; in fact, Signor Ceccarini, a poor old broken-down opera singer himself, was half crazy with joy over the diamond which he had found in Dicksonville.

George, meantime, honest man, had not accumulated a cent. He now oiled the engines and worked on the railroad and did odd jobs for everybody, and was only able to support his family and to give Mimie very good dresses and bonnets, although none were so splendid as that poor old dusty bonnet which hung on a nail in his bedroom, — the one he had bought for dear Jemima in Boston so many years ago, and which remained, as old bonnets will do, to testify how poor a thing fashion is.

There was therefore many a consultation as to what was to be done about Mimie's education. In spite of aunt Sophronia's misgivings, Ira Sprague, dragging slowly along through the old-fashioned consumption, a disease which gratified Roxy and herself, because it was

the good old inexorable kind, and not this modern fraud which can be cured by whisky and cream and cod-liver oil, — Ira, shorn of his beams as a destroyer, and simply appearing in the more mournful light of being destroyed, had finally drifted into George's cottage to die.

He had taken a great pleasure in hearing Mimie sing and play. He had made her a great many appropriate presents, one a very good piano, but he had shown no desire to make love to her, and what was worse, none whatever to make love to aunt Sophronia, who made him excellent broths and puddings. George's good heart and Mimie's good sense were equal to the occasion, and the pure and honorable sentiments which survived the gambler's mistaken life were entirely appreciated by them.

"I tell yer what it is, George," said Ira, with what was left of a voice, "I hain't hearn all this talk o' yourn and Mis' Rutland about Mimie for nothing. Now, George, I'm considerble forehanded, and some of my money's honestly made. When I come home from the Mississippi River, I paid off them mortgages on father's farm, and I come into possession. Two years after, they found a marble quarry on it, and I'm doin' a first-class business up there a-making grave-stones. I shall want one myself pretty soon, and our head workman, says he, 'I'm a-goin' to carve on to it, Here lies Ira Sprague, a-waitin' for the last trump.' He is pretty good at a joke, Hen is, I tell you! And sez I, 'Carve on to it what yer a mind ter. I expect I'll git on better up there than ever I did here.' There was One, George, that took in even a thief with him; and I never was that! So now I've left Mimie, in my will, a nice little sum, and there's five thousand in the bank for her now. Now, jest you and Mis' Rutland cook that thing up between you, and if it's a-going to do Mimie any good, or make her sing a bit sweeter'n she does now, to go to Europe, you jest take that 'ere money and let her go long."

Hen Thompson, the wit of the grave-stones, was somewhat astonished when he learned that a young girl in Dickson-

ville was a stockholder in the quarry, and that Ira had left her all his money, which had been going down to the bank pretty regularly; also, he received a very different order for the modest monument which was erected over poor Ira in the new Dicksonville cemetery than that which he had designed. Mimie took the Bible which she had been reading to the poor dying man, and searching in it, through her tears, for an appropriate and not too ambitious text, it seemed to open of itself (as the blessed book often does) at these words, which still shine out above the violets and buttercups, the clover and green grass: "I will sing unto thy praise, O Lord, for thou hast redeemed thy people!"

IV.

And so one fine day, George, who had washed the railroad grease from his hands and put on his Sunday coat, went up to the cars, in other than a fiduciary capacity, to bid good-by to his little girl, who was going to Europe with Mrs. Rutland and her daughters to study music at Leipsic and Paris, and to return a great singer. Many of the people who came and waited at the Dicksonville Junction (for we are a first-class town now, and four railroads have nearly ruined us) wondered as they looked at the homely laboring man, on whose arm hung a proud and perfect beauty, nearly as tall as he was. They walked up and down, not daring to look at each other, George and Mimie, until Mrs. Rutland said it was time for them to part. Then two beautiful, shapely arms were thrown around George's neck, and a dear voice said, "Father, father, good-by, good-by!" and the too well-oiled engine bore her off, — bore off "George's little girl," and left him to walk home, the most miserable man in Dicksonville.

The chimneys and the door hinges, the broken-down carriages and the railroad jobs, were very imperfectly done for a while. George had lost his inspiration. In fact, the village choir and the village street missed Mimie dreadfully.

Poor old Roxy died, and George was left to the tender mercies of Sophronia, who grew thinner, more suspicious, more coquettish, with every advancing decade.

However, George bore it all with a sublime patience, and life became for him only a measuring of time between post-days. The steamer had no more accurate time-keeper than this poor man up in Dicksonville, who watched for his daughter's letters and for the news of her work and her success as his only pleasure. He counted the moments with heart beats, and his prayers for her were as constant and as ceaseless as the pulses in his brawny wrist.

She told him everything, his beautiful, gifted, rare child! She told him everything save the compliments which were paid her. These she did not mention. Perhaps aunt Sophronia's early lessons had made her reticent on this subject. Perhaps a girl cannot tell these to her father. But they passed over the head of this daughter of art; she cared nothing for them. Two passions possessed her fine soul: the one was duty, and the other was her art. Her father and her duty were synonyms; she never was able to separate the two; and her art, how sacredly she served it! How pure a vestal at that altar she stood! Aye, and in that temple she serves still!

Mrs. Rutland wrote from time to time, and told George much of Mimie's success. This watchful friend was always near enough to insure to George the feeling that Mimie was well cared for, without which he could not have lived.

It was nearly four years now since she had left him, when he got a letter from Mrs. Rutland. It was an account of Mimie's triumphal success at the Conservatoire.

MY GOOD FRIEND GEORGE, — I have just come home from bearing "our little girl" sing in that immense and trying place, the last and most decisive tribunal in Europe.

Well as I knew her excellence, greatly as I appreciated her genius, I assure you I was overwhelmed and surprised. She looked like the angel that she is,

and she sang like the angel that she will be. George, your daughter is one of the great singers of the world. The old members of the Conservatoire, those who have heard all the great voices, shouted and applauded as she finished, and they crowned her with a wreath of beautiful fresh flowers, as they once did Christine Nilsson, when she sang in this same place. In a month I shall bring her home to you,—you of whom she said, as she came to my arms, “Oh, if my father were here!”

I thought of a scene you and I alone remember,—of a death-bed and of a blessing. Do you remember who said, as he touched her brown curls, “I give her a dying man’s blessing”? It was he who had saved her for her honorable and distinguished career; and I cannot but think that he knew and rejoiced over those clear and penetrating notes, which seemed to me to reach to heaven. Your friend,
GERTRUDE RUTLAND.

The quarry had ceased to be a paying investment, and Ira’s legacy barely carried Mimie through her education and the year that followed it; but she had a mine of gold in her voice.

George went to Boston for the second time as the father of a great prima donna, and sat in the same seat in the gallery to hear her sing in the oratorio of Moses where he had sat when Ira came to him with his message of grief, that message

which he had, with the tact of a sincerely sympathetic nature, so tenderly and so carefully broken to him. And now a white-haired man, bent and broken with age, but with a great light in his face, accompanies the singer wherever she goes. He never calls her anything but “my little girl,” although Miss Mimie Ball is a very sizable person.

People ask why she does not love, why she does not marry. Some people say she would sing better if she could have a great heart-break. Others say that she sings quite well enough as it is. Beautiful and famous as she is, followed and admired, the breath of scandal never touches her name. Is it that old father, who begins to look like a fine study for a patriarch or an evangelist, who protects her? She loves him dearly, and her way of saying “father” is thought, by some, to be her best musical effect.

No, the protection emanates from herself; it is the native purity of a sincere and honest soul. She is the daughter of the most passionate and the most comprehensive of all the arts; she has sprung from the people; she knows all the alphabet of poverty, of self-renunciation, of prudence, of humble service, and of gratitude. Mrs. Rutland has been her tutelary angel. She knows by intuition the gamut of love and pity and heroism and piety; she can sing all the changes with that magnificent voice; she has the clairvoyance of genius.

M. E. W. S.

THE NEW DISPENSATION OF MONUMENTAL ART.

THE DECORATION OF TRINITY CHURCH IN BOSTON, AND OF THE NEW ASSEMBLY CHAMBER AT ALBANY.

THE industrious Signor Brumidi at Washington has grown gray in the service of art while covering the walls of the National Capitol with Italian decorations, carried to a point of manual perfection which leaves nothing to be

desired as regards technical qualities, but which has proved itself absolutely barren of results. The art of the country is no better for it, and possibly no worse. When we are told that the aged artist is now crowning his long labors

by painting upon the frieze or belt which encircles the rotunda, under the dome, the history of American civilization, in an imitation of bas-relief so admirable as to deceive even the elect, we can comprehend the mechanical spirit which underlies his work; we can understand why the excellent conventionalities which occupy the walls and vaults of the corridors and committee-rooms, — here in one style, there in another, and all correctly set forth, — have not served as fruitful examples of high inspiration. They were born of a cold artisan spirit, which has not in it any principle of life. Each example of strong, original artistic convictions in history has given direction more or less sensibly to the currents of contemporary art. But such work as this is not inspired by such convictions; it has therefore furnished to the art of mural decoration in this country no impulse and kindled no enthusiasms.

Our opportunities for heroic work in this department of art have been frequent enough, but few intelligent efforts have been made to improve them until within the last two years, when Mr. John La Farge, at Trinity Church in Boston, and Mr. William Hunt, in the Assembly Chamber of the State Capitol of New York, have for the first time given to the country examples which may prove to be the seed planted upon good ground. It is a duty of civilization to subject such examples as these to serious critical examination. The results of good examples of mural decoration are so beautiful and so profuse, and bad examples, if they are inspired with any strength of enthusiasm, are so fruitful in errors, that to suffer them to fructify in either direction without a word of thoughtful praise or blame would be the loss of a golden opportunity. Indifference is a quality of barbarism.

We propose, therefore, to study these examples of mural decoration candidly, to the end that we may awaken a spirit of inquiry, that we may know in what direction they are apt to lead us, and that we may be duly forewarned if they have in them any element of danger.

The architecture of Trinity Church is

particularly hospitable to high decorations in color, because it affords large interior surfaces, and because its features of construction, unlike the conventional Gothic of the churches, do not make too large a demand upon the decorative scheme. When the architect was permitted to call Mr. La Farge to his assistance in completing this work, the latter found at his disposal, in the first place, ample dimensions and broad, suggestive spaces; and, in the second, he had the intelligent sympathy of those for whom and with whom he worked. He undertook, however, a heroic task, with limitations of time and means, — such perhaps as no painter of monumental art had ever subjected himself to in previous works. He brought to this labor a genuine artist's spirit, strong in its convictions and brave in its hopes, but unused either to the study or to the production of architectural effects.

Let us now consider the architectural conditions of his work; for without a thorough comprehension of the theme as affected by the spirit of the place, we can arrive at no just conclusion regarding the result. The church is cruciform, nave, transepts, and chancel being each about fifty feet wide within the walls, and the interior dimensions being about one hundred and forty feet in extreme length and one hundred and fifteen feet in extreme width. The interior height is somewhat more than sixty feet. The tower which arises over the crossing of the nave and transepts is nearly fifty feet square within, and its ceiling, which is open to view from the interior, is one hundred feet from the floor. The ceilings of the auditorium are of light furrings and plaster in the form of a continuous barrel vault of trefoil section, abutting against the great arches of the crossing, which are furled down to a similar shape, with wooden tie-beams encasing iron rods carried across on a level with the cusp of the arches. The four great granite piers which sustain the weight of the tower are encased with furring and plastering, finished in the shape of grouped shafts with grouped capitals and bases. The whole apparent

interior is thus, contrary to the convictions of the modern architectural moralist, a mask of the construction. We do not propose here to enter upon the question as to whether or to what extent the architect was justified in thus frankly denying his responsibility to the ethics of design as practiced and expounded by the greatest masters, ancient and modern; it suffices for our immediate purpose to note that the material of actual construction being nowhere visible in the interior, to afford a key of color to the decorator, or to affect his designs in any way, he had before him a field peculiarly unembarrassed by conditions.

The exterior architecture of the church is a very vigorous and masculine form of round-arched Romanesque, affected by traditions from Auvergne and Salamanca, and with a good deal of later mediæval detail, the whole well amalgamated and a proper work for an architect of the nineteenth century. Thus, even in respect to style, the painter had no reason to yield anything of his freedom to archæological conventions; he was left at liberty to follow the same spirit of intelligent eclecticism which had guided the architect.

The tone of the interior, as regards color, being thus left open to some arbitrary solution, the desire of the architect for a red effect was accepted as a starting-point, and this color was adopted for the walls throughout, its quality being solemn and neutral. Either in fact, or by effect of light, or by variation of surface, this color submits to variations in tone, so that it really has different values in different parts of the church; and thus, in the very beginning, we seem to be spared the homely virtue of mechanical correctness and equality of workmanship. The vaulted surfaces of the ceiling are divided into narrow cross-sections by small moldings of black walnut or black walnut color, and these sections very properly receive the complementary color of red, namely, a greenish blue, with the value of bottle green. These sections or strips are cut up by transverse lines into quarries or squares, each of which is occupied with a form or de-

vice of conventional character, appealing rather to the imagination than to the intellect, rather to the material than to the moral sense. There are perhaps a dozen of these devices, some of them apparently cabalistic or vaguely mysterious in character, distributed among the quarries with a certain Oriental irregularity, and carefully avoiding geometrical recurrences. These forms are in various shades of olive, brown, and buff, here and there accentuated capriciously with gold. Out of this complication results a very rich, quiet, and original effect, — an effect cunningly conceived and artfully executed, but legitimate and worthy of study by all decorators who know not how to be sober without being wearisome. It is really surprising to see with how many elements of color and form this serious result is achieved. It indicates a very intelligent study of Oriental methods. The same colors are used in the decoration of the four arches of the tower, so that their important representative function of support is not defined and recognized with that force and dignity which the circumstances require; but the four great grouped piers at the angles of the intersection of nave, transepts, and chancel have received a treatment in dark bronze-green, — very broad and simple, with gilded capitals and bases, — an arrangement remarkable alike for its reserve and its strength, and for its harmony with the prevailing tones around. The cornice which forms the important line of demarcation between the dull red of the walls and the dark green of the ceiling is weak and insufficient, and it encounters the moldings of the capitals of the great piers in a manner which would be called artless and innocent if this were the work of an architect of the twelfth century, but which under the present circumstances must be considered careless or defiant. As regards color, which might have been so bestowed as to condone these faults of weakness and insufficiency in the cornice, it rather enhances them by emphasizing and separating its unfortunate details.

The decoration of the walls of the

nave, so far as it has been developed, is conceived in an independent and original spirit, with the result of a very rich surface effect. It is mostly confined to the clere-story wall over the aisle arches, and is composed of a belt under the cornice and on a line with the impost of the windows, with painted pilasters of various device between the windows, inclosing spaces which in two cases are occupied by pictorial subjects, and in others by an enrichment of diapers. The architectural *motifs* of this decoration are Italian in character, very freely treated, and the belts and pilasters are embellished with Raphaellesque scrolls and foliage, conventionalized in the Italian manner, with variations of green and rose colors. Portions of the backgrounds behind the pilasters are treated with patterns and colors borrowed from Oriental carpets. The amount of design lavished upon the detail of this part of the work, the absence of repetitions and stencil-work, the disregard of the non-essentials of symmetry, the multiplicity of parts, with the general effect, however, of sober richness and repose, — all these characteristics combine to render this work a remarkable departure from the perfunctory and more or less mechanical styles of surface enrichment to which we have been accustomed. The very imperfections of execution and design, — such, especially, as are shown in a want of decision in the treatment of the architectural motifs employed, — and the numerous offenses against the conventionalities of decoration, give to these walls a certain charm of individuality, for the prime result of a harmonious and jeweled enrichment of color is obtained, and the quality of this harmony of color is just such as could have been obtained by no mechanical methods. As compared with the best sort of modern conventional surface decoration, with its accuracy of craftsmanship and its precision of method, this is remarkable for the evidence it contains not only of the personality of the artist, as exhibited in his manner of thought and study, but of his characteristics of manipulation, such as never could have been delegated to artisans or

handicraftsmen, however skilled and sympathetic, unless under his immediate supervision.

The two pictorial subjects — one our Saviour and the Woman of Samaria at the Well, and the other our Saviour with Mary Magdalene, — are treated in an academical manner, with great solemnity of feeling in line and color, and with all the restraint and reserve which comes of respect for consecrated types. In this regard they exhibit a curious contrast to the *naïveté* and independence of precedent exhibited in their more conventional surroundings. These compositions have light, shade, shadows, and perspective, and as such are an offense to the higher æsthetics which do not recognize as correct any wall decorations which are not flat. But the purist could hardly find it in his heart to blame a fault which is condoned by the fact that there is no distance to the pictures, the figures being defined against a screen surface or wall in each case, — by the fact that they make no marked spot on the wall, and that they form an integral and not an exceptional part of the general scheme of color.

The details of the decorations in the tower, which, as we have said, is open from the area of the auditorium to the height of one hundred feet, where it has a flat, green ceiling divided into caissons or panels by crossing beams, are on a much larger scale, as is befitting their greater distance from the eye. There are three round-arched windows in each wall of this tower resting upon a molded string-course, perhaps ten feet above the crowns of the four supporting arches. It is thus, as it were, a box filled with light. It is pervaded by the dull red tone of the walls, and upon this background has been placed a profuse enrichment, which in line and color borrows much from the works of the pupils of Raphael, belts and panels being disposed according to the architectural opportunities very much as they would have disposed them. But in parts, notably above the crown of the great arches, there is a certain boldness of contradiction between the lines of the square pan-

els and those of the archivolt which recalls the decorative methods of the Japanese. But if there are parts which remind one of the work of Giotto at Assisi, of the altar screens of Fra Angelico, of the Stanze of the Vatican, or the panels of the Villa Madama, there is still more which could have been thought and done only by a scholarly painter of the nineteenth century. Much of the detail is invisible from below, especially the studied *Raphaelesques* in the tympana of the tower windows; but one can see that the panels in the corner piers of the window-stage are filled with the emblematical creatures of the evangelists, — the lion of St. Mark, the eagle of St. John, and so on, ramping or perching upon curious conventional frets, scrolls, or diapers; and one can read written upon the belt of gold under the windows the solemn inscription: "Blessing, and Honour, and Glory, and Power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the Throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever." The archivolt of the great arches is also marked by a broad golden belt, and the spandrels between are occupied in the upper parts by adoring angels leaning out of square windows, as it were, and by gigantic figures of apostles and prophets. The arrangement, as a whole, is not according to any old master exactly, as we have said; still less does it imitate any pagan or Oriental manner. But it has absorbed enough of all pertinent precedent to create an effect which belongs to the times in which we live. The red *fond* is never quite obliterated, and against it is projected a system of decoration which, though complex in motive and abounding in various color, is harmonious in general result.

The six great figures of prophets and apostles, although conceived with learning and with a marked degree of religious feeling, although suggesting a certain grandeur of sentiment, such as one who knows the prophets and sibyls on the pendentives of the Sixtine Chapel must needs have in mind when undertaking any similar scheme, are wanting in vigor and correctness of drawing. Their outlines are hesitating and inde-

cisive, the hands are badly drawn, there is no human structure under the robes, they have no clearness or freshness of color, and in execution they seem crude and hasty; but they are by no means conventional or commonplace, as works much more correct than these might well be, and as decorative accessories they are large, bold, and effective. They are in harmony with the general scheme of color, and they add to the total effect a human interest of the very highest kind. But technically they furnish another and a very significant instance of the timidity and irresolution which the learned and conscientious artist of modern days is apt to exhibit in the presence of the august ideals which, by careful study, he has compacted out of the achievements of all the old masters. The execution lags far behind the intent. But better the serious aspiration and noble thought, though imperfectly set forth, than the dull perfection of the disciplined hand, otherwise uninformed and uninspired. "What we are all attempting to do with great labor," said Sir Joshua Reynolds, "Velasquez does *at once*." This remark is pregnant with suggestions of the inadequacy of modern art, under its common conditions, when called upon to do really great work. It explains not only the indirectness and indecision of the productions of the most thoughtful modern artists, but also the state of incompleteness in which they are compelled to leave much of their most ambitious work. Their process of composition, especially in work conceived upon a heroic scale, seems to be challenged at every step by a spirit out of the past. They are deprived of the virtue of simplicity, and the joy of their initiative is tempered with doubts.

As to the significance and interest of this remarkable example of interior decoration as a whole, there cannot be a moment's question. When the vacant red fields in the transept walls have been completed like the nave, when the empty hemicycle of the apse has been filled with its processional glories, and the whole interior thus brought to a condition of unity, it will be found that the

experiment of bringing to bear upon our public monuments a higher form of art, such as that which made illustrious the Italian walls in the sixteenth century, is fully justified. But even in its present state of incompleteness, even as a record of curious tentative processes, more or less successful, in the art of decorating wall spaces, this effort, like every other bit of true art, is a point of departure for a new series of developments. It has in it a principle of life capable of indefinite expansion. It breaks away from traditions of mere craftsmanship, and opens a new field for the artist of learning, experience, and poetic feeling. It shows to what noble uses he may put the resources of his memory and invention. It encourages the study of great examples. It suggests, moreover, how the decoration of the simpler wall surfaces in domestic work may be rescued from the hands of the mechanical painter, and how, by a judicious bestowal of thought upon details, a more subtle adjustment of colors, a more intelligent recognition of its capacities, it may be developed into a work of art.

The work of Mr. William Hunt at Albany is conceived upon a very different scale, and is adjusted to architectural conditions far less fortunate. We have observed that Mr. La Farge's work at Boston was especially free from embarrassments or conventional limitations. The whole scheme of color in the interior was at his command; the place and the opportunity were in every way favorable to the greatest liberty of design in color and form; and this liberty, as we have seen, notwithstanding the artistic and perhaps constitutional timidity or reserve of which we have spoken, and notwithstanding his abridged conditions of time and means, he has used with great discretion and religious respect, — qualities which were not violated when he was bold enough to mingle so much of Orientalism, so much that was at least not ecclesiastical, in the very substance and fibre of his work.

The Assembly Chamber at Albany is a monumental hall of vast proportions, walled and vaulted with yellowish stone,

very bold in its general design, and charged with a great abundance of incised decoration colored with red, blue, black, and gold. This decoration, though uninteresting in detail, is rich, and indeed almost Moorish, in general effect. The constructive features are Gothic, the carving is conventional and coarse, but the whole design is carried out with great boldness and intelligence, and the whole result is bright, large, noble, and, though wanting in sentiment of detail, is eminently fitting for a great civic hall. Two opposite walls of this chamber are occupied by round-arched windows in two stages, the lower stage having three openings, and the upper being a continuous arcade of six openings. Between the arches of this arcade and the broad, pointed ceiling vault which abuts against the wall above is a triangular space or tympanum forty feet wide and perhaps half as high, and, we should suppose, about forty feet from the floor of the chamber. In this high space, on either side of the hall, Mr. Hunt has painted two decorative and pictorial compositions, — the most important of the kind yet executed in this country. We propose to consider these pictures from a purely decorative point of view, not as independent easel pictures, but as monumental accessories to a great architectural composition.

When the artist undertook this important work, the conditions of *entourage* had already been fixed. The style of the work was uncompromising Gothic; the lower boundary of each tympanum was an arcade of bright windows; the upper boundary was the outline of the great inclosing vaulting arch. This vaulting surface was decorated with a series of ornamental belts with sunk patterns of coarse design enforced with the crude colors of which we have spoken. These belts abutted against the field of the proposed picture at right angles, and there was no vaulting rib or molding to mark the line between the wall and ceiling. To meet these conditions of light and color, Mr. Hunt was compelled to paint his pictures on a very high key, and to give to his outlines an accent of

exceptional vigor. We cannot but think, however, that he was deceived as to the amount of light which these surfaces would receive from the opposite windows, and that the mass of the staging upon which he painted made a twilight to which he adapted his work; for the broad light of the morning betrays a coarseness of outline and color which is veiled in the waning light of the afternoon, when apparently the pictures are in their most favorable aspect. But even then there is a fatal rawness in the decorative effect, which is readily accounted for by the absence of a distinct line of demarcation, or frame, to separate the aerial spaces of his compositions from the hard colored lines of the belts in the vaulting, which attack the very edges of his clouds. The pictorial character of the designs is another reason for their isolation by some such device from this unsympathetic neighborhood. The greatest masters of decoration fully understood this principle, and always used an inclosing frame wherever their work ceased to be continuous. The loggie of the Farnesina and the Vatican, the ceiling of the gallery of Apollo at Paris, of the council chamber at Venice, of the Sixtine Chapel at Rome, and innumerable other examples, clearly prove that the masters were not content with a mere angle as a boundary for the separate compositions of which their decorations were composed. The only example of high art which we can recall in which this principle has not been observed is that of the Last Judgment of Michael Angelo, which occupies the whole end of the chapel; and the failure of this great work as a *decoration* is to be attributed almost entirely to the rawness of its boundary lines. But in Roman work, as at Pompeii, in Romanesque work, as at Byzantium and St. Mark's, and in the art of the early Christian painters, the same effect of isolation is obtained by placing the composition upon a background of gold, or of flat conventional color, sufficiently contrasting with the surrounding colors to establish a separate area.

"Artistic races," says Eugène Véron,

"have regarded monumental painting as illuminated and but slightly modeled drawing; when it gives us good design wedded to harmonious colors, it has done all that we should expect." "In the decorative painting both of ancient times and of the Middle Ages," he elsewhere observes, "the greatest care was taken to avoid everything which seemed to be an attempt at impossible illusion." This principle was observed up to the time of the magnificent apostasy of Michael Angelo, who admitted into his wall decorations effects of perspective and realism of treatment. These great examples have seduced nearly all subsequent art from a fair recognition of the flat surfaces which it occupies, and have tempted it to feats of illusion which are not in harmony with the principles of decorative as opposed to pictorial design. The mediæval setting of Mr. Hunt's compositions, instinctively suggesting the flat treatment which the mediæval decorators invariably used, and the shape and position of the tympana which they occupy, seem to render their free pictorial treatment even more incongruous. The conditions not only suggest a return to antique and mediæval principles, which require illuminated and but slightly modeled drawing, such indeed as Mr. Hunt has very properly confined himself to in this work, but compositions of figures grouped with a certain regard to formal symmetry, even to the extent of a central figure or mass with supporters. The emergency is one of architecture, which is better suited by a treatment of conventionalities than by one of romantic illusion in color, modeling, and movement. We do not mean to say that such pictorial illusion as Mr. Hunt has attempted is absolutely inadmissible; that there are not unoccupied surfaces still left in this chamber which are less architectural, that is, less beset by structural conditions, and less inaccessible to the eye, and which therefore would be much more hospitable to compositions of this kind.

We have hitherto discussed these compositions purely in their function as architectural decorations, for such in their

highest artistic uses they should be. We cannot but consider that the opportunity has been misunderstood in a fundamental point, and that work of a far lower grade than that of Mr. Hunt would have better served the purpose. With all his strength of will, with all his skill in the adaptation of his tones, and all his fiery determination of drawing, he has been unable to conquer a right to fill such spaces with such work. It is a waste of great resources.

The consideration of these works of art simply as pictures calls into play a different set of critical faculties from those required in the consideration of them as decorations. The artist has symbolized the simultaneous occurrence of the revival of letters and the discovery of America by the allegories of the Flight of Night and the Discoverer. The former has in its elements long been familiar to those who frequented Mr. Hunt's studio. It is in fact a flying cloud, the substance and movement of which is figured by the suggestion of an aerial chariot drawn by three plunging steeds, to the mane of one of which clings a torch-bearing groom, rather guiding than restraining the downward flight. High upon the cloudy seat sits a female figure, directing the vision with a gesture of her hand; and below, enveloped in a shadowy fold of fleecy drapery, dimly portrayed, is a sleeping woman with a child, and over her hovers a little protecting spirit. The visionary character of the composition is unencumbered by any material appliance; there are no reins, no harness, no chariot, no wheels. It is a precipitous movement of vapor poetically set forth with a superb flight of horses, and enough of human interest in the figure to suggest a meaning which each can interpret in his own way. It is a very fine point in the sentiment of the picture that the allegory is not forced upon the spectator by the insistence of vulgar accessories. The horses are drawn with magnificent spirit and with the confidence and *élan* of a master. The human figures are little more than suggestive; they are fleeting visions, — a part of a cloudy pageant. When illu-

minated by bright sunlight, or by the artificial lighting of the chamber at night, the vigorous mechanism of outline and color which are contrived to produce an effect are somewhat unpleasantly betrayed. In the half-light of the afternoon, as we have said, the very qualities which are crudities at other times contribute to make up a pictorial harmony of the most effective and poetic kind. The same may be said with even greater force of the Discoverer. A Hamlet-like man, in armor and cloak, stands conspicuous in a boat, riding half disclosed upon a billowy swell of the ocean. Behind him, at the helm and holding a bellying sail of drapery, stands a winged female figure in an attitude of dignity somewhat like that suggested by the Venus of Milo; and upon the prow, with her outlines defined against a bright rift in the western sky, leans a spirit of the water, with a frank, onward look and a gesture significant of confident hope. This figure seems to us the best in the group; it is beautifully drawn, and plays a happy part in the composition. Two other female figures float upon the waves. We have thus Fortune at the helm and Hope at the prow. The guide-books shall interpret the rest of the allegory, which, to us, as compared with that portrayed on the opposite wall, is wanting in significance, and made up of too many elements and of too much of materialism to leave upon the mind a concrete poetic image. The composition is wanting in simplicity, and the effect of the whole depends upon a momentary incident; the next instant of time beyond that depicted, the next wash of the uncertain billows, will evidently throw the whole group into confusion. This impending catastrophe seems in some way to detract from the dignity of the allegory. The masters of the Renaissance, when they chose a sea-pomp for their subjects, such as the Triumph of Galatea, the Rape of Europa, and the Venus Anadyomene, managed to spare us from doubts of this kind by a more multitudinous grouping of figures capable of falling into new combinations without loss of harmony. But Mr. Hunt's alle-

gory is disjointed, and appears to need some harmonizing element to give us that feeling of security which accompanies the floating and flying groups of Guido, Rubens, and Annibale Caracci. The idea of the Flight of Night is in this respect admirable; in a moment the cloudy vision will have departed, leaving a serene sky, and space for all the succeeding pageants of civilization.

These remarks are made with a constant reservation of confidence that the vigor and truth of this master's artistic convictions and his practiced hand and eye will bear him on with safety into regions of "high emprise;" that in qualities of technique, even in this last essay, there are few modern painters who can surpass him. He has proved his capacity

for great achievement in far wider fields than those bounded by the gold frame of an easel picture. The confident boldness and enthusiasm with which he has entered into those fields, and the masculine breadth of comprehension which he has exhibited there, are an admirable forecast of still greater triumphs. We sincerely trust that his genius may have better scope in his next trial, and may not again be condemned to a "pent-up Utica" under a high vault, with a blaze of windows beneath and a semi-barbarous pomp of crude color above, — a place which should only be treated with an artifice of conventionalities too strict in their limitations for the endurance and self-denial of a spirit so bold and a hand so free.

Henry Van Brunt.

OUR FLORIDA PLANTATION.

It was a hazy, dreamy, sultry February day, such as comes down from the skies of Florida in the opening of spring. A faint scent of orange-blossoms was in the air, though as yet there seemed to be only white buds on the trees. The deciduous forests along the banks of the broad St. John's were just showing that misty dimness which announces the opening of young buds. The river lay calm as a mirror, streaked here and there with broad bands of intenser blue which melted dreamily into purplish mists in the distance.

Late in the afternoon a tiny sail-boat might have been seen, lying in almost immovable stillness in the middle of the river. She was a picturesque object enough, with her white sail reflected far down in the blue mirror, but it was no sport to the party on board to find themselves becalmed there, with the sun sinking westward, and the shore where they were to spend the night full three miles away.

That sail-boat contained us and our

furniture and belongings, just going to take up our abode upon "our plantation." The history of our plantation so far had been briefly this: the year of the closing of our war, two captains of the Union army, who had been serving in Florida, had conceived the bright idea of hiring a plantation and making their fortunes in raising cotton. The process of reasoning was very simple: *cotton* is the one thing *sure* always to be wanted in the world; Florida is the country which can grow the best long-staple cotton; and here is a plantation which may be hired for a very reasonable sum, and negroes versed in the processes of culture on all hands asking for work. So the valiant ex-captains rented the famous plantation, which in this story we shall call Laurel Grove, and went to work the moment peace was declared.

The next year they reinforced their numbers and capital by drawing to their firm another ex-Union captain and a practical New England farmer. The party on the sail-boat consisted of said

practical New England farmer with his wife, who had just come down to meet him, and the mother of one of the ex-captains, who had also come to assist in the inauguration of a family state for this hitherto bachelor firm. There was likewise in the party the hope of our agricultural friend, a white-robed New England baby in long clothes, whose principal care seemed to be to see to it that his mother should attend to him first, whatever else in creation there might be to attend to.

There was, moreover, a clergyman in feeble health, who had come to see what the air of Florida would do for him, and who, reclining in the shadow of the sail, relieved the tedium of the way by playing airs on his violin,—a choice old Amati with notes as smooth as the St. John's at his smoothest.

But, oh, the treacherous river! How many can testify as to that provoking middle passage, when, having come precisely to the point where the shore is two miles away on either side, down flaps the sail, the faithless zephyrs go off laughing, and leave you to rock idly to and fro and enjoy your meditations!

"I guess the wind will spring up when the sun goes down," said the skipper, as he stretched himself out for a comfortable nap.

"But that will delay us till after dark!" we cried, "and here are our bedsteads and carpets and things; why, there'll be no time to get anything fixed to sleep on." For the plantation house, be it known, was yet unfurnished, except as a soldier's bivouac, and we were expecting to spend an afternoon at least in making our sleeping-rooms habitable.

The skipper surveyed us with a glance of placid and serene amusement. Like a true Floridian, he had learned to take the moods of the St. John's without disturbing himself much about them,—we should get there sometime; and at any rate hurrying or worrying would do no good, so what was the use? As he predicted, about sundown a little civil, quiet troop of breezes came down and wafted us very slowly, with a dream-like motion, toward the shore, or rather towards a

long pier that projected more than a hundred feet into the water, where we were landed.

The pier was shaky and apparently untrustworthy, and in the gathering twilight we steered past it gingerly, and landed on a smooth white sand beach overhung with splendid live-oaks; then we took our way up a long path, about half a mile, through cotton fields, where the fine white sand was over our shoes at each step. At last we came to the plantation house, a rambling, one-story cottage, with a veranda twelve feet wide in front. It was situated in a yard inclosed by a picket fence, under a tuft of magnificent Spanish oaks. By the time we had arrived the short twilight was over, and all our gentlemen friends hurried in a body down to the pier to assist in the landing of our furniture, saying to Marcia and myself, with the cheerful *insouciance* of the male sex under such circumstances, "You can just sit here in the veranda, you know, till we bring up the things." Well, we did "just sit" alone in the dark and darkening veranda, the inexpressible dismal stillness settling down every moment deeper and deeper. Black, dusky forms tramped silently to and fro in front of the veranda as time went slowly on. The landing of all our furniture and bedding over the long, shaky pier was a work of time, and it seemed to us that hours went by. The baby was hungry, and indignant at the delay of supper and the general unpleasantness of the situation; he lifted up his voice and expressed himself with the energy and vehemence characteristic of his kind. His cries drew to us a tall, gaunt, black shadow, who said in a chuckling voice,—

"He's hungry. I'd get him some milk, but dey's done gone with the key; can't get nothin' till dey's come back;" and she cackled a laugh at the absurdity of the situation, in which we felt small inclination to join. In the increasing dimness we could scarcely see her, but she seemed like some uncanny gnome laughing at our perplexities.

At length, after an interval which seemed to us interminable, we heard the

cheerful voices of our men-folk returning, and the rattling of the cart-wheels. They came back in the highest spirits; they were delighted to see us, and running over with the most innocent and supreme delight in the country, the climate, the accommodations, and everything which pertained to the enterprise we had come to join. The key was soon forthcoming, and in due time so was supper, and the dusky gnome appeared much more canny when revealed by the lamp-light. She was introduced as our chief cook and general attendant, Winnah, the most active, versatile, ingenious, and energetic of negro mammies. She gave us warm welcome, and appeared equally amused and delighted with our arrival, and surveyed us and our clothes with artless and openly expressed admiration.

When supper was over, it was found to be past ten o'clock, and there was no time for unpacking. The captain nearest akin to us put his tent pallet at our service, and stretched himself on a blanket, to keep guard for us, at our side; for, sooth to say, the forlorn, ruinous room, whose broken windows were curtained only by cobwebs, was not reassuring. The whole establishment was like a lair of banditti rather than a home for settled Christian people. A roll of carpet, hastily spread on the dining-room floor, formed a bed for our clergyman; and so, one way or another, we were all disposed of for the night, and slept soundly. The next morning dawned as benign and heavenly as only Floridian days can. Nobody could be out of humor or dismal, with all the world around in such an exquisite frame, and even the extraordinary nature of the accommodations in which we had to set up our housekeeping tent failed to discourage us. For we had come straight down from the land of whirling storms and deep snow-drifts, and to find ourselves here in mid-February dressing with open windows, amid the soft, dewy freshness of a June morning, was a novelty and a marvel that exalted our spirits. All things seemed possible in such a lovely climate. At breakfast we reminded one

another of these pleasing differences in congratulatory tones, calling to mind, with many a little shudder of recollection, how the wind was blowing and the snows were drifting in the land whence we came, while outside we could see the wild plum-trees white with fragrant blossoms, and hear red-bird and mocking-bird making merry in the trees.

It is to be confessed that it required the help of this fine flow of spirits to sustain us when after breakfast we began to take a housekeeper's survey of our new quarters.

The plantation, we were told, had been in former days the leading one in Florida. It included nine thousand acres, — there was a touch of the magnificent in this fact. It had employed five hundred slaves. It had raised quantities of the long-staple cotton, held to be the very finest variety of that necessary article; it had raised, beside, harvests of sugarcane, and in the days before the great frost of 1835 was said to have had a fine productive orange grove, of which, by the bye, not a trace remained.

The negro quarter was a regular village of well-built and comfortable little houses, speaking favorably for the humanity of the former masters. There was the overseer's house, a respectable cottage near-by; there was a large barn, and a gin-house for the cotton, — the extent of the accommodations indicating a business done on a large scale.

The planter's house in the midst of all this was the unpretentious cottage we have already spoken of. It was a story and a half high, having chambers above, under the roof. On the ground-floor was a wide hall running quite through the house, with rooms opening on either side. To this central portion an addition had been built, containing two lower and two upper rooms. At one end of the broad veranda, connected with it by another veranda, was a one-story octagon pavilion, built, as we were informed, for a music room, and having a large window in each of its eight sides. Near by this house was another cottage with four rooms in it, which we were told was in former times devoted to the school-

room and the lodging of the teachers employed for the planter's children.

Now it must be borne in mind that for five years this whole estate had been lying waste, while war had been waging along the banks of the St. John's, and now this and now that party held possession. The fields had been tramped over by bands of stragglers, and the house from time to time made a convenience of by those nondescript parties who always hung round the skirts of an army. The windows were many of them broken, — a fact thought lightly of by our gentlemen friends in a climate so balmy as this, — and every part of the house was more or less dilapidated. We were informed by our young officers that they had been for weeks engaged in strenuous efforts at house-cleaning, by which the house had been brought into its present habitable condition, and it was evident that they looked upon it with no little complacency as proof of their skill in housekeeping. We were therefore forced to suppress our exclamations of dismay, and to endeavor to join with them in cheerful assurances that it would do nicely with the few extra touches we should be able to give it.

It was true, one of the hall doors had a broken hinge, which made it impossible to shut it; but that was no matter, since nobody wanted it shut in the daytime, and at night one might set a chair against it. Burglars were unknown; our suggestion that somebody might want to get in nights was only laughed at. In fact, on warm nights, they said, we could sleep with both doors open, for the benefit of the air, in Arcadian security.

We had brought down a barrel of crockery ware, and before unpacking we peeped into a pantry on one side of the hall. It was ankle-deep with rubbish, — old shoes, old hats, old bits of harness, in short all the miscellaneous accretions of a camp life. One gentleman ingenuously admitted, "Oh, well, they had n't thought of clearing that out, but if we wanted it should be done." And forthwith a stout negro was busy hoeing out the *débris* and carrying it off by baskets full, to be burned in the yard;

then Winnah, with scrubbing-brush and pail, completed the process, and when our plates and dishes were wiped and arranged on the clean shelves, she chuckled and cackled and crowed with delight and wonder. Our crockery ware, to be sure, was a collection of all the odds and ends — the fragments of sets, the superfluous or invalid dishes — that had gathered in our Northern china closets. There was scarce a plate or a cup that had not a crack or a nick, but in Winnah's eyes they seemed splendid, for Winnah had all her days been only a field hand, and small had been her stock of household lore. Her admiration of all our improvements, however, was like a cheerful chorus as we went on.

After a few days we had succeeded in giving what we fancied was a tolerable air of comfort to our house. The eight windows of the pavilion were draped with muslin curtains, the floor was carpeted, and we had improvised by domestic upholstery certain lounges and ottomans which gave a creditable air to the room; and having made it gay with vases of yellow jessamine and the wild phlox, with which the fields were overrun, we began to feel it quite presentable. We had a call from one of our nearest neighbors, who lived only five miles away. Mrs. R—— was an old inhabitant who had been on visiting terms with our predecessors, living in abundance and comfort in a beautiful and highly cultivated place on the banks of the St. John's.

She told us tales of the splendor of the former occupants of the house: how they kept a French cook and an elegant table, and gave superb dinners; how the pavilion we had chosen as our parlor used to be their music room, with a grand piano and a harp and all manner of musical instruments resounding there; how they had five hundred field hands at work, and raised more cotton than any plantation in the State. We felt very decadent and insignificant in hearing all these fine stories, for we were working only thirty hands, and had neither French cook, butler, nor coachman, nor piano nor harp. But we had golden

hopes for the future: there were the cotton fields, — and cotton was king, — and in due time we should arise and shine; our ship of gold would come sailing joyfully in.

But hearing these tales of former grandeur, we could not but wonder at the primitive coarseness and roughness of the construction of the house we lived in. The fastenings of the doors were coarse, common iron latches; the rooms were not plastered overhead, but ceiled with boards, which had shrunk so that the unsightly cracks were visible between. All the wood-work bore marks of unskilled carpentry, and carried us back to the days when a plantation was a little state in itself, depending for all the arts of life on the half-educated slave laborer; when people raised on the farm not only their own corn and sugar, but their own carpenter and plasterer.

There was no evidence of æsthetic tastes in any of the grounds surrounding the cottage. The yard, shaded by the splendid oaks before mentioned, was spotted with little rough buildings thrown up for various purposes of mere convenience, without regard to ornament: there was a large brick oven, with a roof over it; a milk-room propped on posts, and built with a double wall like an ice-house; a well, also roofed over; and a smoke-house for meats. The house itself was lifted upon live-oak posts about three feet from the ground, affording full sweep for circulation of air; but to our unaccustomed eyes this want of a solid foundation gave to the building an awkward appearance. Cellars, we were informed, were unknown in Florida, and the celebrated wine-room of the former planter was in the attic of the house. The kitchen of the mansion was at such a distance that we wondered how a hot dinner was ever possible. It was a cabin by itself, with a yawning chimney some ten feet wide and looking straight up into the sky; and the dining-room was across a yard and up a flight of steps. The idea of a French *chef* marshaling the *entrées* of a dinner party under such circumstances gives a new conception of the national ingenuity.

Our neighbors, it may be well understood, were not many. Our nine thousand acres kept us pretty well out of society, but we did have a visit from one very characteristic and rather picturesque personage whom we shall call Long John. One day, when our gentlemen were all out, we found this individual tranquilly sitting in the veranda smoking a pipe. He was a tall, thin, loose-jointed person, dressed in homespun clothes, and in all his appointments indicating total indifference to points of personal nicety. He was no stranger to our gentlemen, who had, in hunting expeditions, sometimes availed themselves of his skill in wood-craft, for he was reckoned the best shot in all the region, and, as we were told, could snuff a candle with his rifle at thirty paces, and in all that pertained to forest life had the instincts of a Leather Stocking.

All this, however, was unknown to us, when we found him established as aforesaid, and we supposed that he was somebody come to see one of our captains on some definite errand. No such thing, however; for after he had sat smoking about an hour, and we began to regard him with inquisitive looks, he seemed to feel that conversation was in order, and, taking his pipe from his mouth, remarked "that the branch was pretty high below there, and he allowed he'd stay with us awhile, till it run out," — a proposition wholly unintelligible to us, who had not yet learned that all small streams are called in cracker dialect "branches," nor that "to allow" was used as synonymous with "think." When our gentlemen returned we found that our guest was in truth an old acquaintance, and the exquisite quiet and ease with which he received their greetings, making himself perfectly at home and staying to dinner and to supper, was something quite amusing.

"Is he going to stay all night?" inquired Marcia, anxiously, as evening drew on.

"Oh, certainly, — all night and tomorrow, too, for all anybody knows," was the answer.

"But we have no room, or bed!"

"Oh, that makes no difference. Give him a pillow, or a blanket, and he'll be all right."

In fact, our guest, noticing the slight appearance of consultation, affably remarked to us that we "need n't mind him; he could camp down most anywhere." And so, when we broke up for the night, Marcia arranged our new lounge for him, of which he took possession with meek and quiet contentment, and we left him placidly gazing at the last brands of our evening fire.

Long John, however, had his entertaining points, and while sitting round our light-wood fire one of our captains, who knew him of old, amused us by drawing him on to relate some of his war-time experiences.

"There's been a deal of hard fighting here in Florida, Mr. Johns, has n't there?"

Mr. Johns's manner was always mildly ruminative. He thought over the question quietly for a minute or so, then squirted a straight shaft of tobacco juice at the fire, and answered deliberately, —

"Wal, now, there's ben some *pretty tall runnin'* here; can't say so much for the fightin'!"

"Why, they got *you* into the army once, did n't they, Johns?"

Another pause, another shaft of tobacco juice, and then, in quiet, moderate drawl, —

"Wal — yes — they did. Ye see they hed a draft, they called it; sent and tuck me 'n' a lot o' fellers up to the camp o' instruction, they called it. I did n't see no use in 't; I did n't see what I wanted o' a camp of instruction! I could draw a bead and hit my mark better 'n any man on 'em, and wha'd I want to be lyin' round loose in a camp o' instruction?"

Here Johns made a pause, and seemed to descend into himself in contemplation.

"Did you run away?"

"Wal — yis; I jest tuck off and come home to tend to my own affairs. I did n't know nothin' 'bout thir old war, and I did n't keer nothin'; 't wan't none o' my business, nohow, and I wanted to

be tendin' to my crops and my critturs; so I says nothin' to nobody, and comes home."

"Well, did they let you stay there?"

An ineffably droll expression passed slowly over his face; he spit once or twice vigorously, and answered, —

"Wal — no — they did n't."

"Did they send after you? How was it? Tell us, Mr. Johns."

"Wal, ye see, they sent Ben Bradley and a squad o' fellers for to take me. I was out in the woods with my gun, and I see 'em coming, and I got behind a tree and p'inted my gun at 'em and called out to 'em to stop. Says I, 'I shall drop the fust man that comes further!' Wal, they stopped. They knowed I would — they knowed I gen'lly *hit*, and so they stopped; and Ben, he called out to me, 'Look here, Johns,' says he, 'we 're come to take you.' 'Wal,' says I, 'ye jest can't get me, cause the fust man that starts to do it I shall shoot.' 'But they've sent us to take you.' 'Can't help that,' says I; 'I won't be took.' Wal, then they stopped and sort o' talked it over a minute, and then Ben, he calls out kind o' friendly, 'Come now, look here, Johns; jes' let us come up and hev a talk with you; we jes' want to talk it over friendly.' 'No, thankee,' ses I, 'ye can talk where ye be; I can hear ye where I be. I don't want ye no nearer.' 'Look here, now, Johns,' says Ben, 'they've sent us to take you, and ef we don't do it it'll be the worse for us.' 'And if ye do,' says I, 'it'll be the worse for me; so that 's square.' 'Wal,' says he, 'we shan't know what to say to 'em when they ask why we did n't bring you.' 'Wal,' says I, 'there ain't nobody knows you've seen me but jest yourselves and me and the critturs. I shan't tell on ye, and the critturs *can't*, and ef ye 're fools enough to go back and tell on yourselves I can't help it.' Wal, they jest went off and let me alone that time."

"And did n't they try again to catch you?"

"Oh, wal — yis. One time I was out in my 'dug-out,' on the river, — rifle down in the bottom of the boat. I hears

a whoop, and looked up, and sure enough there was two o' them fellers on the bank p'intin' their guns right at me. 'Got ye now, Johns!' says they. 'Wal,' says I, 'I give in. I'll come to sho'.' Then I give a sort o' spring, as if I see suthin. 'Good Lor'! wha 's that crittur behind ye?' says I. Them fellers both turned to look, and I catched up my rifle and drew a bead on 'em. 'Look out for yourselves now,' says I, 'I am goin' to fire!' Tell ye, them fellers tuck to their heels lively, and I jest made for the other side o' the river fast as I could paddle. Wal, they let me alone arter that, but they come once when I was out huntin', and burnt up my house, and cut down my corn, and driv off all my critturs."

"Why, Johns, they cleaned you out, did n't they?"

"Wal, they did, but I've got things fixed up agin, — got my house up and my crops in, and my critturs, and I hope you 'll all come and see me; stay 's long as ye want ter."

The invitation, given in such sacred simplicity, was doubtless more sincere than many another in polished circles, as two of our number proved, when, a week after, they got belated coming home from hunting, and stopped at Johns's cabin. There was true Arab hospitality, — the best of all there was at their disposal, and no apologies for what there was not. A large tin pan of boiled hominy, flanked with a pitcher of cane syrup, formed the meal, and was served out to them in earthen pint bowls; and at night Johns and his wife gave up their beds to the company, and spread mattresses on the floor for themselves.

As to Johns's cattle, of which he had now a fair flock, the mode of acquisition was easy to guess. It was only necessary to take here and there and anywhere a fine young calf that he found running loose in the woods, and, applying his branding-irons to it, make it *his* thereafter; and who could contest the mark? We could fancy the leisurely way with which he settled the right of the matter with himself: "I had calves, and these might 'a be'n some o' mine, —

most likely was, — nobody could say they was n't; any rate, they 're mine now!"

Nothing is more unlike a Northerner's ideas of property management than the way the Floridians manage their cattle. We had with our plantation, as a part of the assets, fifty head of fine cows; but we never saw them all together; most of them were roaming the forests. About sixteen young calves were shut up in an inclosure, as a means of drawing home their mothers to be milked. When the mothers were let in to the calves, the milker came, too, and the calf on one side and the milker on the other conducted the operation. Winnah was the superintendent of this department, and milked in a pint cup, which when filled she emptied into the larger pail. Our sixteen cows in that way yielded about two gallons at a milking.

It is a matter of pride and boast with the farmers and proprietors to have large flocks of cattle, and once or twice a year they look them all over and mark the calves that have come into existence during the interval. In our drives we often met the cattle drovers on horseback careering the woods after their cows; and the forest towards evening resounded with a certain musical yodel, or cow call, and with the crack of the long cattle whip, which rings like the report of a rifle.

There is no shelter provided for cattle, and in many cases no food except what they can help themselves to as they range the woods. When the long grass of the forest, justly named wire-grass, becomes dead and sere, it has been customary from time immemorial to set fire to it and burn out the woods. These fires meet one at certain seasons of the year on all sides, and the only wonder is that the resinous pine forests do not catch and burn up; but they do not. The palmettoes and underbrush all go to destruction, and the land is blackened for miles. After this comes up the soft young wire-grass, and the season of good pasture begins.

The large, rich planters in Florida had taken some pains with their stock, importing from Italy and from India

such as they thought would be adapted to the Floridian climate. Our cows showed the marks of superior blood and breeding, another of the remaining traces of the former grandeur of the plantation.

Now as to our plantation arrangements: on the old estate there had been a thousand cleared acres devoted to cotton and sugar-cane. Of these our more humble means enabled us to cultivate only two hundred. Our laborers were good, steady hands, engaged under written contract at a stipulated price of from eight to twelve dollars per month, according to ability. The old plantation régime was adopted, because they were accustomed to working in that way, and in no other. At gray peep of dawn "Mose," our head man, blew the shell, and forthwith from the line of little cottages turned out all hands, men and women equally. They were divided into gangs, with a leader to each gang, and went directly into the field, putting in three hours of good work, when all came back to get their breakfast; and then again to the fields till dinner time, and then till night.

They impressed one as a sober, steady set of people, and, having worked all day, their relaxation was to go into a prayer-meeting and sing hymns and listen to exhortations till ten or eleven o'clock at night.

There were two or three preachers among them, and sometimes we sat outside upon the door-step, listening to the strangest mixture of words that could ever be put together. It was really touching to see the solemn, earnest, breathless attention of rows of those dark faces to words which to our white ears were utterly meaningless. Yet when we remember that the devotions of some of the most cultivated races of Europe are offered in an unknown tongue, we must think that the power of certain sounds to stir up religious feeling is a matter of association, and not at all of the intellectual faculties.

We brought down with us a cargo of spelling-books, and on the first Sunday after our arrival we assembled our hands

at the house for divine service. Our clergyman led the music with his violin, and then for sermon read and explained the ten commandments to an attentive and serious audience. We were graciously informed by Winnah afterwards that the sermon met with great acceptance, everybody thinking that it was just the preaching his neighbor ought to hear, as is usually the case in good Christian congregations. But they were all dreadfully astonished and scandalized at the violin, which they appeared to consider an instrument especially devoted to the service of Satan.

Dancing is the one thing which every negro man or woman can do *well* by nature. The merest lout among them becomes graceful as a dancer, and it appears that dancing is selected as the *one thing* to be given up when the postulant thinks of joining the church. We thought to ourselves that we could select other tests more important, — talking against one's neighbors, for example; but in their view this was *the* one sign of self-surrender, and the violin, as the excitement to dancing, was therefore held as a profane thing in divine worship.

After service there was a distribution of spelling-books made, and never were gifts more eagerly and gratefully received. The poor souls seemed to think that reading was a thing that would come in a short time, if only they had the books, and thankfully accepted the offer of the ladies to help them in their lessons; but oh, who can measure what a task the acquisition of the English language is to those who come to it in middle life! We have before us now a picture of our "Tom," a great Hercules of a fellow, lying on the ground in his nooning, with the spelling-book before him, and the sweat starting out on his forehead, as he puzzled his patient way through the *ab, ib, ob*, — cabalistic signs on the lowest door-step of knowledge.

Many never got through the wilderness of the spelling-book into the promised land of the first reader; but some few persevered. Those who gave up consoled themselves with saying "their chillen should learn," and read to them;

and the little ones did learn with a rapidity astonishing to their elders.

We would like to linger here over many curious scenes and histories of those old plantation days, but we must not make our story too long. Our feminine ranks were recruited by one of our captains, who went North, married, and brought down his young wife to add to our cheer. We rode, we walked, we sketched. Rambling along the beautiful bluffs, we each selected spots where we would build our houses when our ship of gold came in. Sometimes we started out for the day, with provision and sketching materials, and with guns and ammunition for our gentlemen to shoot alligators. A beautiful island, where there were groves of wild orange and lemon trees, was a part of our plantation. There we landed, and while the hunters were off shooting we kindled our fire, made coffee, and prepared sylvan meals. Once they came home tugging a great alligator thirteen feet long, as a model for our sketching. Then came the cutting up and skinning: the skin to be made into boots; the fat to supply the finest, most limpid machine oil for the cotton-gin. In the stomach of the monster we found pine knots, morsels of brickbats, and part of an old tin can. Nothing, apparently, came amiss to him. He must have been a genuine specimen of the scriptural leviathan, who "esteemeth iron as straw, and brass as rotten wood." The memory of such days under the wild orange-trees by the white beach of the St. John's is pleasant yet, but we must hasten to the *finale* of our story.

Well, our cotton grew and increased and flourished, and spread out as fair and flowery a field as hope ever sported in. Cotton, in itself a beautiful plant, was more beautiful in our eyes, as every yellow and pink blossom spoke of a golden future.

It was thought by the best judges that there was upon our fields a crop which would bring a profit of ten thousand dollars over all expenses. We dreamed of it as sure, and already, in imagination, divided the spoil and reinvested for larger harvests.

Alas for human hopes! Our brave captains who had come safe through many battles were defeated and routed on this field by an army which came by night, without banner or band of music. This was the way of it. One day, in looking over the cotton fields setting full with their buds and bolls, we descried a little black worm about two inches long, with a red stripe on either side of his back. This was the first Army Worm, the commander of the advance scout. We picked him off and killed him. Next day twenty came to his funeral, and the day after that the Army was there on leaf and stalk and bud! All through the hundred acres there was the sound of a chewing and craunching direful to hear. In two days our beautiful cotton field stood gaunt and bare, without a leaf, as if a fire had passed over it. Ten thousand dollars did those reckless marauders eat, and then vanished as they came, and left us desolate.

We made in all, perhaps, two bales of cotton! Our scheme was over, our firm dissolved. One went to editing a paper, another set up a land agency. As for us, we and ours bought an orange grove on the other side of the St. John's, and forever forswore the raising of cotton.

But as at the bottom of Pandora's box there was a grain of comfort, so there was in ours. Though we made nothing, and lost all we invested, our hands were all duly paid, scot and lot, — in many cases with the first money they ever earned, and it gave them a start in life. That has been the one consoling reflection when we recall the tragedy of *Our Plantation*.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

EMILE ZOLA AS A CRITIC.

ST. PETERSBURG is somewhat far afield to look for the latest sensation in the literary world, but so it is that the breeze which has set all Paris rustling and quivering blows from that distant north. During the last three years, Emile Zola has contributed a series of letters "upon literature and life" to the Messenger of Europe, the leading periodical of Russia. Some of his subjects have had but a relative or momentary interest, though treated with all his strong and vivid individuality, while others, like the study of "the French youth of to-day," are precious *mémoires pour servir* for the future historian. But the real importance and significance of the correspondence are to be found in the masterly reviews and frank criticisms of contemporary French literature. More even than this, it includes an estimate of the work of his predecessors as well as of his rivals. It is nothing less than a formal opening of the great plea of realism versus romanticism. Zola has formulated the first deliberate pronouncement of his party against the romantic school.

He has not only defined the position, the literary creed, of the realists, but he has for the first time clearly expressed their theory of the principles of their opponents, and their estimate of the value and permanence of the work of the romantic school. Hence, the letters, as they have gradually made their way back to Paris, are creating a stir nothing less than that of the days of the old struggle between classic and romantic, and it is not surprising that at this moment the dwellers on the French Parnassus are ranging themselves in two hostile camps. If, on the one side, there is the prestige of tradition, the dignities of the Academy and the Revue, and above all a leader, the *doyen* of the literary world, of whom not even the most extreme opponent will speak in aught but affectionate reverence, on the oth-

er side there is the eager strength of the new generation, and the incontestable and enormous success of such men as Daudet and Zola himself. The attitude of the English world at this moment towards Emile Zola may not inadequately be described as suspense of judgment. No one takes up his books without acknowledging their irresistible power, either to attract or to repel. The questions, then, whether one likes or dislikes his work, whether one believes that the principles upon which it is founded are enduring, are quite apart from the interest one must feel in the judgment of such a man upon his contemporaries. No one is yet ready to accept Zola definitively as a critic; yet equally no one can help listening to his verdict. Words which from another might seem querulous or jealous, the carping of disappointment, are from him but the frank expression of conscientious judgment. The triumph of his own success places him beyond the fear of rivals.

Besides separate sketches of such authors as Balzac, Hugo, Châteaubriand, George Sand, the brothers Goncourt, the letters have born the titles, Our Contemporary Poets, The Novelists of To-Day, Contemporary Drama, Daudet's Nabob, Taine's Last Volume.

The brief space of an article can do them no justice, for a criticism depends for its truth and power as much upon *total* effect as a picture or novel. One needs just as much to feel the atmosphere which no mere extracts can suggest. We shall not even attempt a *résumé* of his philosophic exposition of the theories of his own school. Of course to him his own "brothers-in-arms" are the "kings of romance;" but we turn from their brilliant portraits to names more familiar to most ears, and we choose for our brief extracts rather the bits which will best stand alone, the criticisms which have been most startling, and a few of the direct comments upon

the romantic writers. Besides their own interest, they throw a new light upon Zola himself. They show him not as a cold, unsympathetic outsider, the rude exponent of a protesting reaction. He speaks rather as one who looks back upon the dreams outgrown of childhood. He has breathed that air, he has felt that charm.¹

"I remember my own youth. We were a few young boys in the heart of Provence, in love with nature and poetry. The dramas of Victor Hugo seemed to us like wonderful visions. After the close of school, I remember, ice-cold from the classic tirades we were obliged to learn by heart, we just warmed ourselves by committing whole scenes from *Ernani* and *Ruy Blas*. How often, on the shore of a little stream, after a long bath, we performed among ourselves whole acts! Then we fancied, Ah, if we could only see all that in the theatre! and it seemed to us that the roof rang with the ecstatic applause of the spectators. . . . We remember with what wonderful light shone the verses of Victor Hugo at their first appearance. It was like a new blossoming of our national literature. Lyric poetry was unknown to us. We had only the choruses of Racine and the odes of Rousseau, which now seem to us so cold and stilted. Hence the impression produced on cultivated youth was very deep, and this impression has not yet disappeared. It seems impossible that any new tree should grow in our literary soil within the shadow of the huge oak planted by Victor Hugo. This oak of lyric poetry spreads its branches to all the ends of the earth, covers all the land, fills the sky, and there is not a single poet who would not come to muse beneath and carry away in his ears the song of its birds. They are fated to repeat the music of this all-pervading voice. There is no room for other songs in the air. For the last forty years there is but one poetic language, — the language of Victor Hugo. When any epoch receives so

deep and strong an impression, the next generation must suffer, and must make repeated efforts before it can free itself and attain the possibility of developing freely its own creative power." Yet "only as lyric poet is Victor Hugo absolute king. In drama and romance his influence was never strong, and now is nothing." But here something stays the hand of Zola. It is not only the reverent loyalty which every Frenchman bears in his heart, but it is a closer personal feeling, born of those boyhood dreams, that prompts him. "Obstacles of every kind prevent one's speaking frankly one's thought when frankness would be almost rudeness. Victor Hugo is still living, and surrounded by such an aureole of glory, after so long and brilliant a life as literary king, that the truth spoken in the face of that ancient autocrat would seem almost an insult. True, we are far enough from romanticism now. For the drama, at least, we are posterity, and may pronounce our judgment; but I think respect will close our lips while Victor Hugo is alive and can hear us. . . . They have reproached me personally, that I am an ungrateful son of romanticism. No, I am not at all ungrateful. I know that our elder brothers won a glorious victory, and we are bound by enthusiastic gratitude to Victor Hugo. But it angers me, and I begin to rebel, when partisans wish to bind French literature to romanticism. If you have won freedom, then permit us to use it. Romanticism was nothing else than a rebellion: it remains for us now to use the victory. The movement begun by you is continued by us. Is that wonderful? It is the law of humanity. We borrow your soul, but we do not wish your rhetoric."

Next to Victor Hugo come Musset and Lamartine.

"Alfred de Musset still has worshippers. I speak not of readers, but of followers. . . . Of late, the women and young people have, as it were, discovered the original 'suffered nothing in the double translation. Exact corresponding terms cannot always be found. "Novelist" is not satisfactory for "romancier," etc. It is to be hoped that a French edition will appear before long.

¹ It will be remembered that the text has undergone translation from French into Russian, and thence into English. The faithfulness of the English may be depended upon, but it would be surprising if the force of the figures and the style of

ered him anew. The *Premières Poésies* and the *Poésies Nouvelles* have been sold in great numbers. In the provinces, especially in the very small towns, not a single young woman, not a single youth, is without them. . . . Yet his early followers were few. Victor Hugo, then rising like a giant from his colossal pedestal of the island of Jersey, reigned supreme. Later, the followers of Musset raised their standard against the standard of the followers of Hugo. At the present time the arena is open."

"What surprises me is the oblivion now surrounding all Lamartine. He stood first: when the *Meditations* appeared, it seemed to every one a voice had sounded from heaven. Romantic poetry was popular at that epoch. He was its prophet, its true founder. What ecstasy he awoke! I have only to turn to my own youthful recollections to find the place which Lamartine held in the heart. He was the universal favorite. It was so sweet to dream with him. We were in raptures over Victor Hugo, but we loved Lamartine. For him were all the women, and they admitted him even to the *pension* and the convent. He lay under the pillow, and opened to the purest souls the path of ideal love. His very name, so soft, was like a caress. And what! they have ceased to read this man! . . . I know not if he still keeps the love of young girls in the *pension* and the home, but I suspect he is exiled and gone. He is never mentioned in literary conversations. I do not meet his name once a month in the journals; finally, his works sell very badly. This oblivion is not inexplicable. The poetry of Lamartine was simply and purely music, a melodious phrase. It soothed and charmed. As to its contents, they consisted of lament and of pathetic despair, uttered on the morrow after the great change produced by the Revolution and the wars of the first empire. You feel how much this music must have touched its contemporaries. Times have changed; we have entered the epoch of reality, and it is not surprising that now the indefinite reveries of Lamartine please no one. I am sure, besides, that few

understand him. He is too far from us, too much in a cloud; in a word, he no longer answers to the need of the soul of our time. Hence the silence surrounding his name and his works. . . . He has no successors. There is more talk and more imitation of Racine than of him."

"Alfred de Vigny is surely as forgotten as Lamartine."

"A still more characteristic silence reigns around the name of Beranger. If ever there were a popular poet, it was he. In the time of my youth, in the last days of the reign of Louis Philippe, I remember, his songs were sung everywhere." With the second empire they grew old-fashioned, and are now completely gone. It must be so, since they were written for special time and place. "But what is more surprising is that he has left no followers. In our day, the songs are from the authors of the *vaudevilles*, a wretched set, not even knowing what good spelling is. This explains the indecencies which are sung in the streets. All the stupidity of Paris has found a place in these silly verses."

Théophile Gautier and Charles Baudelaire were "the own sons of the men of 1830."

"Gautier's *Emaux et Camées* are a series of short poems, polished like precious stones, and showing the crystal transparency of agates and amethysts. . . . He died ten years ago, and indifference is already shown toward his books. . . . He had not, I repeat, enough original and strong notes."

"Baudelaire is a very dangerous model. He has even to this time a crowd of imitators. . . . In him one must see romanticism diabolic. Leconte de Lisle turned to stone in the classic pose. To Baudelaire remained the rôle of one possessed with a devil. And he began to seek beauty in evil, and, according to the expression of Hugo, 'revealed a new shiver.' . . . I shall not speak of the affected eccentricities of his life; he became at the final end the victim of his own demoniac possession; he died young, of a nervous disease which deprived him of the memory of words. . . . All this

is the same romanticism, only seasoned with satanic pepper."

The group of young poets of to-day have known the romantic leaders through Gautier and Baudelaire. "They are the grandsons of Hugo and Lamartine. We have reached the third generation. . . . It is self-evident that these young men stand by themselves. Living at an epoch strongly opposed to poetry, which regards them with indifference and ridicule, they were obliged to separate themselves from every one, and to make of poetry an actual religion. . . . They were a band of *illuminati*, recognizing each other by masonic signs." Like the Indian fakirs, the "Parnassiens" (as they were called) shut their eyes, in order not to be confused by the life around them. "So they turned for subjects to mythical times, to the most remote regions. Each of them chose for himself a specialty. Some betook themselves to the Northern regions, some traveled to the East, a few went to Greece; at last, some even preëmpted the stars. Not one at the beginning, apparently, suspected that Paris exists; that in the streets are passing fiacres and omnibuses; that the contemporary world, broad and mighty, is hurrying along the sidewalks with them."

"In poetry no creative talent has appeared since Lamartine, Musset, and Hugo. All our poets, without exception, are inspired by these three predecessors. Apart from them nothing is done. . . . Wherefore it seems to me that the great poet of the future must sweep away all the æsthetics of the present moment. I think that he will be thoroughly of the time; that he will develop the realistic idea in all its purity. He will express our age in a new language, which he himself will create. And without being a prophet, I trust we have not long to wait for him, for the efforts which our young poets are making to leave the worn-out forms prove the profound revolution which is preparing. We see in them the harbingers. It may be the master is in the midst of them, but he is still unknown. Be that as it may, we are ready to receive him with honor."

Zola is more upon his own ground with the novelists than with the poets. Of course, the realists take all the honors; but it is remarkable that from all these pages one cannot infer his own personal career, his own individual work. With all his boldness, there is nothing of aggressive egotism.

"Champfleury is still living, but alas, he is a leader without an army; and saying that he still lives, I ought to add that for literature he is dead, for it is long since he has written a single romance." The realistic movement undertaken by Champfleury in 1848 was the first protest against triumphant romanticism. "Unluckily, Champfleury, in spite of his undoubted talent, was not strong enough to carry the campaign to the end. The movement was destined to fail. It made a stir, but then the public went over to Flaubert and the brothers Goncourt, the true heirs of Balzac. Worse than all, Champfleury himself lost heart, seeing that his readers abandoned him. He ceased to write, and now lingers in veritable literary death, that terrible death — the worst of tortures for an author — of the aged and the forgotten."

Of the group of writers who may be called followers of George Sand and Lamartine, Jules Sandeau is "the veteran. He is one of the two novelists whom the Academy counts. Long since he gave up writing. He has altogether separated himself from active literary life. You meet him sometimes near the Academy, walking slowly, *flânant*, like a good *bourgeois*, with the air of a man not of this world. He is the sort of writer who pleases more than all women and young girls."

"The second novelist-Academician, Octave Feuillet, produced an actual *furor*. Twelve, fifteen years ago, in the full bloom of the empire, his romances reached the thirtieth thousand. He was then the fashionable novelist in the aristocratic world. He was honored at the Tuileries; the empress regarded him with great favor, and consulted him as to the choice of books for reading. . . . All his originality consisted in making

himself the advocate of duty and morality, where De Musset and George Sand defended passion. He was called, maliciously enough and truly enough, 'Le Musset des familles.' Now, it is true, he ventures to show that he does not shrink from hazardous pictures, and he writes books which mothers would not place in the hands of their daughters. But I have my own view about the so-called morality of fashionable novels. I believe that this morality is all woven from immorality, and that nothing can be more hurtful to heart and mind than the hypocritical distortion of truth and the jesuitical treatment of passions restrained by the sense of propriety. . . . Latterly, his success is materially less. France has experienced a shock, the times have changed, and the favorite author of the Empress Eugénie has been thrown off the track. . . . None the less Octave Feuillet remains the stay of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and the sole representative of French romance in it. . . . The *Revue* finds itself in a strange position, not choosing, or not being able, to draw to itself the novelists of the natural school; and in view of the undoubted success of these latter preferring to remain outside the literary movement, and to put forward second and third rate novelists. I venture the comparison. Only the pale setting sun of Octave Feuillet illumines it." . . .

"The Academy counts but two novelists, while there are four dramatists. This is an unfair proportion, for the theatre in our time is absolutely nothing. On the other hand, the romance holds the first place in literature. All the mind of our time is concentrated upon the romance, and this form will remain the characteristic of the literature of the nineteenth century, as tragedy and high comedy characterize the seventeenth. . . . Ought not Flaubert, ought not Edmond de Goncourt, to have been long, long ago Academicians? . . . The Academy will be forever blamed that it did not admit Balzac, and it is preparing to repeat its mistake. Like the *Revue*, it is gradually withdrawing itself from the literary movement. . . . But I fear much

lest on the day when the Academy chooses a novelist, it will choose Cherbuliez, the immediate pupil of George Sand. Cherbuliez is the second stay of the *Revue*, and it is notorious that this journal makes a specialty of manufacturing Academicians. Buloz paid his contributors poorly, but he flattered them with the perspective of an academic fauteuil where they might sit in their old age. Cherbuliez has not produced such a furore as Feuillet, still he is much beloved of ladies. . . . All his heroines are angels going through hell or through purgatory, — ill-fated dames or incomprehensible damsels, whose virtues finally triumph over all. Of course, the intrigue is of the most romantic sort; nature serves only as a background with poetic shadows."

"André Theuriet is the last idealist, and his work is modeled after George Sand; but I gladly forgive him, for the sake of the delicate, graceful fancy of his sketches. Neither he nor Perret have an extensive sale for their books, notwithstanding their connection with the *Revue*. What becomes, then, of the pretensions of the *Revue* that it assures the success of the romances which it prints? The truth is the *Revue* never brings a writer into favor with the public. It is necessary to make conquest of the public itself by one's own talent."

"So the idealists at present have one gentle recruit and two lame generals like Feuillet and Cherbuliez. I do not mention Victor Hugo. One must always make a special place for him. Besides, he does not write romances; he writes poems in prose. His influence counts for nothing in the present movement in literature. So the idealistic romance is crumbling and falling to dust. One can foresee the day when it will die an actual death for want of *romanciers*. I do not see among the rising generation a single writer who is worthy to wear the mantle of George Sand. I see, on the contrary, a whole train of young writers ready to follow in the path marked out by Balzac. For them there is a future, for them life. Not ten years will pass before their position will be clearly defined, and nothing left but to acknowl-

edge the complete success of the naturalistic school."

Of two or three men "somewhat apart from the strife" between the two schools, Zola says, —

"I often think with wonder of Edmond About. As he writes he continually offers the public surprises. We remember his *début* in the bloom of the empire, his first brilliant appearance as a novelist. Without taking breath, one book followed another: Madelon, to me his best work; two fantasies, provoking bitter criticism, *L'Homme à l'Oreille Cassée* and *Le Cas de M. Guérin*; then his endless work in three thick volumes, *La Vieille Roche*, where all his talent somehow evaporated, and only the dregs were left. And at that the matter ended; the romancier in him suddenly died. Since that work, ten years ago, About, it seems, has given nothing to his publisher. He married, grew stout; for some years nothing was heard of him. It might have been thought he was dead. At present he is the chief editor of the *Dix-Neuvième Siècle*, and makes a good deal of money out of it. Sometimes it seems that he wields the gallant pen of the old happy time. . . . Be that as it may, I know no stranger story in our contemporary literature: a man beginning as a writer so brilliantly, whose chief qualities were activity and productiveness, suddenly ceases to write, as if he had said himself out, and had nothing more to say. I have sought an explanation of this fact, and it seems to me the great misfortune of About is that he does not believe in anything, not even in literature. Besides, the political horizon was dark. It was impossible to guess the future. About, with his liberal tendencies, remained the friend of Prince Napoleon on all occasions. In the storm of 1870 he disappeared from the scene. Now he has reappeared as a republican. But if the polemist has risen again, although a little softened and aged, the romancier has gone down in the confusion irretrievably. Upon him may be made up the final judgment. He was above all a story-teller. It was too plain that he himself did not believe in

his heroes; he set them dancing at the end of his pen to amuse others and to amuse himself. You always felt that the author was hidden behind the page, and laughing. This absence of conviction gave great lightness to the work, but it took away from it all depth. The analysis seemed superficial; the work was read lightly and forgotten. About has not left one single type, not one strong and positive page. He was full of ardor. He was a story-teller who, waking once in the morning, set himself to talk and to beguile everybody; afterwards, laying himself down to sleep at evening, he blew out his light forever."

"Madame Thérèse and *Le Conscrit* are pleasant trifles, but nothing more. It was unlucky that Erckmann-Chatrian did not follow the example of About. Unfortunately, success only increased their productiveness." The later work "is all bad, absolutely nothing." "The greater the enthusiasm, the greater the reaction; nobody talks of them now." "The last stir made by them was at the production of *L'Ami Fritz*, at the *Théâtre Français*. I value the piece highly for the realistic note which it has struck in the theatre." In line with them is Jules Verne. "You see his books in the hands of all children, in all family libraries, which explains their large sale. Beyond that they have no significance in contemporary literature. Primers and almanacs are sold in just such immense quantities."

"Gustav Droz was the painter of an artificial society playing at graceful vices, in the same fashion as the eighteenth century played at pastorals. The chief merit of the artist is that he has thrown off silhouettes which certainly will remain as the best data for the study of the society of the second empire. They reproach him for dipping his brush in rice-powder. Doubtless so, but still his right to fame is just this: that he alone has presented the picture of an elegant household in 1867."

The successors of Dumas père and Eugène Sue are the feuilletonists, a class of writers no longer of the first rank, since the naturalistic school will not sub-

mit to the inexorable "To be continued." We have scarcely room for the bare mention of the article on Taine's last volume of *Les Origines*. The purely literary criticism is striking, but it is startling to read the outspoken charge that Taine was so terrified by the Commune that he cannot be just to either the motives or the acts of the men of the Revolution.

We close with one paragraph from the review of the *Nabob*, for the sake of the description of the modern romance: "Evidently the romance with us has entered upon a period of triumph such as it never knew even in the time of Balzac. It may be said that the two

great currents of our age, the scientific research for which Balzac made the beginning, and the artistic rhetoric created by Hugo, have become one. The romantic element has lived its life; history begins. I speak of the universal history of man, of the significant pile of human documents [*sic*] heaped up at the present time in the realistic romance. What a mass of facts, of observations, of documents of every kind, are scattered, for instance, in the *Nabob*; with what strong pulse life beats in them! At the present time the romance has become the instrument of the age, the great investigation of man and of nature."

Clara Barnes Martin.

AMERICANISMS.

VIII.

In continuing the consideration of this subject on the present occasion, and at some time hereafter, I shall be more reserved than I have been heretofore. Venturing to believe that I have established with candid readers sufficient confidence in my knowledge of that as to which I make an assertion to assure me of their considerate reception of what I may say, if not of their acquiescent belief in it, I shall not support my opinions with such an array of examples as I have sometimes before given, except in those cases in which such exemplification seems either to be specially needed, or to be interesting and instructive in itself. I shall also pass over unnoticed, or with mere mention, as in my last article, the numerous array of words and phrases in the Dictionary of Americanisms which are either out of place there obviously, or which belong to categories that have been already sufficiently commented on. Readers who are particularly interested in this subject may find deficiencies in these respects supplied should these ar-

ticles be presented in a separate and more substantial form.

It may be worth while to remark here that there are words and phrases common to England and to the United States which have in both countries two senses, one of which is more frequently used in one than in the other, or which have two senses in one, and but one in the other. Of the latter, the word *clever* is a well-known example. This word, which is of comparatively recent origin, or rather of recent appearance in literature, and of disputed derivation, has been for some generations generally accepted English, but its meaning has not been so long well settled. In the United States it is used in two senses: one implying a compound of good nature and obligingness; the other, to use Richardson's definition, an active, alert, adroit, ready use of means in the power of the user. As the latter is the sense into which its use has settled in England, this *clever* is sometimes called "English clever," the former being, for like reason, designated as "American clever." But in England itself the word was in the last century used with very

various signification, — even to mean handsome, and copious, and satisfactory, and well made, and strong. I believe that I have memorandums of its use even in other senses. As late as 1786 so careful and “classic” a writer as Cooper applies *clever* to lodging-rooms.

“We just now learn that these *clever* apartments cannot be had. The son is to succeed the apprentice in the same chamber.” (Letters, April 3, 1786; works, vol. iii. p. 300, ed. Bohn.)

The so-called “American clever,” which has been for some time passing out of vogue among educated people here, is therefore not so reproachable as it might seem to be: first, because of the until lately unsettled meaning of the word in England and its uncertain etymology, but chiefly because of the very meaning of “American clever.” This is not kind-hearted, but adaptable. An “American clever” man is one who adapts himself easily to the ways and wishes of those around him; he is a man of social tact. The connection of this sense with that of skill and dexterity in the use of means is obvious. But, as I have remarked, this use of the word has been rapidly disappearing during the last twenty-five or thirty years; and now among good speakers and writers it is entirely superseded by that of “English clever.”

Of words which have two clearly distinct senses in both countries, the commonly used, but yet slangish and not very pleasant, *snob* is an example. This word, like *swell*, in the sense of distinguished, elegant, imposing, has not yet, I believe, been admitted into any dictionary of the English language; and yet both are in constant use among all sorts of people in both countries, *swell* being even much more frequently heard in England than here in the very best society. One of the most fastidiously correct English gentlemen that I met in England said to me, “Oh, it’s no use any man’s trying to be a swell in London; for however big a swell he may be, the

Duke of Westminster is a bigger swell than he.” Another of the same sort said of a distinguished barrister who had already achieved a title, “He’s sure to be a swell.” It is thus used by ladies of the highest rank and breeding, and pervades the “polite literature” of the day.

To return to our unpleasant *snob*. It first appears, I believe, in Grose’s Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue, 1785 (of which, O book-hunting reader, I possess an original copy of the first, unexpurgated, edition), in which it is defined as “a nickname for a shoemaker.” In the Modern Flash Dictionary, a tiny volume published in 1825, and intended for the waistcoat pocket of the “bucks” of George IV.’s day, it does not appear; nor in my own copy, which was interleaved by some curious gentleman of that time for the addition in manuscript of some two hundred slang and cant phrases then prevalent, is the omission supplied. In this little glossary *swell*, which is not found in Grose, appears, and is defined as “a genteel dressed man.”¹ *Snob* crept gradually into vogue in England among the gentry as a recognized, but permitted, slang word for a low-born, vulgar, “base mechanical” person. This sense it retained, exclusively I believe, until the appearance in Punch of Thackeray’s Snob Papers, before which time it was not used and was almost unknown in this country. In those humorous and savagely satirical papers Thackeray applied the word to all vulgarly pretentious persons, however high their rank or large their wealth; and this sort of snob, he said, was scattered freely through all classes of society in all countries. “There are snobs in China,” he remarked. Had he seen Dickens’s book-plate with its crest, knowing Dickens’s origin and early habits of life, he would have called that snobbish. In this sense the word came rapidly into vogue in the United States. Here it has, in New York at least, been sub-

¹ Strangely enough, in this little flash dictionary there appears an early example of the phraseology *is being* which made a timid and almost solitary appearance, as Dr. Hall has shown, in the last years of

the last century, and which, although becoming common, is not yet established. We are told that to be “‘In Tow Street’ is said of a person who is *being* decoyed or wrongly persuaded by another.”

jected to yet another modification in certain circles, where it is used to mean a person who somewhat pretentiously affects the society of persons of condition and wealth. But in England, particularly among the aristocracy, it still retains something of its ante-Thackerayan meaning. I heard an American gentleman say jocosely of himself to a peeress, "I'm a snob." She looked at him in amazement, and replied, "You've a very happy faculty of concealing it, then." I understood him at once as meaning jestingly that, although a republican, he was exclusive in his social tastes; she regarded it as an incomprehensible admission that he was of low origin and habits of life. This word, by the change in its meaning, and by its elevation into vogue among the best speakers, is an example of the power which a writer of genius may exert in language; and it is also a witness of the variation in significance given to one word by the structure of the society in which it is used.

Let us now turn to the pages of the so-called Dictionary of Americanisms, after the H division, through which we glanced together two months ago.

I remark upon the first item under I, *I dad*, only to say that it is one of those whimsical euphemisms for "By G——" which are common to both countries among speakers in corresponding conditions of life, and which have been so for generations; and I will say at once that of the fifty-three words and phrases presented under this letter in the third edition of the Dictionary, I find that thirty-three have no proper place there, for reasons already assigned, which apply to all words of their respective classes, and that none of the thirty-three are of importance enough to require special comment. This is a large proportion, indeed, of such material, but it is not in excess of its kind throughout the interesting and amusing collection.

Ill, we are told, is common in Texas in the sense of vicious, a "strange application." It is not so common out of Texas as it once was, but it is not strange there, or anywhere. It has been used

in England to mean vicious in connection with man, beast, and intentions for centuries. Thus, in the old ballad of *The Widow of Watling Street*, we have it applied to the first and to the last:—

"For by his dayly practices,
Which were both lewd and ill,
His fathers heart from him was drawne,
His love and his good will.

"And when her husband fell full sick
And went to make his will,—
O husband, remember your sonne, she said,
Although he hath beene ill."

(St. i., iii.)

Illy is not an English word; and I remark upon it merely with the purpose of saying so, having, to my surprise, received inquiries upon the subject. Its use is entirely unjustifiable; but I have a score of examples at hand from the books of British writers, past and present.

Immediately, in the sense of as soon as, is not only not an Americanism, but is one of the distinguishing marks of second and third rate British writers and speakers. Rife in England for the last half century, at least, it is almost unknown in the United States.

Improve. This word and its derivative, *improvement*, are in certain senses set forth as Americanisms with such elaborateness and with such pomp of authority, and the imputation has such strong support in the absence of these senses from the definitions given in any English dictionary, that they merit unusual consideration. The first of these senses is "to render more valuable by additions, as houses, barns, or fences, on a farm." This, Pickering is cited as declaring (in 1816) to be in common use in all parts of New England. He might have said the same of all parts of Old England; witness, first, Goldsmith:—

"*Miss Neville*. It's a good creature at bottom, and I'm sure would wish to see me married to anybody but himself. But my aunt's bell rings for our afternoon's walk around the improvements." (*She Stoops to Conquer*, Act I., Sc. 1.)

But more than a hundred years before the most charming social comedy in the language was written, one signing himself J. M. S.— letters now generally be-

lieved to stand for John Milton, student — wrote thus in the noblest tribute ever paid to Shakespeare's genius: —

"This and much more that cannot be express
But by himself, his tongue and his own brest,
Was Shakespeare's *freehold*, which his cunning
 braine
Improv'd, by favour of the nine-fold traine."
(On Worthy Master Shakespeare and his Poems,
ed. fol. 1632.)

As to the use in the present day of the derivative *improvements* in this sense of valuable additions to property, it is too common to need setting forth by example. But I remember a whimsical use of it by Richardson in his *Pamela*. His heroine, not very long after her marriage, is manifestly promising to make a valuable addition to her husband's family, and her sister-in-law slyly calls this her "improvements." I make the citation from memory, the book not being within my reach.¹

The next use of the word, which we are told is peculiarly American, is that in the sense to occupy, to make use of, to employ. But this is no less a long and well established English use of it, as every one of us should know untold, remembering our old humdrum friend the little busy bee, who "*improves* each shining hour by gathering honey all the day from every opening flower." And see moreover the following passages: —

"We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and you know his means,
If he *improve* them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all."
(Shakespeare, *Julius Caesar*, Act II., Sc. i.)

In the passage next quoted the writer refers to the Puritan emigration to New England: —

"There is a holy people that intend
To sell intire estates, and to remove
Their faithfull households thither, to *improve*
Their bettered fortunes."
(Quarles, *Shepherd's Oracles*, page 85, ed. 1646.)

"I humbly conceive you will give me leave to insist upon this [allegation], and how I may *improve* it for my defense." (Colonel Axtell in *Trial of the Regicides*, London, 1660, page 204.)

¹ This indeed — the absence of the book — is true with regard to almost all my illustrative quotations in these articles. The passages are mostly written on the margins of my "Bartlett," or on slips of paper laid between its leaves. But although I have not

"Phyllis, for shame, let us *improve*,
A thousand different ways,
Those few short moments snatched by love
From many tedious days."
(Earl of Dorset. *Park's Brit. Poets*, vol. ii. p. 111.)

"Methinks I begin to wish myself an ass, too, that we might *improve* good fellowship, and dine together." (*Durfev, Don Quixote*, Act I., Sc. 1, page 10, ed. 1729.)

"So drest, 'tis said the fair Semiramis
Embrac'd her lover and *improv'd* the bliss."
(Mrs. Aphra Behn, *Miscellany Poems*, Lond. 1688, page 285.)

... "and cheerful health
His dutious handmaid through the air, *improv'd*
With lavish hand, diffuses scent ambrosial."
(Prior, *Hymn Callimachus*.)

"But Mr. Wilkes thought his performance, although not perfect, at least worthy of some reward, and therefore offered him a benefit. This favour he *improved* with so much diligence that the house afforded him," etc. (*Dr. Johnson, Life of Savage*, page 17, ed. 1744.)

The next use of the word which is solemnly set forth as an Americanism, that of "improving the occasion," by preachers and by moralists and the like, is one which has perhaps been regarded as more absolutely "American" than any other, and, indeed, as being a product of New England Puritanism; how erroneously the following passages will show: —

"And now I descend to the *improvement* of what I have said; and the things I have to add will be comprehended under these two generals." (*Glanvil, The Way of Happiness*, ed. 1677, page 100.)

"But I leave the reader to *improve* these thoughts," etc. (*Defoe, Moll Flanders*, page 277, ed. Bohn.)

— "because all such things are dispatch'd, that the *Improvement* of it, as well to the diversion as to the Instruction of the Reader will be the same." (*Defoe, Preface to Robinson Crusoe*.)

"By this [cutting out the moral] they leave the work naked of its brightest ornaments; . . . they take from it the *Improvement* which alone recommends that

seen the books themselves for many years, and of course cannot hunt them up, — and I should not if I could, — I am quite sure that my readers may rely upon the accuracy of my references.

invention to wise and good men." (The same.)

"This Sentence [that is, proverb] is very full, and capable of variety of *improvement* according to the sense we take it in." (Palmer, Moral Essays on Proverbs, page 51, ed. 1710.)

"These subtle questions had most assuredly been prepared by the fathers and schoolmen; but the final *improvement* and popular use may be attributed to the first reformers, who enforced them as the absolute and essential terms of salvation." (Gibbon, Decline and Fall, etc., chap. liv. vol. x. p. 190, ed. Edin. 1832.)

It may be just worth while to add the following examples from British publications of the day, in the first of which the word is applied to a physical improvement of an occasion:—

"A neighboring pump, pool, or gutter was generally the instrument of the punishment. But in Hyde Park the occasion was *improved* by the Serpentine," etc. (Larwood, Story of the London Parks, vol. i. p. 183, Lond.)

"We read in the memoir of the Rev. W. Bull, a noted non-conformist who 'had a great aptitude for *improving* passing events,' that he *improved* in this spirit the burning down of Haymarket Theatre, in which fifteen or sixteen persons lost their lives." (Saturday Review, December 28, 1878, page 813.)

There are two other uses of *improve* which are rare, and I know no dictionary, even Stormonth's, in which both are set forth.¹ The first is, to augment for the worse; thus:—

"The croaking toad and bat, in om'ous squalls,
Improve the horror of these desert walls."
(Ozell, The Lutrin, canto iii., ed. 1714.)

"This ill principle, which being thus habitually *improved*, and from personal corruptions spreading into personal and national, is the cause," etc. (South, Sermons, v. 17.)

¹ I take this opportunity of saying that I shall serve some of my correspondents by adding to my recommendation of Stormonth's dictionary a like opinion of his Handy English Word-Book. It contains so much and so conveniently arranged information in regard to spelling, derived and inflected words, poetical accent, punctuation, foreign phrases,

The other sense referred to above is one in which the word is rarely used of late years: it is that of disproving, censuring, rejecting. Thus:—

"And now, since I can prove this sense false by Scripture and St. Austin (for Scripture saith that the sphere is fastened, Heb. viii., and St. Austin expounding that text *improveth* the astronomers which affirm that it moveth) since, I say, this cause is proved false by Scripture," etc. (John Frith, The Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ, 1533, page 404, ed. Lond. 1829.)

—"which though I have done somewhat briefly, yet could I not choose but rehearse it, for the judgement of them who when they had *improved* and disallowed my sayings, yet incontinent, hearing the cardinal allow them, did themselves also *approve* the same." (Utopia, Tr. Rafe Robinson, 1551, vol. i. p. 98, ed. Dibdin, 1808.)

—"the whiche truly are not of anye prudent person to be rejected, *improved*, or disprayed." (Raynald's Birthe of Mankynde, ed. 1565, fol. B. iii.)

—"that would (without all good reason) blame and *improve* the same, uneth [that is, hardly, or before] yet seen." (The same, fol. B. v.)

The omission by all the English dictionary makers of any recognition of this word in the first three of the senses illustrated above, the stigmatizing it as an Americanism by others than Mr. Bartlett, and the fact that there is no English dictionary which gives it in both the two senses illustrated by the subsequent examples, unite to show in a very marked manner how vain it is to put trust in dictionaries, or to go to them, even the best of them, as "authorities."

In. We are told, on the authority of Mr. Coleman and Mr. Pickering, that "we" misuse *in* and *into* by confounding them. Doubtless some of us do so,

prefixes and postfixes, that with it and the dictionary at hand the intelligent reader of modern English literature is fully equipped, and needs no other book on the English language, unless he intends entering upon a more or less critical study of it.

as doubtless some of us, like some of our blood and tongue in Great Britain, make other mistakes in the use of words. The confusion of *in* and *into* is neither new nor peculiar to "Americans;" nor is it hard to find in the pages of English writers of high repute.

"A gentle squire would gladly entertain
Into [in] his house some tender chappeline."
(Bishop Hall, Satires, 1598, Book II., 6th ed. 1824.)

"When the same Richard had fortunately taken in a skirmish Philip, the martial Bishop of Beaunoy, a deadly enemy of his, he cast him in [into] prison, with bolts upon his heels." (Camden's Remains, ed. 1623, page 231.)

"Coffedro then with Teedrum, and the band
Who carried scalding liquors in their hand,
Throw watery ammunition in [into] their eyes,
On which Syrena's party frightened flies."
(William King, The Furmetary, 1699, canto iii.)

—"he [Mrs. Grantley speaks] could not be allowed again *into* [in] my drawing-room." (Trollope, Small House at Allington, vol. iii. p. 14.)

"By the side of every church and school where the exotic tongue was fostered a Dissenting chapel would rise up. The matter, in short, would be taken *in* [into] their own hands." (Latham, The Nationalities of Europe, ii. 465.)

Thus by examples extending through three centuries, and which are furnished by writers of highest repute each in his own time, one of them being a distinguished philologist of the present day, we see that this slip implies neither Americanism nor lack of acquaintance with the language. Indeed, although such mistakes are none the less mistakes, and to be avoided, there is nothing pettier in literature than the pecking at such little flaws in a man's writing, nothing narrower in criticism than the making correctness on such points a criterion of style. Men may be great masters of English and yet fall into errors of this kind; and those who are without sin in this respect are generally those whose English no one cares to read. Shakespeare, Bunyan, Swift, Sterne, Walter Scott, and Byron are examples conspicuous among the many that might be cited in support of the former assertion: Burke, Goldsmith, and Macaulay

are equally conspicuous among the few that might be arrayed against the latter. It is remarkable that of the three greatest masters of modern English one was of Scotch descent, and two were born, bred, and educated in Ireland.

We next have no less than twenty-four phrases or compound words of which *Indian* forms one part. Even *Indian* itself is included, with the information that it is the name improperly given by early navigators to the aborigines of America. Yes; but it was not given by "Americans,"—whatever they may be,—but by Europeans, Englishmen among others, and it was in use among them long before there were any so-called "Americans" to make "Americanisms." It will hardly be believed by those who have not examined the Dictionary that *Indian Pudding* appears among the twenty-four. Now Indian pudding is an American *thing*; but its name is not an Americanism of the English language. But even as to things supposed to be peculiarly American there is no little error, as I have heretofore pointed out,¹ and the appearance of *Indian pudding* in Mr. Bartlett's dictionary reminds me that one of the things generally supposed to be of American and of peculiarly New England origin is not so: this is nothing less than pumpkin pie. The housewives of New England brought the knowledge of pumpkin pie with them from the old home. Here is a receipt for making it, from a "cook-book" published in London more than two hundred years ago:—

TO MAKE A PUMPKION PYE.

"Take about halfe a pound of Pumpion and slice it, a handfull of Time, a little Rosemary, Parsley and sweet Marjoram slipped off the stalks, and chop them smal; then take Cinnamon, Nutmeg, Pepper, and six Cloves and beat them; take ten Eggs and beat them; then mix them and beat them Altogether, and put in as much Sugar as you think fit; then fry them like a froiz; after it is fried let it stand till it be cold; then fill your pye; take sliced Apples thin round wayes and lay a row of

¹ Galaxy, September, 1877.

the Froize and layer of Apples with currants betwixt the layer while your Pye is fitted, and put in a good deal of sweet butter before you close it; when the pye is baked take six yelks of Eggs, some white wine or Vergis, and make a Caudle of this, but not too thick; cut up the lid and put it in; stir them well together whilst the Eggs and pumpions be not perceived, and so serve it up." (The Compleat Cook, Lond. 1655, page 14.)

I shall remark first upon the use of *whilst* in the last clause of this receipt. It means until, and it is a very good example of this once common but now obsolete use of the word. The receipt is very much more complicated than that according to which pumpkin pies have been made in New England, and among New England folk, since the publication of *The Compleat Cook*. But this was inevitable, for two reasons: first, it was impossible for our good foremothers in New England, for the first generation or two, to make their pumpkin pie in the luxurious style which is set forth in *The Compleat Cook*, and in which many, at least of the first generation, of them had eaten it in England. Rosemary, marjoram, cinnamon, nutmeg, pepper, cloves, currants, sugar, white wine, and verjuice were not to be had even by the richest of them. They therefore made the best imitation they could of the old English pumpkin pie with pumpkin and milk and eggs and ginger and molasses. But the difference is all in detail, and the substance of the pie in both cases is the same. It is a custard of pumpkin and eggs, stirred well together "whilst the eggs and pumpions be not perceived," — a rule, by the way, which some slovenly modern cooks do not righteously follow, with consequence of lumps of unmitigated pumpkin which *be* perceived, to the great disgust and discomfiture of the true and thoroughbred Yankee lover of this homely dainty. The other reason for the difference in the making of the pies in the Old England and the New is the great change which has come over the whole system of cookery during the last two centuries, — a change which corresponds to one that has taken

place in the preparation of medicine. This change is from complex and heterogeneous to comparatively simple compounds. The difference between the English pumpkin pie of *The Compleat Cook* and that now eaten in New England is not greater than that which exists between almost any dish or sauce described in the former and its modern representative in England to-day. Those who have not had opportunities of learning it do not know, and could hardly imagine, what complicated messes the food and the medicine of our forefathers were. It seems to have been thought that the more the ingredients of which they were composed the better they would be for the palate or the bowels, for pleasure or purgation. The medicines which were forced down the throats of delicate women at times when they needed the tenderest treatment were loathsome compounds of unutterable abominations. This was partly the consequence of the religious teaching of the time, which inculcated that all improvement must come through suffering; and therefore nastiness was regarded as of virtue in medicine, in which nicety was looked upon with suspicion. The proposition to cure by pleasant means would have cast suspicion upon a physician's godliness and have been regarded as a snare of the devil.

As to food, good meat was spoiled by heterogeneous dressings and sauces, and farcings of spices and what not; confections were of such intricate structure that they were, some of them, well called subtleties. Drink was in a like manner muddled by a multitudinous compounding. Mixed drinks are no American invention, but the contrary. I could fill a column of *The Atlantic* with the names of the mixed drinks that were in vogue in England before the remarkable emigration which settled the fate and the language of this country between 1620 and 1645. They spoiled good ale and good wine by making messes with it, spicing it, or at least stirring it up with some aromatic herb. One of Falstaff's few virtues was somewhat peculiar to him, — he liked his sack "simple, of

itself." And this reminds me that his friend, Justice Shallow, whom he used so selfishly and described with such pitiless humor that the world has laughed at him ever since, and will laugh *seculum sæculorum*, gives us the origin of caraway seeds in New England apple pies. He invites Falstaff to an arbor in his orchard where he says, "We will eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting with a dish of caraways, and so forth." They could not eat even such a good creature as a pippin apple simple, of itself, but must have a dish of caraway seeds to eat with it, as a kind of native spicing. Hence, we may be sure, the caraway seeds in New England apple pies; and likely enough in those of Old England, too; but as to that I cannot say, for I did not eat fruit pie in England, nor do I remember being asked to eat of one.

Institution, we are told, is not only an Americanism, but "a flash word of recent introduction, as applied to any prevalent practice or thing." I am sure that "recent" here does not mean a hundred years ago, at about which period the following passage was written:—

"After evening service, during the summer months, his lordship [Bishop Porteous] a catechetical lecture addressed to the children. . . . This *institution* of his lordship's I greatly admire." (Dr. Beatty to Sir William Forbes, 1784, *Elegant Epistles*.)

The word is used in this sense freely in the best society of England, although it has appeared very rarely in literature until of late, when we constantly meet it in the best quarters. Thus:—

—"and the Caesar is established as an *institution* at Rome." (Heraud's Shakespeare's Inner Life, page 374.)

"The croquet implements have been removed permanently down to the Small

¹ It will be seen that the passage quoted above contains an example of *since* in the sense of *ago*,—"long since;" and among my Defoe memorandums I find the following:—

"Well, however, being unconcerned whether she kept her word or no, I began by telling her that I had *long since* obtained the second sight." (History of the Devil, Part II., chap. vii. p. 504, ed. Bohn.)

And yet editors will allow men to take me publicly to task for the use of this phrase, on the

House, and croquet there has become quite an *institution*." (Trollope, Small House at Allington, vol. i. chap. ii.)

"His linen had vanished. Now this was paralysis; for the night-gown is a recent *institution*." (Charles Reade, The Cloister and the Hearth, chap. xxxiv.)

"The Post Office Directory has long become one of the most valuable of London *institutions*." (London Spectator, December 18, 1864, page 511.)

Interview appears in the fourth edition of the Dictionary as an Americanism, in the sense "to obtain information by questioning." As to the practice of interviewing in this sense, I am sorry to confess that I believe it is an "institution" which originated in the United States, and which has hitherto been confined there. But the word as a verb, in my opinion, is a perfectly legitimate one, as I have had occasion to say before; and I cannot believe that it is of American origin, although in none of the great dictionaries of the language, British or American, does it appear. But here is an example of the verb *to interview*, although not with the modern meaning, from an Elizabethan dramatist:—

"This honest knave is called Innocence. Ist not a good name for a chamberlaine. He dwelt at Dunstable not long since, and hath brought me and the two Butcher's daughters there *to interview* twenty times." ¹ (Dekker, Northward Hoe, Act I., Sc. 1.)

I find that I have passed by *inaugurate* in the sense of begin, which appears in the fourth edition of the Dictionary. I am glad to have the support of Mr. Bartlett in my opinion of the incorrectness and bad taste of this use of the word; but I cannot agree with him in his remark that "good writers never use it as *we* now do." I could produce

ground not only of its incorrectness, but because it came up among Scotch writers some fifty years ago!

I find also in Dekker the following instance of the use of that Americanism *ho* as a noun:—

"Si. Methinks you should have women here as well as men.

"Tow. O I, a plague on 'em, ther's no *ho* with 'em, they're madder than March hares." (The Honest Whore, Sc. xiii.)

a score of instances of its use in this offensive way by English writers of respectable position; but I must save room and time.

The list under the letter J in the Dictionary is comparatively a short one; and it gives occasion for no remark other than that every word in it might properly be omitted from a collection such as this professes to be. One word which does not appear might well have had a place, because of a slight but interesting peculiarity in its spelling, and because of its ambiguous position in the English vocabulary. I mean *jewelry*. The word is not in Johnson's dictionary, or in Latham's Johnson. The earliest example of its use yet presented by any dictionary maker or writer upon the English language is from Burke, in his speech at the trial of Warren Hastings, in 1788. Yet the word was used by Beaumont and Fletcher in *The Faithful Friends*, Act IV., Sc. 4, as well as by an earlier writer, as I shall show. It is spelled in two ways, *jewellery* and *jewelry*, the former of which is called the English way, and, according to my observation, is the one invariably found in English books printed since the time of Burke; the latter is called the American way. But the difference is not mere fashion; it has a meaning. Indeed *jewellery* and *jewelry* may be regarded as two words. The former is formed upon *jeweller*, and means the wares of the jeweller, like *potter-y* from *potter*, *haberdasher-y* from *haberdasher*, *cutler-y* from *cutler*, and *mercier-y* from *mercier*. The latter is formed upon *jewel* like *armor-(r)y* from *armor*, *orange-ry* from *orange*, *spice-ry* from *spice*, and *butter-(r)y* from *butter*, and means first the place where jewels are kept, and hence (by figure of speech, the containing being put for the contained), the contents of a jewelry, that is, a collection of jewels; and then, jewels in general. This I am able to prove by the following example of the use of the word at a date two centuries earlier than that known to the dictionary makers, and to those who undertook to canvass my comments on this word in *Words and Their Uses*:—

"Out of my Treasury chuse the [thy] choyse of gold
Till thou finde some matching thy hayre in brightness;
But that will never be; so chuse thou ever.
Out of my Jewelye chuse thy choyse of Diamondes
Till thou find some as brightsome as thy eyes;
But that will never be, so chuse thou ever."
(Chapman, *Blynde Beggar* of Alexandria, produced 1595, published 1598.)

That the word is formed upon *jewel*, and means a jewelry, is shown less by its spelling than by the antithesis "out of my treasury," "out of my jewelry:" treasury, a place where treasure is kept; jewelry, a place where jewels are kept. This derivation and this meaning are supported by the contemporary definitions; first, by Florin, 1598, of *giveria* as "a jewel-house;" next, by Minshen, 1599 (*Dialogues in Spanish and English*), of *joyeria* as "a place where they sell jewels." *Jewelry*, the so-called American spelling, seems therefore to be the correct form of the word, both historically and with regard to its proper signification.

It is somewhat from my present purpose, but the mention of this early and unnoticed use of *jewelry*, probably its first appearance in English literature, reminds me of a like observation I have made as to the word *club*, in the sense of an association or habitual gathering of gentlemen. This word, the origin of which is undiscovered, came into vogue in the days and among the wits of Queen Anne. The earliest instance of its use hitherto known is Dryden's, in the Epistle to the Whigs, prefixed to his satire *The Medal*; and it has been supposed that the word came up about the time of the political schemes against which that satire was directed. I am able, however, to show that it was well known at least a quarter of a century before that day. Dryden's *Medal* was written and published in 1682. Now in 1660 one Clement Ellis published a book called *The Gentile Sinner*, the title having nothing to do with Gentiles as distinguished from Jews, but meaning merely the *genteel* sinner, having then in most English words the sound that we now give to *e*. The book is simply a prose satire upon

the ruffling gallant of the time, although it was written before the Restoration. In this book is the following passage: —

“For mine own part it hath very rarely been my Fortune to meet with a *Club of Gentlemen*; but as often as I have, I have been frightened out of it again or have good cause to repent me afterwards, that I was not so, by that wild kind of behaviour, and looseness of talk I heard or saw amongst them.” (Lec. IV., § 2.)

Clement Ellis when he wrote this was Fellow of Queen’s College, Oxford, and he, a man of mature years, and in this position, uses the word *club* as a matter of course, and mentions it as something remarkable that he has met with (that is, been at the meeting of) one but rarely. Plainly, therefore, *club* was used as Dryden used, and much as we use it, a considerable time before the Restoration. This use of it is probably of cavalier origin, and dates back to the days of the great civil war.

Under the letter K the first word (if word it may be called) that draws my attention is *kerchug*, which we are told means the noise made by popping into the water, and a little further on we have *kelumpus*, *keslosh*, *kesouse*, and *keswollop*, all with similar meanings; and we even have *to kesouse*, that the verb form may not be wanting! This is amazing. It only provokes a smile to see these childish imitative sounds gravely set forth as Americanisms of the English language. True, there is the *βερεκεκεξ-κοαξ-κοαξ* of Aristophanes, but *brekekekex-koax-koax* is not a Greek word, and no one would dream of so calling it. Still less would it be regarded as a solecism or a barbarism in the Greek language.

Keep. Under this word, simply or compounded, there is strange misrepresentation which seems to be the result of misapprehension. *Keep* as a noun, in the sense of maintenance, I feel sure that I have met with in the works of good English writers; but I shall not make the assertion positively, because I have not at hand and cannot remember any example of its use in that sense. But in any case (the verb *keep*, meaning to maintain, to support), the use of *keep*

as a noun in the sense of maintenance, support, is perfectly normal English. In the phrases, “Where do you keep?” “I keep in — street,” *keep* is not an abbreviation of “keep shop.” *Keep* is and has for centuries been used in England to mean live, dwell. And so *keeping room*, meaning the common sitting room of a family, is no Americanism either in origin or by peculiar usage. It is common in various parts of England, notably so in Cambridge, where it is constantly heard among the undergraduates and the Fellows. The appearance of the phrase *to keep company* among Americans is one of the many surprises in this volume. No expression is more thoroughly English, or oftener heard from the lips of English people of humble condition. It even finds a place in Latham’s dictionary, from which I borrow the following instance of its use in literary criticism: —

“A virtuous woman is obliged not only to avoid immodesty, but the appearance of it; and she could not approve of a young woman[’s] *keeping company* with men without the permission of father or mother.” (Broome, Notes on the Odyssey.)

Kink. It is only to keep before my readers the unaccountable system upon which the Dictionary of Americanisms seems to have been formed that I take notice of this word, which appears in every English dictionary in the sense in which it is here set forth as an Americanism; which meaning is that given to it by Falconer in his Nautical Dictionary: “*Kink*, a twist or turn in any cable or other rope occasioned by its being very stiff or close laid,” etc. Its figurative use to mean a powerful notion, a crotchet, is of course open to any English-speaking person, and is often heard in England. And as a rope may be kinky, so also may a wire be, or a hair.

Knock down is — of all phrases! — set forth as an Americanism in meaning to end the bidding and assign a lot at auction by a blow on the counter. It is as common in England as auctions themselves. We shall next have *town-crier* set down as an Americanism. One slang,

or rather cant, sense of the phrase *knock down*, that of extorting money in some way or other, — as, He knocked down all those men five dollars apiece, — I have heard spoken of as an Americanism, but I doubt very much that it is so. *Strike*, which, with a like legitimate meaning, is very often used instead of it (I heard one man say of another, “He went about *striking* all the Broadway stores, and made a pile”), is, I know, very old English cant. For example: —

“To borrow money is called *striking*, but the blow can hardly or never be recovered.” (Essays and Characters of a Prison and Prisoners, by Geffray Mynshull of Grayes Inn, Gent., 1618. Of a Prison, 28.)

Knock-kneed. This compound word is solemnly defined, and a passage from Irving’s *Knickerbocker* is quoted in illustration of its Americanism. The remark is added that “this is doubtless an English expression, although it is not in the dictionaries.” But neither are *brown-haired*, *gimlet-eyed*, *flop-eared*, *blubber-lipped*, *scrag-necked*, *long-eared*, or *mutton-headed* in the dictionaries. Such compound words are made at will, they need no definition, and they ought not to be in dictionaries. As to the English use of *knock-kneed*, it so happened that the knees of the genuine Sir Roger Tichborne were affectionately inclined toward each other; and hence see the evidence given in the trial by witnesses of all classes: —

“He was inclined to be *knock-kneed* with his left leg.” (Tichborne Trial, Evidence of Serg. Dunn.)

“He was a slight young man, so awkward in his walk that I could recognize him across the barrack yard. He was *knock-kneed*, more in one leg than in the other.” (The same, Evidence of Serg. Quinn.)

“He was slightly in-kneed. He walked as if *knock-kneed*, the right leg being loose.” (Charge of Chief-Justice in Tichborne Trial, Evidence of Mr. Page.)

— “he always struck her as being *knock-kneed*.” (The same, Evidence of Mrs. Towneley, Sir Roger’s cousin.)

“Roger was not in-kneed, but he had rather the appearance of being *knock-kneed*, because he turned out his toes.” (The same, Evidence of Lord Bellew.)

We shall next have *long-shanked* set down as an Americanism, notwithstanding the name given to the first Norman Edward by his English subjects more than six hundred years ago; for do we not find *kit*, meaning a man’s baggage, here? — and an officer’s *kit* is a British army phrase generations old. Indeed, as to the items under K, it is only to be remarked that not one of them is a true Americanism, or has any claim whatever to a place in such a dictionary.

And now I must for a time turn away from Americanisms; not for the lack of material, or of evidence of interest on the part of my readers, but simply because other matters claim my attention. When I return to this I shall show as to the remaining part of the vocabulary of so-called Americanisms that it is even more thoroughly English than that which I have passed under view.

Dropping thus temporarily a subject upon which I am favored with many letters, I add a few words, which, being purely personal to myself, may of course be passed over entirely by most of my readers. Many of my correspondents are in the habit of putting before or after my name certain letters or abbreviated words, with more or less complimentary intention. To these I would say, with thanks, that the additions in question are superfluous. I am not a doctor of laws, a reverend, a professor (of anything, even of religion); not having been elected to serve my party (because I have none) in any capacity, I have no claim to the title of honorable; nay, verily, I am not even a colonel. I have been addressed by all these titles, by some of them frequently, and I have had opportunities offered me of bearing them each and all. But, not unwillingly, I have hitherto escaped all manner of titling, and, except my university degree and my place at the bar, I remain what I became on the day when I was first carried out of the nursery, — plain

Richard Grant White.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

SINCE the readers of magazines and newspapers appear to take an especially kindly interest just now in the fortunes of literary men, and as my own have not been entirely uneventful, it has struck me that if, following the example of a recent writer in *The Atlantic Monthly*, I put some of my experiences into a narrative form, the editor may think it worth his while to print them.

I may as well say at starting that I belong to the old country, and that at this present writing I am living and following my calling on the continent of Europe. I was not educated for a literary career, nor did I adopt that career until somewhat late in life. Nevertheless, from my youth upwards I have had what are called literary aspirations, and before I was twenty I wrote many articles for an English country newspaper, and got thereby a considerable insight into the nature of newspaper work. This was all for love, however. Yet I had my reward: the sight of myself in print and the proud consciousness that my "leaders" formed a regular topic of discussion in the bar-parlor of the Brown Cow were more to me than many guineas. Alas for the innocent vanity of those vanished days! This vernal pleasure was not of long duration. Circumstances that I was unable to resist forced me into ways of life for which I was ill fitted, and with which the pursuit of literature was altogether incompatible. For years the only writing I did was the writing of commercial letters, and the only articles which I had to offer were articles of trade. At length good fortune, rather than my own efforts, released me from this thralldom, and I was free to attempt the climbing of Parnassus. I resolved first of all to make myself a journalist. But how? When I looked over the advertisements in the *Athenæum* and saw how many clever fellows, — men who could write anything at a moment's notice, from a "five-line paragraph" to

a three-volume novel, — verbatim reporters, brilliant leader writers, accomplished critics, university graduates with a knowledge of all the modern languages, and other phenomenal creatures, were offering their services for next to nothing, my heart sank within me, and I had serious thoughts of turning my attention to something else. But I did not, and after giving the matter due consideration I decided to go abroad, study foreign languages, and otherwise prepare myself for the calling which I had chosen. This I did, and besides studying assiduously, especially the German language and literature, I read the newspapers and kept my eyes open.

One day an event occurred that gave me an opportunity for which I had been long watching. An Englishman, quite innocent of offense, fell into the hands of the police of the city in which I was living, and was brutally maltreated. I wrote an account of the affair and sent it to an English paper. My letter had a great success; it was quoted far and wide. I followed it up with others, and so became an acknowledged and paid correspondent of the paper in question. The pay was a guinea a column, but as the columns were short and narrow and the type large, this rate of remuneration was better than it looked. My chief difficulty consisted in finding subjects to write about, for the editor insisted on news, and news in a second-rate Continental city is rather a scarce commodity; it is not every day that a stupid, if well-meaning Briton gets himself handcuffed and locked up by the cock-hatted myrmidons of a foreign despot. However, I went on writing; when I could not make a "newsy" letter I wrote a sketchy one. I wrote very carefully, generally going over the ground twice, and never minding whether my articles were accepted or not. Perhaps this was one of the reasons why, after our connection had lasted a few months, the

editor offered me a permanent place at head-quarters. I accepted it; less on account of the salary, which was ridiculously small, than that it afforded me the long-desired chance of becoming a professional journalist. My duties in my new situation were rather multifarious than arduous: I did translations; wrote reviews, leading articles, and even musical critiques, for which last my qualifications were an indifferent ear and a profound ignorance of music. I presume I gave satisfaction, since after a short probation my pay was increased to thirty dollars a week, and I began to flatter myself that I was on the tide that leads to fortune. But it soon ebbed, this tide; the paper changed hands, the new proprietors brought their own staff, and I with several others was turned adrift. I did not feel much discouraged, however; I had acquired some useful experience, made myself friends, and, best of all, I left behind me a certain reputation. I returned to the Continental city which I had quitted for the post of assistant editor, and resumed the writing of a book which I had begun before my departure.

Thus occupying myself I quietly waited, and in the course of two or three months I received the offer of an editorship in another Continental city. But I was not content with the performance of my rather easy duties; I desired to connect myself with one of the leviathans of the London press. This object promised to be somewhat difficult of attainment. In all the great European capitals English journals are of course very efficiently represented, and for an individual without influence to obtain the post of Paris, Berlin, or Vienna correspondent of one of the big London dailies were about as easy as for a poet or philosopher without political opinions to become president of the United States, while in places of secondary importance they generally do not care to be represented at all. If only something would happen! Something did happen. This time it was not an Englishman who fell into the hands of the police, but some English people who fell

into the water and got drowned. I forthwith telegraphed the news to London at a cost of some three dollars, and a few days later I received a courteous note from the manager inclosing a check for £2 2s., which left a fair profit on the transaction. I went on telegraphing from time to time such items of news as I thought would be acceptable, and they were, in point of fact, always accepted, but the rate of remuneration was gradually reduced, until at length it became almost imperceptible. I found that I had got hold of one of the least flourishing or most close-fisted of English dailies, and I resolved to make a change. Meanwhile a contribution which I had offered to a London weekly paper had been accepted, with a gracious intimation from the editor that he would be glad to number me amongst his regular contributors; the pay was three guineas for two columns. About this time a strange thing happened. I got paid twice over for the same article, and became the "own correspondent" of one of the most important daily newspapers published in the English language. An idea occurred to me, — one which I thought I could work into a letter that this paper might possibly accept. I wrote it, accordingly, and sent it in, but as, after a lapse of ten days, my poor contribution had not appeared, I naturally concluded it had been rejected, and thought myself quite at liberty to rewrite and send it to the weekly journal, to which I now contributed something nearly every week. Imagine my horror when on one and the same day my article appeared in both papers! I thought I was ruined with both, but no harm came of it; I suppose the editors of neither noticed the coincidence, and readers who perceived it thought, probably, that the one had borrowed from the other without acknowledgment. The acceptance of my article by the big daily led to a connection which has endured ever since, greatly to my satisfaction, and, as I trust, to the satisfaction of the managers of the paper.

In one of my walks abroad I happened to make the acquaintance of a vagabond sort of fellow who spoke several lan-

guages indifferently well, and seemed to have seen a good deal of the shady side of Continental life. He had been a superior spy in the French police of the last empire, and in that capacity had met with rather queer experiences. I persuaded him to reduce certain of his recollections to writing, and giving some study to the subject thus suggested, and obtaining further information from other quarters, I worked the whole up into a series of articles for the London weekly, and was paid therefor at the rate of five guineas each; as I wrote fourteen, this made me sixty guineas, after paying my ex-spy fifty dollars for his trouble. The most I have ever made by my pen in one month is two hundred dollars, but my average earnings fall short of this sum by at least fifty dollars. Perhaps if I were totally dependent on literature for my living I should work harder and earn more, although as it is I think I work pretty hard. At the same time I dare say I write more slowly and with greater difficulty than men who have devoted the greater part of their lives to the calling of letters.

I am now writing a series of articles for another London weekly, — not the one with which I began, — of large circulation, at two guineas each; and as the editor does not like articles to run more than a column and a half, and the column averages about seven hundred words, the pay is not bad. The ordinary rate of the Saturday Review is three guineas for two columns, and the large London dailies generally pay correspondents at the rate of two guineas the column. Leader writers are specially retained and well paid: the leader writers on the Times get from £1200 to £1500 a year; the editor has £2000, and the manager £5000, a year. Nobody seems to know, or to be able to guess, the annual gains of the Times, but the popular imagination puts them down at somewhere about a quarter of a million. The “great city leaf,” as German papers are in the habit of calling their mighty contemporary, is noted in the press world for its liberality with its employees. A man once on the Times

may consider himself provided for for life, if he does his duty. The difficulty of getting on may be estimated from the fact that the number of fully qualified candidates for situations, all waiting anxiously for their turn, is scarcely ever less than fifteen hundred. Not that the proprietors confine themselves in their selection for vacancies to the names on their list; they take a good man, especially when they want a leader writer or foreign correspondent, wherever they find him.

It goes without saying that the Times must be organized almost to perfection in all its departments; nevertheless there is an old-fashioned something in its ways of doing business, an absence of shabbiness, a loftiness of manner, and a clinging to ancient forms, exceedingly refreshing in these days of fussiness, push, and frantic competition. For instance, when the Times has to make you a remittance, it does not, as other papers do, send you a check, — though a Times check would probably be good for any amount up to a million sterling that might be inscribed thereon; it sends you a Bank of England post-bill. If you call at the office for your account, you are paid in crisp bank-notes or gold coin of the realm, and as the kindly paymaster and publisher hands you the cash he exchanges a few friendly words with you, and, as likely as not, offers you a pinch of snuff. You are not hustled in at one door and hurried out at another, like a bale of goods; no hook-nosed cashier tries to cut down your little bill, and if there be in it, perchance, a doubtful item, the Times gives you the benefit of the doubt. It is a very lord among journals, and it will be quite in accordance with the fitness of things if, as runs the rumor, the principal proprietor of the Times is made a peer. Very different is the treatment accorded by the half-penny prints to their contributors. I once wrote a number of articles for one of them, — some half dozen, perhaps. When I made inquiry of the manager touching the rate of remuneration to be expected, I was oracularly informed that he would decide the point on a review of the articles, and

when I applied for payment he sent me a check for exactly £5 13s. 6d., "in discharge of all demands," as the form of receipt which I had to sign stated that the amount in question was paid for literary work performed for the — between certain dates.

I have written at so great length about my journalistic experiences that I have left myself scant space for my experiences about books; for I have published two, and have at this moment two more on the stocks. The first I wrote met with a most flattering reception from the critics; no slight thing of the sort could have been more warmly welcomed, but the press is sometimes warm when the public is cold, and though my work has brought me some glory it has gained me no guineas. Of the second, as it is only just out, it is too soon to speak, but I take much hope from the fact that the approval of the reviewers has not been nearly so cordial or unanimous as in the first instance; if the public should deign to smile on this my second effort the applause and blame of critics will be equally indifferent to me.

— Not long ago, a certain gentleman moved into Boston, that his family might enter the best society, whatever that might be. With rare foresight, he did not at once buy a house, as he wished thoroughly to understand the social defenses of the city before establishing himself before any one of them; neither did he seek a small boarding-house, lest he should become involved with those whom later it would be best to ignore; nor did he care to keep house in an apartment hotel, as therein he might always remain unknown. So he engaged rooms at a large family hotel, where "transients" were infrequent; there he and his household had fine opportunities for observation, as is testified by the following extracts, lately sent by his daughter to a friend of mine: —

"It is easy to obtain culture in this city," she writes, "for there are lectures and schools of all kinds; and as the word culture passes from its Emersonian breadth of meaning to a knack at half-sayings, half-suggestions, offered in a

thoughtful, drawling manner, I suppose I can pass as cultured. I am also cultivating an 'intuitive' manner. I mean that I have learnt to stand or sit, holding my hands calmly crossed, just below the colored bow which fastens my long white fichu, and, on being introduced to a stranger, to start slightly, glance up, gaze penetratingly, and say, 'I thought it was you; I have read your writings.' One must not say, 'I have read your books,' because that might not be safe, but everybody who is anybody has written some kind of an article. Oh, that such a remark might be made to me!

"Last night I met, at a reception, an Englishman connected with some paper (perhaps the Times, as that has so many 'connections'), who wore shaggy clothes and broad cravat to hide that which may have possessed at two of its extremities wristbands, but which were not visible. His mustache and beard were bushy and reddish, and his voice portentous, his manner hurried and note-bookish, and he looked with twinkling eyes upon all around, above, beneath. His first remarks were: 'Do you come here often? Are coffee and cake universal substitutes for elaborate suppers?' I answered, in a transcendental manner, that culture craved but Mocha berry and sponge-drops. 'Very good,' he said, 'if one knows it beforehand, but if one does not' — and sighed and expanded himself. He then asked me if I wrote prose, poetry, or newspaper leaders, and on receiving three mournful negatives added, despairingly, 'What do you do? Are there any literary people here?' 'I will introduce you to some,' said I, humbly, but internally angry, 'if you will first be presented to my friend, Mrs. —.' He asked her the same questions that he had me, and finding that she also had never written exclaimed, 'What are you here for?' 'Because I am next-door neighbor,' she replied, whereat he left us both.

"Now it will not do for me to be 'next-door neighbor.' I want modestly to make my way into good society, but caste obtrudes itself here, as everywhere

else. The best way to advance one's self is to join some society. I wish to be very careful in my selection of one; then I may succeed in becoming cultured or important. To join the wrong society would be fatal, though simple membership alone would not cause irretrievable disgrace.

"It is not wise to rely on church connections, for they chiefly help in Sunday-school and sewing-school directions; all kinds of people teach in them, and the most fashionable churches prefer gentlemen superintendents. The question of age also embarrasses me, as very young girls and those who have given up society are the instructors in such schools, and since statistics are creeping into religious affairs my age might be asked. A fashionable charity would be as helpful as a fashionable educational project; but the first is practical, the latter cultured, and leads to the hearing of and reading papers. More than half the people I want to know read papers, and invite one to parlor lectures, which are very pleasant, if one need not buy a ticket. Physiological and hygienic plans are more or less allied with co-education, and that, at present, is not safe; charity work is agreeable, when the poor come to one in an office, and though they tell distressing stories, one's self-reproach is not so poignant as if one went to see them. Yet I find that many of the very best people visit the poor in their homes, and say that is the only way in which pauperism can be lessened. As a matter of taste, I prefer to employ missionaries and Bible-readers, or to give out garments and soup over a counter. Industrial work, such as coöperative societies, building associations, and training-schools, is perfectly safe, but one must know facts and compute the average cost per head of one or another plan, and such exact knowledge is painful to me. Decorative art and drawing-schools are now fashionable, and I hope that by the means of burlap and bulrushes (they cannot be hard to design) I may yet win distinction. Clubs are too radical and progressive in science and thought, and on

joining them one is liable to be asked about her convictions in regard to religion and duty; and if one has only inherited ideas, one is considered as lacking in an appreciative or inquiring mind. I think, on the whole, that I shall join some purely educational society, as that will not compromise me. I can listen to discussions on literature, the higher education, and the state of our schools and universities, but need not speak myself if I subscribe handsomely to some one or two plans, dress well, and look wise. Thus I hope to enter society.

"The best society in the city is not fashionable, but is sensible, intelligent, well-bred, and Christian, and does not ask personal questions, which is a great relief. I have heard it whispered that there is a still higher or very best society, composed of a few statesmen and authors (but their grandfathers must have been farmers, like other people's grandfathers). Seriously speaking, the moral atmosphere of this city has greatly impressed me. The people here are thoroughly in earnest. Often one person will belong to ten or twelve different societies, for the simple purpose of doing good. There is little pretense in action or talk, and all that one really needs for social success is freedom from affectation, fine manners, and integrity; or else intellect and conversational power. But what society shall I join?"

— There is a new style of verse growing up whose disciples profess to write the "poetry of the future." Its form and manner of thought is after the modern French school, and is, of course, highly artistic. Its great claim is that it makes use of scientific discoveries and progress for the benefit of poetry. That is, when science tells of new worlds hanging in the remote distances of space, the poetry of the future immediately peoples them with very perfect, and perfectly unnatural inhabitants, in stanzas having three-syllabled rhymes, and uses them for a delectable garden in which to ramble and discover flowers that never knew rain or dust.

This may be a healthy poetic action, or it may not be so; that the future will

settle when it selects from the mass of verse now appearing such as is worthy of life, and relegates the remainder to the upper shelves of libraries and the cobweb-festooned seclusion of the garret. But the poetry of the future is not the thing with which I make quarrel, it is the expression by which it seeks to astonish us, the clashing — I was about calling it the torture — of words through whose long drawn-out resonance it bears down on one, and at the same time storms the citadel of his mind in front, flank, and rear. This is not natural; neither are many of the subjects that this poetry of the future chooses natural. They are illusions, — shining ones, I allow, but illusions still. Clothe them in all the many-syllabled rhymes you can, it is yet impossible to make them sing their way into the soul, to stay there among the memories of chosen songs and cherished things.

I have lately been experimenting in this poetry of the future, and have taken Jules Verne for my scientific authority. I think the poem contains a graphic description of a land that science alone could invent, and also full directions for a journey thereto. Here it is:—

GHOU-LAND.

In the vast caves that lie deep far under us,
Countless leagues 'neath the surface of earth,
Great murmurs, volcanic and thunderous,
Through ages and ages have birth.
There ghouls chant fierce songs that sound dis-
mally

In glooms that grow dense and expand,
Where huge cliffs frown dark and abysmally
On the shores of a dolorous land.

On those desolate shores, that rise ponderous
Over billowing sweeps of wild sea,
Tall pines, showing sombre and fronderous,
Writhe in gales that blow furious and free.
There the earth has a somnolent weariness,
And no grass and no flowers are seen;
And gray rocks rise in cold, rigid dreariness,
With chill valleys running between.

There wide rivers flow through plains wonderful;
There forests of gigantic trees
Wake tones that sing choruses thunderful
To storm-anthems born on weird seas.
No ferns and no moss there grow slenderly,
No sweet echoes come from the hills;
No bird song, that floats away tenderly,
Through the cloud-haunted distances thrills.

Like ghosts of dead dreams floating over us,
Grim shadows bend down from far skies;

Their phantom-like garments soon cover us,
And hide us from love's searching eyes.
And held in embraces so cumbersome,
We drowse through the passing of years,
The spell of the land, deep and slumberous,
Freezing thought, hope, ambition, and tears.

Through space running off in gray density,
Shine redly the fires of the lost;
Worlds, grand in their sins' dread immensity,
By cyclonic storms wildly tost;
Stars, dying out slowly and mistfully,
Sweep on through satanical clouds,
Glowing there like sad eyes that look wistfully
From the silence of long, flowing shrouds.

Through those caves we go on to lands, luminous
With lava floods surging along,
Passing titanic giants that gloom on us
From where shades of the old ages throng.
There souls that wrecked loves still keep cherish-
ing
Dwell with goblins that wander forlorn,
Watching vague hopes continually perishing
The same hour in which they are born.

Would you visit these caverns, then darefully,
Seek the pantry shut out from the flies,
And take from the shelves very carefully
The most indigestible pies;
Add with hands never known to choose charily
Some almonds and raisins to these,
And to start on the journey more airily,
Why, top off the whole with some cheese.

— The well-fortified article in the Club for last September fails to convince me that prose cannot include poetry. What shall we say when a poem is translated into musical prose? If the writer of the above article is correct, no part of it can any longer be styled poetry. Alarming sacrifice! Here, for example, are two similar Oriental poems of a pessimistic and epicurean cast. An Englishman of some centuries ago translates one of them into the regularly paragraphed prose of our Bible; an Englishman of to-day translates the other into clever iambic quatrains which never miss a foot nor a rhyme. The latter, then, still retains its sacred character as poetry; while the former, although still decidedly superior, must be relegated to a lower place, and shorn of all its glory.

Let us join with the shade of Omar Khayyam in pæans of thanksgiving for the happy Briton who has been his salvation; but oh, fail not to temper in another world the scornful wrath of the author of Ecclesiastes. His work *was* poetry; now it is only prose like this:—

"Or ever the silver cord be loosed,
Or the golden bowl be broken,
Or the pitcher be broken at the fountain,
Or the wheel broken at the cistern:
Then shall the dust return
To the earth as it was;
And the spirit shall return
Unto God who gave it."

Yet somehow I do not see *why* it is not very glorious poetry still, even when the paragraphs are not broken up into capitalized lines. Nor do I find anything "unpleasant" in its resemblance to verse. I suspect that the likeness referred to is never disagreeable except in the hands of the clumsy, or when given over to those cast-iron rules of versification which Coleridge himself so triumphantly scouted in his best work.

Hazlitt's definition needs no other change than the substitution of "corresponding" for "certain." Coleridge's explanation is more fanciful than accurate. If the peculiar excellence of poetry were the retarding of emotion, the slowest modulations would always be the most effective. Coleridge in his earlier work, indeed, adhered closely as a rule to the staid feet of two syllables; but in his unequalled *Cristabel* and the *Rime of the Ancient Mariner* we find him continually breaking out into anapests and dactyls. He himself says that his lines will be found to vary in length from eight syllables to thirteen. There is only a little more irregularity and quite as true poetry in his avowedly prose fragment on the wanderings of Cain. I certainly fail to see how the airy lilt of the dactyl, ever dancing on tiptoe, can be said to retard anything.

No, the "modulation" that distinguishes poetry is not a thing that can be labeled and stowed away on shelves as iambic, trochaic, or what not. It frequently adopts these rigid forms, but as frequently suits itself to the varying thought and feeling that gave it birth. It is no restraint, but an outgrowth. It is not the governor nor the escapement, but the wheels that turn as the steam or the mainspring drives, — no check upon power, but the means whereby power normally makes itself felt. As the subtler forces of the outer world

manifest themselves through the rhythm of the waves, the subtler forces of the inner world manifest themselves through the rhythm of spoken or written words.

"Daniel Webster's cadenced periods and the impassioned prose of De Quincey" are not good examples. Doubtless passages embodying poetry could be quoted from either; but both of them share the very unpoetical faults of bombast, overloaded commonplace, and a palpable straining for effect. Their writings, generally speaking, are too artificial, too obviously rhetorical, to be poetry. The art beyond artifice is quite beyond them, too. Compare Webster's redundant utterances on the nature of eloquence, or the blood-and-thunder lake passages in the *Flight of a Tartar Tribe*, with the best writing of Hawthorne or Thackeray, and the difference becomes obvious at once.

I suppose the reason why most professed poets write but little in prose is because their temperament makes them choose that form of expression from which commonplace has been most nearly banished.

But Milton and Goethe, Victor Hugo and Thackeray, Holmes and Poe, have surely shown that success in any branch of verse does not imply an incapacity to succeed in prose also. They and many more have written poetry in both forms of expression. And I still maintain that all which they have written — prose or verse — is poetry, except when they lapse into unmusical language, or commonplace thought and feeling. Commonplace is probably, after all, our best opposite for poetry; and in that first comprehensive term I would include all manner of fustian and boredom.

— The phrase of *Mercutio's* in *Romeo and Juliet*, "young Abraham Cupid," has always been a stumbling-block and foolishness to Shakespeare commentators, who, in their despair, have suggested that Abraham Cupid meant Adam Cupid, as is printed in some later editions, or else that Abraham meant auburn. For proof of this last interpretation we can consult our own inner consciousness. It should be said, however,

— and the whole question shows how little the English language has been scientifically studied, — that in Grose's Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue *abram* is defined as *naked*, a meaning which applies here thoroughly, for Cupid's clothes are unsung by writers from the earliest times to La Fontaine. There is, moreover, no need of suggesting here the origin of the phrase, although that may be of value in its place. Grose gave the meaning, not the derivation. Colonel Grose, it will be remembered, is Burns's friend who is known to posterity as the "chiel amang ye takin notes."

— The charms of babyhood are so incontestable a truth to all except a few unimportant bachelors and certain pitiable misanthropes that to present, at this late hour, anything resembling a defense of them would be enough to rouse the just ridicule of every right-minded mother whose eyes should encounter the present lines. But there are, beyond doubt, exceptional cases where domestic baby worship passes the limits of good taste, and as an example of this parental peculiarity the following letter, recently obtained from its actual recipient and printed with the writer's gracious permission, will perhaps rather exhaustively serve:—

ROBIN'S NEST, *August* —, 18 —.

DEAREST MAMMA, — You are probably anxious to learn how I am getting along in the home of my old school-friend, Kitty, and I take this early opportunity of giving you some account of myself from the beginning of my visit up to present date. "Robin's Nest," as Kitty and her husband call their cottage, is a really charming place, cosy and rose-wreathen enough for the most ideal of newly-wedded couples. Kitty's lord and master is disappointingly nice; the rosy rhetoric of her descriptions had prepared me for somebody rather commonplace than otherwise. He is the soul of devotion, and is six feet if an inch, besides having a mustache that quite transcends my descriptive limits. Kitty is an excellent housekeeper, and everything is delightfully managed. One might call Robin's Nest a model little

home but for a single circumstance. This Eden has its — well, its drawback. It is a very small drawback, and yet it is an extremely noticeable one. You will be surprised when I tell you that it is the baby.

Now you know my weakness for babies, mamma. This is by no means a disagreeable baby, and on first seeing it I was prepared to extend toward it my most unreserved allegiance. But I soon discovered that it had altogether too much of this sort of thing. About five minutes after my arrival at the cottage, and while I was seated with Kitty's hand fondly held in my own, the baby was brought into the room by its nurse. From that moment Kitty's attention and the attention of her husband were immovably concentrated on their infant offspring. The sole notice which they took of my presence was a rapid side-glance that seemed to invite me to join in the devout and unrelenting ovation. The baby is only a few months old, and does nothing of an intelligent or human character except occasionally smile. Now and then it crows, like all other babies, but you would certainly be amused at first, mamma (even were you not ultimately bored very much), by the extraordinary translations, on its parents' part, of its slightest inarticulate utterances. "Gug-gug," gurgles the baby. "Yes," cries Kitty, "so you *have* been out for a long walk, my precious!" "Coo-oo-oo," crows the baby. "Little darling!" exclaims papa. "Saw the cows; yes; certainly." It requires very slight observation to convince one's self that this vaunted prodigy does not know the difference yet between taking a walk and going to sleep, and that it would be wholly powerless to tell a cow from a chicken.

Later experiences have shown me, mamma, that I have not been invited here to see Kitty at all. I have been invited simply to swell the list of the baby's worshippers. Kitty talks of nothing else. It is emphatically not a pretty child, but I am sure that if I as much as hinted to her that its nose was not the purest Grecian type she would instantly

order me from Robin's Nest. As a great favor, I am sometimes permitted to hold it, and have the pleasant sensation, all the time I am doing so, of being watched like a suspected pickpocket by three or four pairs of anxious eyes. At the beginning of each meal we are blessedly exempt from it, but in the middle of breakfast, dinner, and tea it is borne into the room, and greeted by papa and mamma with a perfect roar of welcome. The nurse pretends to adore it, though I privately suspect her of being an arrant time-server, and by no means above the administering of slaps or pinches when Kitty's back is turned.

I am afraid that you will call this a very stupid letter, but I really have only a single subject to write about. I have not once been taken to walk or drive since my arrival here; those luxuries are reserved for the baby. Kitty is as sweet as ever, when you can get her to notice you, which is rarer than seldom. I cannot say that she sends you her love, for when I told her that I was coming up-stairs to write to you she made me no answer, and it is exceedingly doubtful whether she heard me or not; the baby was on the bed making rather fierce grasps at her hair, and she was bending over it in evident delight that its hands were actually getting strong enough to quite hurt her. I suppose the summit of maternal joy would be for the child to tear out a handful or so of her tresses.

I am such a cipher here that I shall probably take a piqued fit, before long, and suddenly return home. Meanwhile, I remain your loving daughter,

GRACE.

—It is known to most of the inhabitants of the Ball that makes its diurnal revolutions around the Hub that we who enjoy the felicity of dwelling in the centre of all things celebrate the rise of the Sunday sun by a repast of pulse and brawn, sometimes spoken of as "pork and beans," or "bacon and beans." Like most of the facts in the experience of the Bostonese, this habit has been pretty well advertised, and sometimes there have not wanted those of the vulgar herd who have been moved to an-

imadvert with asperity upon the well-established custom. We look upon all such flings with the lofty disdain that arises from a mind conscious of its own rectitude, and with pity for the ignorance from which they spring.

Generations ago, when many other parts of our noble land were howling wildernesses, our ancestors overhauled their classics, and made a note of the fact, that the poet Ovid, of blessed memory, in his remarks appropriate to the calends of June, gives an account of the rite to which I have referred, which was promptly incorporated into the calendar of our beloved city.

We are classical, or nothing. We know that it is the good goddess Carna who protects the lungs and liver of man (or at least that she was wont to do so in classical times), and that in her honor the good people of classical days eat repasts of pulse and brawn. "You ask," says Ovid, "why fat bacon is tasted on these calends, and beans are mixed with the boiled spelt. She is a goddess of ancient days, and she still diets on the food that in olden time she used, and she does not, in a spirit of luxury, ask for the dainties of foreign lands. In that day the fishes swam uncaught by a people ignorant of the virtues of the succulent cod and of the luxury of fish-balls; and the oysters were still safe in their shells, no man having yet been found with sufficient courage to swallow even one of them. Latium had not become acquainted with the woodcock which rich Ionia supplies, nor with the cranes that delight in the blood of the Pygmies. The toothsome peacock pleased but by its expanded tail, nor had foreign lands been drawn upon for their beasts of the chase. But swine were valuable, and by killing a sow the fathers honored their festivals. The rock-bound land produced only beans and the hard-grained spelt, and whoever eats these two things mingled, they say that his stomach can receive no harm."¹

The spirit that gives us our cooking-

¹ If any scholar more classical than I find fault with my translation of the words of Ovid, he is at liberty to make a version that will suit him.

schools now was then in its energetic infancy, and it was equal to the emergency. The primeval Bostonian wanted to insure his lungs against the east wind, and his liver against the attacks made upon it in the days when the idea of a Parker or of a Delmonico had not been evolved, and there was nothing to insure easy breathing and digestion if Carna were not propitiated.

My object in writing this note is to raise my voice against the tendency to allow the rite of pulse and brawn to fall into desuetude. Will my fellow-citizens not stop and reflect upon the sad consequences of such delinquency? Shall we deliberately thrust ourselves and our helpless offspring from the blessed protection of the ancient goddess? Shall we allow our youth to find pleasure in the oysters and *patés de fois gras* of a degenerate age? Shall we leave them unprotected from the attacks of liver complaint and lung troubles, when the protecting divinity may so readily be propitiated?

—I have been long waiting for some man to come to the rescue of the good stories of the olden time from the destructive grasp of the Rev. Mr. Cox, whose "nature myth" explanations and application of the "etymological" test were threatening to make permanent havoc with all that we have for ages trusted in with implicitness regarding the story of Troy, for instance, and the history of good King Arthur.

Mr. Gladstone has opposed his assertion against the learned lingo that gives the early myth makers so much more subtlety than their improved descendants boast, but without the completest effect. The "parallelisms" and the "cycles," the "etymologies" and the "repetitions" seemed to be so securely entrenched that they could not be dislodged.

Long have I waited, but I am rewarded at last, for Dr. James Freeman Clarke has come to the rescue, and the structure that seemed so real and so sure of its perpetuity has fallen before a blast of his well-aimed satire. If, he says in

effect, the heroes of the far-gone past are reducible to myths, what is there to forbid our treating those of the nearer past in the same way? In brief, what is sauce for Homer must be sauce for Mother Goose.

Having established these premises, Dr. Clarke goes forward and resolves into solar and lunar myths the respected legends which relate the facts that the mouse ran up the clock, that Little Boy Blue slept under the haystack, and that the cow jumped over the moon.

Dr. Clarke fairly beats the Rev. Mr. Cox at his own game, but in doing it he ruins the case for both; for a long-suffering people who were willing to submit peacefully to the loss of the history of Troy will never permit the tales of its babyhood to be thus ruthlessly snatched away, and will rather give up the whole myth theory, since it is a theory.

—A friend said, not long since, as she handed me some verses to read, "I think they are very well done, but not better, perhaps, than a score of others could do." This led to a discussion of the present intellectual activity, and the prediction that we should soon arrive at a state of affairs when everybody would be talented and genius would illumine the world no more. For busy people, whose brains are teeming with fancies they long to put into palpable shape, but whose hands are forever finding one thing more to do; who plan, as Miss Phelps says, to write a poem or study a language "when the baby can walk," or "when house-cleaning is over," — for these it is rather a grim ending to their beautiful dream to find that other hands have somehow found the time. What can be more exasperating, for instance, than to cut the leaves of a fresh magazine and there encounter your own poem? Yes, yours; the thought, the sentiment, nay, even some of the lines, had half formed themselves in your brain, while your hands were busy with some commonplace but not-to-be-deferred duty. Your only consolation, if it be a consolation, is the reflection that you could have done it quite as well, if —

RECENT LITERATURE.

THE readers of *The Atlantic* already know the quality of Mrs. Kemble's agreeable book¹—and its quantity, too, for the greater part—from the *Old Woman's Gossip*, printed in these pages: perhaps a fourth of the volume is new. The additional portion is not new in manner or method; there is the same vigorous nonchalance and desultory frankness, the same redundancy and want of arrangement, and the effect is as if the author cared nothing for her material, and little more for her reader. On the whole, we think this is a pity and a mistake, for here is the making of one of the best autobiographies in any language, and one who writes so brilliantly as Mrs. Kemble owes a debt to literature which she cannot repudiate. But this memoir, broken at hap-hazard by long and not wholly relevant letters, and these letters interrupted again by parenthetical after-recollections, form a huddled and confused procession, from which one struggles to extricate times and places, and which only the carefullest reading can reduce to order. The pages swarm with famous and fascinating names, but they are like faces that appear and reappear in the routs and crushes at which the author often met their owners, and the reader experiences all the exciting touch-and-go discomfort of that kind of encounter. The great London world of half a century ago lies here in fragments; it can be put together, but you must put it together for yourself.

The fault is characteristic, but it is not without frequent and delightful reliefs; it is more characteristic of the last than of the first half of the book, and throughout there are scattered bits of portraiture which, if not perfected as they might have been, are vivid and satisfactory sketches. Lady Caroline Lamb, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Mrs. Norton, and a hundred others are thus sketched, and the Kembles are all admirably done. We should hardly know where to turn for better reading than the first chapters of the memoir, which are devoted mainly to their family traits and affairs, with their theatrical beginnings and experiences, and the curious blending of the domestic and the histrionic in their lives. They were,

as Mrs. Kemble justly says, respectable people, and confirmed in their morality by their British desire to be respectable; yet the fact that they were originally something very like strolling players is not blinked. Coming of this race, as Mrs. Kemble does, it is all the more impressive to find her so explicit as she is in condemnation of the actor's profession: she thinks the portrayal of factitious emotion beneath a man, and the personal exhibition odious for a woman. This is almost the moral of the book. She tells us that she went upon the stage without inspiration or aspiration, and that from time to time throughout her triumphant career her dream was to escape from it into some simplest sort of retirement.

But Mrs. Kemble's interest as a person not her interest as an actress, is supreme in the book; and the reader will not weary of the revelation of her character. The outlines of her history have long been known; it is not necessary to retrace them, and here we have to do merely with her girlhood, for she was but twenty-five when she married in 1834. It is a character with which one grows into respectful friendship. Its strength, often lapsing, indeed, into mere vehemence, is founded upon a feeling of right expressed with never-failing clearness. The good sense of her ideas of life and duty is what is so satisfactory. The girlish letters, running over with the flippancy of girlhood, and exuberantly confidential upon a thousand points, never betray any evidence of wrong thinking, and in their seriousness they are beautifully and transparently right-minded. We need not say that the maturer comment with which they are interspersed is the seal of experience upon their right-mindedness; and this edifying book, by one who would never have thought of preaching, is imbued with a religiousness as wholesome and as vigorous as its likes and dislikes.

The last fifty or sixty pages of the volume relate to her sojourn in America, from 1832 till the time of her marriage. They are chiefly in letters, of which the tone to ward our provincial insufficiency of that time is amiable enough. The best things in them are two anecdotes of Washington Irving. She showed him with girlish joy

¹ *Records of a Girlhood*. By FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1879.

a pretty new watch she had just got, and after turning it over in his hand, as if it were a child's toy watch, he put it to his ear, and exclaimed, "Why, it goes, does n't it!" Later, hearing that she was to marry and live in America, he told her she might be very happy if she would understand once for all that America was not England, and would not be like the painter Leslie's wife, whose ceaseless complaints and comparisons made her such a nuisance that Irving always called her a *creaking door*.

There is something about our political affairs of fifty years, and a few lines here and there about our social life, but on the whole there is very little concerning all that so keen an observer must have seen. One turns back with a certain disappointment from this part of the book to the richer pages of the earlier chapters; but these our readers already know very well.

The incoherence of the work is in part remedied by a good index, a glance at which reveals the vast variety and abundance of its materials. There have been few famous men or women of her time whom Mrs. Kemble has not met, and of whom she has not preserved some significant recollection; and most of the great movements in the political and literary world find some sort of record here. Whatever she has to say of books she has read, or questions on which she has thought, is worth reading, and the whole spirit of her autobiography is admirable. If any one will feel how admirable it is, let him contrast its traits with the unsparing judgments, the narrow views, the warped pride, the embittered philanthropy, and the aggressive unbelief which disfigure the autobiography of Harriet Martineau.

—One of the most singular and probably one of the most baffling things about Bismarck is his habit of taking the whole world into his confidence. Diplomacy having reached such a condition that it was only necessary for a statesman to say anything for the contrary to be believed, this astute man tells the truth, and gets, with an unstained conscience, all the advantages of the blackest falsehoods. He is like the shop-keeper who, no longer finding safety in barred shutters, heavy bolts, and complicated locks, pulls up his curtains, lights his gas, turns the key in the door, and walks

off with a calm heart. This is not all that Bismarck does; he gives the world a good deal of autobiography, not only through authorized interviewers whom, we are sorry to see, he afterwards disowns, but also by such a book as this,¹ which could never have been published without his permission; more than that, one may say, without his suggestion. Even now he is having published bits of his table-talk about all sorts of recent and contemporaneous subjects.

What is his object in this it is not easy to see. He certainly cannot be anxious to keep himself more prominently before the public than he is already, from his position. It would seem as if he felt a contemptuous indifference to the rest of the world, and had merely a cold curiosity, a vague desire, to be amused by what might be said about him.

The light thrown upon Bismarck's character is certainly of a pleasant kind. He is the most un-German of Germans, being, what few of his fellow-countrymen are, a man of the world. But if we were to begin to define him, we should outrun all limits; the reader cannot do better than take up this remarkably entertaining volume. Copious extracts might be made, but the best thing to do is to look up the book. It is seldom one has a chance to read such amusing letters, and then, too, they are very new.

—Mr. Hamerton is in no way a brilliant writer; he has no flashes of genius, but his pages are always lit by a steady, almost unflinching glow which gives satisfaction, at any rate, to the reader. In this volume² we see both his good qualities and his faults fairly exposed. He has written the lives of five distinguished Frenchmen, making very good abstracts of the generally copious material that he had at hand, and bringing in bits of information that he has discovered by his own industry. He has certainly chosen his subjects well. Victor Jacquemont, the traveler and scientific man; Rude, the sculptor; Regnault, the artist; Perreque, the priest; and Jean Jacques Ampère, the man of letters, certainly covered a good deal of ground, and may stand as excellent representatives of what is best in modern French thought and action.

Mr. Hamerton in his various essays is accurate rather than original; he tells us what the various men did rather than what they were, and in many of his comments it is easy

¹ *Prince Bismarck's Letters to his Wife, his Sister, and Others, from 1844 to 1870.* Translated from the German by FITZ MAXSE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1878.

² *Modern Frenchmen. Five Biographies.* By PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON, Author of *Round my House, The Sylvan Year*, etc. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1878.

to see that he is bound by rather hard and fast lines, as when he says that Perreque, if he had been born in England, "would probably have found full contentment in Anglicanism; for such natures as his usually become warmly attached to the religious system they find ready to hand." This last statement is probably accurate. Perreque certainly showed no desire to step outside of the religion he was born in, but yet how idle the remark is except as a sop to Hamerton's Protestant readers! Perreque was so distinctly a Catholic, and a modern French Catholic, that one can imagine him a Buddhist priest quite as soon as a member of the Church of England, and it is hard to see how he could have been kept from joining a church which seems made to attract just such spirits as his. Again, in other narratives we come across little sandy places which might well have been cut out, as when, in the chapter on Victor Jacquemont, we are twice reminded of the difference between the time in which he lived and the present, "with fast mail steamers and the Suez canal." Alexis de Jussieu could run faster than five galloping mules. "Who would not rather possess that young man's physical powers than the handsomest equipage in Paris?"

—The English writers who have given any special attention to French literature are but few in number, and Mr. Morley has had almost a clear field in his design of writing about the three greatest predecessors of the French Revolution.

Any one who writes about Voltaire, Rousseau, and Diderot¹ has a very serious task on his hands, and it is well that this work has been left to a man of Mr. Morley's ability. He has ample knowledge, good judgment, and considerable tact. What he lacks is warmth. There is a certain chilly precision in these studies, as a result of which the reader would be slow to gather from this writer's pages any precise notion of Voltaire's *diablerie*, and of Rousseau's glowing fire. In striving to be judicial Mr. Morley seems at times indifferent, and almost dull of perception. There are so many pages of Voltaire that imprint upon the reader ineffaceable impressions of his unceasing intellectual intensity that Mr. Morley's cool examination seems in some ways, and in some important ways, almost unsatisfactory. Instead of building up a

figure before us, he dissects the man and takes him to pieces, and while in this way we detect much that would have escaped observation with a different treatment, we do not form a complete notion of that bundle of qualities which after all formed a unit, a man, and a very remarkable man. The same thing is true of the Rousseau. We learn what went to the making of that great writer, rather than just what sort of a man he was.

This, however, cannot be said of this volume on Diderot. He was a man who was much more remarkable for the great variety of his interests and his performances than for any one or two master qualities, and Mr. Morley's discursive treatment is the best that he could receive. It is not enough to say that this is an entertaining book; it is a wise one. The writer gives, besides sufficient biographical details, a running comment on Diderot's work, and satisfactorily thorough accounts of the writings of some of his contemporaries. What we see is the turmoil of intellectual life before the Revolution. Mr. Morley is fair to Diderot's share in this general excitement. We get a clear notion of his mental activity, and of that intellectual enthusiasm which did not find its best expression in literary work. For much as Diderot wrote, he was not, at least to the same extent as many others, a literary man. Where he found the readiest expression was, like Dr. Johnson, in talking, and it is in those passages that are most like talking that he is seen at his best.

—Mr. Calvert's little volume² is neither a complete biography of Wordsworth nor a thorough study of his poems, but it contains a certain number of facts, and sufficiently full quotations to give the reader some knowledge of the great poet whose cause Mr. Calvert pleads against the general indifference of a public that can swallow Morris by the cart-load, but objects to Wordsworth's lack of brevity. The aim of this book is excellent; it contains a sincere tribute of admiration, although this is at times dimmed by the author's style, and it is always interesting to see how fervent and genuine is the feeling of Wordsworth's admirers for their master. The book is much more an expression of this enthusiasm than a thorough study, and it is only in that light that it is to be viewed. No one can read it without renewed admira-

¹ *Diderot and the Encyclopædists*. By JOHN MORLEY. New York: Scribner and Welford. 1878.

² *Wordsworth. A Biographic and Æsthetic Study*.

By GEORGE H. CALVERT. Boston: Lee and Shepard New York: Charles T. Dillingham. 1878.

tion for the poet, and a feeling of gratitude to Mr. Calvert for his words of praise. The introductory sonnet is excellent.

— There is a great charm in this volume of the recollections of Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke.¹ First and last they saw a great number of the most interesting literary people of England, and the record they have made is most agreeable as well as complete. It will be remembered that it was Mr. Clarke who first lent Spenser's *Faerie Queene* to Keats and first brought Chapman's *Homer* to his notice, and if he had done nothing else he would thus have won the gratitude of all lovers of poetry; but to have from his pen in these late days all that he can recall of Keats is indeed a pleasure. Keats's short life has already been fully told by his biographer, but there are slight threads here and bits of personal observation which every one will be glad to read, as, for instance, when Keats said, concerning his indifference to the study of medicine, "The other day, . . . during the lecture, there came a sunbeam into the room, and with it a whole troop of creatures floating in the ray; and I was off with them to Oberon and fairy-land." Or when Keats said of the passage, —

"The boisterous midnight festive clarion,
The kettle-drum and far-heard clarionet,
Affray his ears, though but in dying tone:
The hall door shuts again, and all the noise is gone;"

"That line came into my head when I remembered how I used to lie in bed to your music at school." Of value, too, are the accounts of Keats's witnessing a bear-baiting and a prize-fight.

Charles and Mary Lamb both have new light thrown on them by these genial writers. There are a few letters of Lamb's to them, a *Serenata* composed by him in honor of their marriage, and there are, besides, many new jokes of his recounted which bring him up clearly before the reader, and Mary Lamb is even more definitely described. It is Leigh Hunt, however, who gets the fullest account in this interesting volume. A number of letters and notes of his are given, of all kinds, serious and merry, while at all times graceful — that is the epithet the reader is sure to apply — and

entertaining. Possibly those who do not set Leigh Hunt very high in the list of poets may read his letters with less interest than would others, but it is easy to see how his friends and those who felt his charm may have been delighted with his agreeable light touch.

The chapter on Dickens describes at considerable length the tour of the amateur actors, among whom was Mrs. Clarke, and of the way Dickens kept every one entertained. It sometimes seems, in reading the account of Dickens's facetiousness, as if his friends shared with those of Mr. Peter Magnus the quality of being easily amused, if we may judge from the stories told of the celebrated novelist in private life by those who have been entertained by what in others would be called horse-play. But then, on the other hand, it is to be remembered that there is nothing harder to describe than any one's way of being amusing. Honesty, good temper, punctuality, generosity, etc., can all be understood and admired by the sympathetic reader, but that quality, or combination of qualities, which makes a man amusing it is not easy for the narrator to present in a life-like and attractive way. About Douglas Jerrold, however, there is no such obscurity. Many of his jests have always seemed, for their brutality at least, on a par with removing the chair from beneath a man who is intending to sit down, but here some explanation is given of his humor, and its ferocity is considerably mitigated. We see that often his apparently savage remarks were but permissible thrusts of the foils of the fencing-room with the buttons on the end, not attempts at manslaughter. His manner, we are told, satisfactorily explained his apparent severity, and took off the deadliness from its sting.

The Clarkes were not merely the acquaintances of the people they write about, and the same thing that gave them the position of friends of so many distinguished men has enabled them to write a book of the excellence of this one. It is frank without being puerile, and full without being tedious.

— The lack of a history, in our own language, of the German literature is something that Mr. Hosmer² has doubtless long

¹ *Recollections of Writers*. By CHARLES AND MARY COWDEN CLARKE, Authors of *The Complete Concordance to Shakespeare*, *Riches of Chaucer*, etc. With Letters of Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt, Douglas Jerrold, and Charles Dickens. and a Preface by MARY COWDEN CLARKE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1873.

² *Short History of German Literature*. By JAMES K. HOSMER, Professor of English and German Literature, Washington University, St. Louis; Author of *The Color Guard*, *The Thinking Bayonet*, etc. St. Louis. 1879.

felt, and he deserves the gratitude of many fellow-workers for his attempt to fill the void. He brings to the proper treatment of his subject experience, study, and considerable enthusiasm.

The method he has adopted is not that which so many Germans have made familiar in writing about the literature of their country. He has chosen a few representative names and has devoted much space to them, and he has, moreover, devoted something like two fifths of the book to an account of German literature before Lessing, which we cannot help regarding as a mistake; for most readers who are not special students and willing to go to the fountain-head care incomparably more for only the later period which began with Lessing. Then, too, many who will be anxious to know what is to be known about Anerbach, Freytag, Reuter, Grillparzer, Rückert, Platen, Spielhagen, Voss, Eichendorff, Hoffmann, the Humboldts, Paul Heyse, etc., will be disappointed when they find sometimes hardly more than the name, and often not even that, in this history.

If we look, on the other hand, at what the book is rather than at what it is not, we shall find the separate chapters on the different prominent men interesting. There are tolerably complete biographic details, and there is plenty of discreet criticism of the various writers, and sufficiently full account of their leading works. That the book is a reprint of a course of lectures is perhaps too frequently evident. There are in almost every lecture declamatory effusions on the scenery of this place or that, of Unter den Linden in Berlin, of the Rhine, of Frankfort, of Wagner's Opera at Munich, and so on, which seem out of place in a book of this kind, as does the chapter describing a series of morning calls on different eminent Germans. The whole book has a rhetorical rather than a historical turn, which presents a marked contrast to the thorough-going, graceless German method which Mr. Hosmer denounces in his preface. There are occasional errors which half an hour's revision can repair. But it is a pity that the writer did not close his book before he put down on paper the last sentence. It runs as follows: "If the single name of Shakespeare be excepted, whose supremacy the Germans are as willing to accord as we are to claim it, there is no English name which cannot be matched from the great literature which has been the subject of our study." This is a very

bold statement, and one cannot help wondering who, in Mr. Hosmer's estimation, are the German equivalents of Chaucer, Spenser, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Webster, Marlowe, Bacon, Milton (we will remember that Coleridge called Klopstock a very German Milton), Dryden, Bunyan, Addison, Steele, Pope, Fielding, Richardson, Johnson, Sterne, Goldsmith, Gibbon, Wordsworth, Scott, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot? This is saying nothing against the few really great German writers, but it is unfair to them to put them in the balance against the magnificent abundance of English literature.

—In the early days of *The Atlantic* the head of John Winthrop used to look at the reader from the cover, and symbolized in a fashion the loyalty of the magazine to those New England ideas which found their earliest and finest expression in the historic governor; but the picture gave place to the flag, and that symbol intimated the national character which the magazine aimed to exhibit. None the less do we recognize the significant fact that the names of the early founders of New England are to-day not simply the shadows of past heroism, but signs of the worthy succession of the Puritan principles. Mr. R. C. Winthrop, in his recent collection,¹ notes the fact that at the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Endicott's arrival at Naumkeag, Conant and Cradock and Endicott and Higginson and Dudley and Saltonstall were all represented by lineal descendants, and since he said this at Salem we may add the name of Winthrop. The volume before us, like the two which preceded it, bears witness to this intellectual and moral descent which makes the physical descent worth nothing. Like his great ancestor, Mr. Winthrop has served the state all his life, and this service has been continued during the past ten years in ways which have not always made him conspicuous, but have always been in directions of distinct public service. He has presided over the Massachusetts Historical Society, the Peabody Education Fund, the Boston Provident Association, the Peabody Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology, the General Theological Library, and has been associated with other institutions and societies, and to all these various interests has given time and thought; he has

¹ *Addresses and Speeches on Various Occasions from 1869 to 1879.* By ROBERT C. WINTHROP. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1879.

been a conspicuous citizen upon occasions of historic interest, at the funeral of George Peabody, at the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims, at the centennial celebration of the Boston Tea-Party, at the Boston celebration of July 4, 1876, at the unveiling of the statue of Daniel Webster, — at all which times he has been the orator of the day or the first citizen.

Mr. Winthrop hesitates in his preface to connect this volume directly with preceding ones which contained the evidence of his public service, but we doubt if people will question the expediency of giving the name of public servant to one who has withdrawn indeed from the political arena, but nevertheless holds himself in readiness to give his best work to objects of public good. This volume has a more distinct literary flavor than the preceding, and will be of interest to the general reader for its sketches of men of note whom Mr. Winthrop has been called upon to characterize from the chair of the Historical Society. These brief portraits are always generous, animated, and finished. The few words said are in excellent taste, and the president almost always was able to draw from his own personal recollection anecdotes which were worth telling. One of the best examples of Mr. Winthrop's careful and yet easy manner, the half-conversational disclosures of one gentleman to a company of gentlemen on a public occasion, is in his address at the opening of the Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology at Cambridge, in which he told with frankness and precision the story of its inception. The longer historical papers are all marked with evidences of a full mind and generous thought; they are not the less instructive for being strongly local and personal in their illustration, and the reader will constantly be pleased by the reference to historic coincidences, in which Mr. Winthrop is very happy. The suavity of manner which marks all these addresses is not so common nowadays as to make us regret its presence here. We listen to the orator, and gently bow as he names one eminent man after another, always with some courteous epithet; we "assist" at the funeral services of historians and men of letters, and before we close the volume catch something of the well-bred air which is never disturbed by any unkind judgment or innuendo. Indeed, one cannot make this volume his own without having the feeling that he has not

merely been reading history, but has been introduced to characters in history. One could not ask for a more courtly, yet familiar, introducer.

— There is no branch in which a readable and trustworthy text-book has more been needed than in mediæval church history. Milman's Latin Christianity covers the ground, and so do, in a way, Sir James Stephen's eloquent essays on Ecclesiastical Biography. Mr. Milman was a learned man, but he never could describe an event or a person without getting dreadfully excited, and he was quite unable to transport himself to the times with which his history dealt. Sir James Stephen's book will long be read on account of its charm of treatment and beauty of style; but it was written thirty years ago, and was hardly as accurate as it might have been, even then. The present volume,¹ its author tells us was "composed as Lectures for girls of the upper and middle classes; and I have recognized here and there certain reticencies and restraints of statement which this assumption of the age and sex of my hearers imposed upon me." Hence the book is not one for students, but it is on this account none the worse for the purposes of general reading. We find good accounts of monasticism, of the crusades, of the school-men, and excellent descriptions of the relations of Popes and emperors, and of their struggles with each other. The results of careful reading are visible on every page; especially as regards the secular history, one sees that Mr. Freeman and Mr. Bryce have not toiled in vain to scatter the cloud of error which hung so long about mediæval history. The enormous influence possessed and used by the monastery of Cluny is duly dwelt upon; not passed over without mention as in Stephen's Essays, nor with a mere line as in Milman's History. And Dr. Trench is able to appreciate not merely Hildebrand and Innocent III., but also the Emperor Friedrich the Second, and his great predecessor Charles the Great. There are chapters on the German Mystics, Mediæval Sects, the Revival of Learning, Wiclif, Hus (we follow the author's spelling), Mediæval Christian art, etc., etc. Nothing is badly done, nearly all is well done, though the style in the above extract is rather better than it usually is. The archbishop's English may always be correct, but

¹ *Lectures on Mediæval Church History.* By RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D. D., Archbishop of Dublin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1878.

it often is curious, his pages being sprinkled with such odd phrases as "to the outrance;" "submitted of a purpose;" "a weird was upon him;" "paying the things which he never took," etc. Nor does Dr. Trench invariably prefer the simplest language, for the reader occasionally meets a sentence which would have astonished even Johnson, as when, speaking of Hildebrand, he remarks that "he was one in whom the serpentine craft left little or no place for the columbine simplicity." The introductory chapter closes with the following excellent sentiment, rarely appreciated by church historians: "Accept, then, I would say in conclusion, with all reverence the fact that the church militant, if in all ages a success, is also in all ages a failure. The success may be more evident in our age and in our land, the failure may be more marked in another; but tokens of this and of that will never be wanting. . . . For us who believe the church to be a divine foundation in the world, it must be a success, even as it shows itself to be such by many infallible proofs. For us who know that God's grace is contained in earthen vessels it must be a failure no less, — an imperfect embodiment of a divine idea. Let us boldly face this side of the truth no less than the other."

— Mr. Sergeant has chosen an interesting subject,¹ and in pleading the cause of Greece he strikes a note that will call forth the sympathy of most readers. That little country has at many times of late won the attention of the outside world, and the aim of this volume is to show how well-deserved is our interest in it. Mr. Sergeant begins by a statistical account of the rapid material growth of Greece, with a full description of the present state of education, commerce, finance, etc., within its borders. This is followed by a history of the country during the present century.

That Mr. Sergeant gives the reader the impression of being wholly impartial cannot be affirmed. He makes free use of statistics, as we have said, but they are made merely to confirm his assertion that the Greeks are very nearly faultless. It cannot be denied that they are a remarkable people, and that they have made great advance of late in the face of serious disadvantages, but there is no good done by wholly ignoring their faults or weakness. What is more to the purpose is the author's plain exposi-

tion of the selfishness and injustice of the policy of England towards this comparatively insignificant country. The Greeks were simply deluded by Lord Beaconsfield, whose promises of future aid held them back, in the late war, from taking by force of arms additional and highly desirable territory. When the war was over, and Greece demanded the performance of the promise, the prime minister of England put it off with a refusal, and the insulting compliment that the country had a future and could afford to wait. The noble earl apparently preferred to interest himself in behalf of a country that had no future.

— When Mr. David Gill went to Ascension Island, in June, 1877, for a stay of six months on that most desolate and isolated of volcanic rocks, he had the good fortune to be engaged in one of the most important scientific works of this decade, and to be aided by the most indefatigable of assistants, — his wife. The expedition was a purely scientific one, set on foot by Mr. Gill himself, and furthered by a generous grant of £500 from the Government Grant Fund administered by the Royal Society of London. Its object was to determine the distance of Mars from the earth, and indirectly the distance of the sun, by astronomical observations made on the spot and under the circumstances most favorable to success. The scientific history of the expedition will soon be published, and the few score of persons who care for its details will find them duly set forth in the memoirs of some scientific society.

But there was an intensely interesting personal side, which dealt with the struggles and anxieties of the astronomer and his party, with the obstacles to success, one by one overcome, and with the spirit in which these hindrances were met and conquered. This is the side which in ordinary circumstances would remain unrepresented. Fortunately, there is preserved to us, through the intelligent notes of Mrs. Gill,² an admirable account of this island itself, of the manners and habits of its inhabitants (some two hundred in number), and of its curious and unique government. Ascension Island is a British coaling station, and is governed like a man-of-war. In fact, it is a man-of-war, since its population is down in the Naval Gazette as the "crew of the *Flora-tender*." For safe anchorage, the H. M. S.

¹ *New Greece*. By LEWIS SERGEANT. With Maps specially prepared for this work. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Petter and Galpin. [1878.]

² *Six Months in Ascension*. An Unscientific Account of a Scientific Expedition. By MRS. GILL. With a Map. London: Murray. 1878.

Flora is at the Cape of Good Hope, but her tender, with its naval crew and its cargo of coal, swings to its anchor eight hundred miles from any land. The interesting nautical fiction goes even further, and a naval officer serving there has full sea-going pay, — a commentary on the arduous service.

This desolate island, which is almost entirely volcanic clinker, and on which there is scarcely an acre in all of vegetation, was the station best fitted for the astronomical observations of Mars which were desired. It was selected at once with the same spirit in the astronomer that we admire and honor in the soldier, and after great hardships the scientific success of the expedition was attained. To accomplish this the party had to live in tents, under a tropical sun, exposed in all ways, and with an allowance of one gallon of water per day per person. Every condition of civilized life was reversed. Green turtles were to be had for the asking, but the water to make the soup had to be carefully hoarded. Milk was unknown, and a cabbage (brought from St. Helena) was eagerly bought at auction for 1s. 6d. There being only six women on the island, the servants were marines and Kroomen, and the supply of the commonest necessities of life was fitful and uncertain. Life under these strange and novel conditions necessarily has strange and novel sides to eyes that can see them. It is one of the chief merits of Mrs. Gill's book that all these sides are fully and unaffectedly brought out. She is a Scotch gentlewoman under novel surroundings, intelligently and modestly telling of them. No one can read her work without interest; rightly considered it has lessons of fine courage and immense fidelity to duty. It is with positive pleasure that one remembers, in laying down the book, that all this devotion did not go for nothing, but that the object of the expedition was finally attained, and in no small measure by her persistent and intelligent aid.

— We have Dr. Johnson's authority for saying that no woman can write a good book on cookery, but we have the experience of many refutations of this rash statement. Women, he said, could spin, but they could not write good cook-books; now that spinning is a lost art, perhaps they have acquired the power of directing how food should be prepared. Certainly, there are

many who have tried their hands at it. In the last century there was Mrs. Glass's cook-book, which Dr. Johnson said was written by Dr. Hill, and it was poor enough to have been written by any hack writer; but in these more enlightened days it is curious to notice that it is almost entirely women who have acquired some reputation in the field of pure literature who have afterwards sought to set off domestic skill with literary charm. Our readers who have discarded pinafores will of course remember Miss Leslie's contribution to the art of cooking, and she had won a good place as a writer of fiction. Miss Beecher has written about other, and we may say higher, things than the duties of the kitchen-maid, and now we have before us two volumes of hard fact by women who have earned a name in fiction. Marion Harland¹ and Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney have both written novels, and a good many novels, and it would have been hard to conjecture in either of these writers a fondness for the practical side of life, such as is displayed in these books. It would be a safe prophecy that the Shakespeare of cook-books will yet be written by George Eliot, though it seems more probable that this author will write the final book on chemistry. Meanwhile, we have no cause of dissatisfaction. Both of these books before us to-day are good. Marion Harland has taken the pains to give a bill of fare, with directions for preparing it, for every day of the year. More than this, she follows a large roasting-piece through its various appearances until the last scrap is eaten, and does not, like one, now deservedly forgotten, who preceded her in this business, order cold roast beef for breakfast when the hot roast has not been mentioned for two or three weeks. Her book is excellent, and although only a year's trial can make the affirmation sacred, it seems, from study alone, good and trustworthy.

— Mrs. Whitney,² too, has prepared a useful volume. To be sure, she boils her coffee, and devotes something like one fifth of her precious pages to cake, cookies, and such trash, and, what is worse (page 175), recommends that "if beef has been roasted rare, and there is a considerable quantity left upon the bone, do not cut it off, but put it in the oven and heat through, basting with

¹ *The Dinner Year-Book*. By MARION HARLAND. Author of *Common Sense in the Household*, *Breakfast*, *Luncheon*, and *Tea*, etc. With Six Original Full-Page Colored Plates. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1878.

² *Just How: A Key to the Cook-Books*. By MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

some of the gravy to keep it from drying," — a recipe which must have been devised by vegetarians in council assembled; and there is no mention of curries or meat pies: yet, in spite of these sins of commission and omission, the book is on the whole deserving of praise. The recipes seem to be the fruit of wisdom and experience, but the great American cook-book seems as remote as the great American novel, and it will probably come from the same pen.

— General Howard has stopped chasing Indians to write a book for boys; or, if we may judge from the style of the book, he has not stopped at all, but has written Donald's School-Days¹ in the saddle or by the camp fire. Musicians point out the place where Haydn, — was it? — was interrupted in his work, and it would be easy to guess that General Howard was called off from his writing at the end of every page or two. The story is of a boy in Maine, who is brought up on a farm, and, having aptitude for books, is sent successively to several schools, and finally to college. His school-days is a term which fairly covers his college career, where he appears as an overgrown boy, and the book carries marks of being an unvarnished tale of just such life as could be discovered in Maine country towns thirty years ago. It has thus an odd kind of value to the reader, who will probably open his eyes at some of the revelations of country civilization, though it is perhaps not to be expected that boys will care a great deal about its antiquarian value. They will be more likely to be interested in the ingenuous tale of the hero's love affairs, who abandons himself to catching girls in the most extraordinary fashion, or rather we should say to being caught by them. We doubt if the innocent amours of a Maine youth were ever related with so much naïveté. The pictures of college life and of fireside sports, among which "Hul, gul, handful," comes in for a sober description, are unreserved to a singular degree, and the people who move through these sketches of Donald's early life are artlessly made known to the reader. The tough palate of a boy will not be offended by the somewhat strong flavor of some of the scenes, and certainly when vice or bad manners are presented a spade is called a spade. The book is a curiosity to older

¹ *Donald's School-Days*. By GEN. O. O. HOWARD, U. S. A. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1879.

² *Brother Ben and The Bird Summer*. By MARY ESTHER MILLER. Boston: Congregational Publishing Society. 1879.

readers; so far as boys go, it has at least the merit of singular honesty, and of a slapdash movement which keeps everybody in the book doing something or saying something from first to last. Even when one of the many heroines dies, the boys and girls get together and pass resolutions, a performance in a story which robs death of some of its terrors.

— Among the more retiring books for young people which were not brandished in advertisements at the holiday season is a simple account of the life of some children in the country. Two stories make up the book,² but both have their scenes laid on the banks of the Connecticut. Brother Ben gives the name to a story of a Southern family of four children joining their cousins in the North. The Bird Summer tells the slight adventures of a city family spending the summer in the country, and occupying themselves chiefly in studying the habits of the birds in the neighborhood. Some very simple and pleasing knowledge of birds is thus given in an unpretending, sensible way, and we commend it cheerfully to those who would interest their children in ornithological observation. Both stories are quiet in tone, healthful, refreshingly free from cant and slang, — the two black beasts of juvenile literature, — and with an honest love of country pleasures in them. No special knack at story-telling is shown, but one will be pretty sure to be interested in the children and their doings.

— This attractive book³ contains two excellent heliotype, one of Plato and one of Socrates, after engravings of the well-known busts in the Naples Museum. The translation comes to us with the high recommendation of Professor Goodwin, whose description of it as both readable and accurate is fully justified. Great progress has been made within the last thirty years toward a natural tone in translating from the ancient authors. This translator has certainly recognized that Plato "was not born of wood or of stone, but of man," as Socrates says of himself in the Apology. It is perhaps especially easy to feel this in the case of Plato after the wonderfully natural translation of Professor Jowett; but it is just as hard as it ever was to embody this feeling in a good English version. To do full justice to the excellent choice of words in the

³ *Socrates*. A Translation of the Apology, Crito, and parts of the Phædo of Plato. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1879.

translation before us would require many quotations; here only two can be made. In the Apology (35 A) *αἰσχύνῃ τῇ πόλει περιάπτειν* is rendered "to fasten disgrace upon the city," which exactly reproduces the sense of *περιάπτειν*, a word used in the middle voice of wearing an ornament, such as a necklace. This is paraphrased by Jowett, who translates "were a dishonor to the state." Again, in 39 D, *παρασκευάζειν ὅπως ἔσται ὡς βέλτιστος*, is translated "to endeavor to grow in all righteousness." A good test of the translation will be to take some of the humorous passages and compare them with a translation of the old school, such as that of Charles Stanford. In the Apology (30 D) our anonymous translator makes Socrates say, "For if you kill me, you will not readily find another man who will be (if I may make so ridiculous a comparison) fastened upon the state as I am, by God. For the state is exactly like a powerful, high-bred steed, which is sluggish by reason of his very size, and so needs a gadfly to wake him up." Stanford's version runs, "For if you condemn me, you shall not find another such, evidently (however ludicrous it may be to say so) affixed to this state by the deity as to a large and noble steed rather lazy on account of its size, and requiring to be excited by a gadfly." In the Crito our unknown translator is more uneven, and in one humorous passage has perhaps sacrificed too much to a literal rendering. This will be noticed in the words in italics. Crito 53 D. The laws of Athens are expostulating with Socrates: "But suppose you . . . go to the friends of Crito in Thessaly, for there reigns the greatest disorder and license; they will very likely be glad to hear *how ridiculously* you ran away from prison in some disguise, *perhaps* clad in leathern jerkin or some garment such as runaways are apt to wear, so that your whole semblance was changed. This is far better than Stanford, who says, "They would gladly hear of your ridiculous escape from jail, clad in some novel robe, or in a hide, or such other disguise as fugitives are accustomed to assume, having completely changed your own deportment." But for the real humor of the passage we have to read Jowett: "They will be charmed to have the tale of your escape from prison set off with ludicrous particulars of the manner in which you were wrapped in a goatskin or some other disguise, as the fashion of runaways is — that is very likely."

To the full translation of the Apology and Crito are appended such extracts from the Phædo — rather less than half — as the translator thought of importance in the story of the last days of Socrates. Of course, in spite of the summaries given in each of the eleven cases of omission, this interrupts the connected interest which is so great in all that Plato wrote. Three of these omissions are particularly to be regretted: first, the truly Socratic account of the danger in a habit of shirking discussion (Phædo 89 D–90 E); second, the delightful account (96 A–99 B) of Socrates' disappointment in the theories of Anaxagoras; and third, the poetical account of the universe (108 D–114 D). These last, though not of great importance for understanding Socrates' character, are necessary to light up the course of the argument. The great closing scene describing Socrates' death is given in full. It ought to be added that in passages like this last one, where the expression of intense feeling is called for, this translation is least happy. But such defects will not seriously mar the interest of the reader, who will drink off the story "right easily and blithely," to quote the words which the translator was betrayed into using to describe Socrates drinking the cup of hemlock.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.

The fact that Octave Feuillet is a member of the French Academy, while Scherer and Taine are not yet admitted, is one among many reasons why English-speaking people smile when they read Matthew Arnold's plea in favor of establishing some such body as the Academy in London. It is very much as if Mr. Edmund Yates were made a member of this new collection of immortals, while Mr. Arnold knocked at its doors in vain. To be sure, Feuillet writes French very neatly, and he gives the talk of his dukes and countesses in a very natural way; but while his method of expressing himself is smooth, and even at times elegant, what he has to say is generally, one can fairly say always, of the least importance. He adds one to the long list of examples of how a man's cleverness in adopting the tone of a period gives him the appearance of a genius in the eyes of his contemporaries. His plays are good enough to give him prominence in his own country for a brief time, until another man appears who has some

new device for securing the public attention; but his novels, by which he is best known outside of France, are made up of triviality set off by smooth writing. *Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre*, for instance, with its stock of well-worn incidents, that air of lofty morality which is to be found in French only in a novel that sets out to be virtuous, and in English in the writings of Mr. T. S. Arthur, — this story doubtless owes its long life (for such it is, considering the constitution of the book) to the fact that it can be read in girls' schools. The *Histoire de Sibylle*, again, with its marvelous record of the conversions wrought by the infantile heroine, pays for the privilege of being unexceptionable with the loss of any other prominent quality. The fact is that Feuillet is as much out of place in describing the religious and the virtuous poor as he would be in digging a trench. The only characters he knows well are women of the world. His men of the world outdo the decorations of handkerchief-boxes in elegance and a languid air of dissipation; other qualities they have not, with the single exception of M. de Camors, who adds to these a more than Byronic gloom. The women, however, are cleverly drawn by a sharp-eyed observer of society, who, it is true, serves up the well-known dish of scandal, but with a new dressing, and consequently there is considerable curiosity about every one of his novels as it appears. His especial trick is describing the woman of fashion, who is alleged to be *honnête*, whose conduct, however, gives the lie to her reputation. On this interesting theme Feuillet has composed many variations.

During the empire it all seemed natural enough. Feuillet was an excellent chronicler of what was represented by many-tongued rumor to be the society, or a part of the society, of that period, and he held a prominent place, naturally, in fashionable literature.

The tricks he learned in old days he cannot unlearn now, and it is curious to observe the new story in which he writes about some incidents that have taken place in the last six years. Of course, the world was not made over again immediately after the battle of Sedan, but no one can help noticing the changes that have taken place in France since then, — they began with alterations in the names of streets, but they have gone further, — and that have made this novel old before its birth. To be sure, the society that Feuillet writes about is not one that

changes suddenly, for the better at least. He has struggled against this, however, by the not wholly new device of dating the last entry in the *Journal d'un Femme*,¹ March 20, 1878; even this leaves the reader cold. Perhaps novelists will set the dates into the future, like the illustrated papers, so that in the evening we can read what has happened in the novels that very afternoon. Feuillet also lends an additional charm to the book by pretending that he is here not the author but merely the editor of its revelations. Of course all mystification is allowable, and this is doubtless an attempt in that direction; at any rate, as a brief sketch of the story will show, this is the fairest explanation of what would otherwise be a very bold attempt to communicate with the absent in other ways than through the post.

The journal is kept by a woman who in May, 1872, is, she tells us, young and pretty. Her name is Charlotte. Her great school-friend is Cécile de Stèle. Charlotte manages to give us the impression that she is intelligent and amiable, and that her friend is a tolerably giddy young person, and this impression is more or less confirmed by the events of the story. These young friends go, under suitable escort, to make a visit in the country, where Cécile is adored by two attractive young men, but they withdraw before two other men, and especially before M. d'Eblis, who is everything that is fascinating. He, after paying considerable attention to Charlotte and winning her young affection, turns sharp round and asks Cécile to marry him, which she is willing enough to do. In the castle, however, there is a young man, the son of the house, its future owner, the only child of the hostess, who in the Franco-Prussian war had been wounded in one leg, had lost his left arm, and received a scar on his face; and he feels so low in his mind on account of the alteration these honorable wounds have made in his personal appearance that he has had a separate suite of apartments made for him, into which he can withdraw when there is company at the castle. If he had been branded on the forehead as a deserter he could not have been more ashamed of himself, and yet his face was "*beau et pur*," and the slight scar on the forehead did not disfigure him. "He had, to tell the truth" (Charlotte's journal is our authority), "*un air sauvage et un peu égaré, mais qui doit*

¹ *Le Journal d'une Femme*. PAR OCTAVE FEUILLET, de l'Académie Française. Paris: Lévy. 1878.

tenir surtout à l'état inculte de sa chevelure et de ses longues, trop longues, moustaches." It is hardly necessary to say that he falls madly in love with Charlotte, who, in the reaction against M. d'Eblis's desertion of her, accepts him, and devotes herself very loyally to making herself a good wife to him.

Early in the year 1878 the journal is resumed once more, and it seems that in the mean while the scarred veteran has died, and that Cécile has made her husband's life unhappy by her extreme devotion to society. A certain prince has fallen in love with Charlotte, but she refuses him, especially because she still is, as she was half a dozen years ago, in love with M. d'Eblis, who had been kept from marrying her only by the fact that the wounded hero was in love with her, and he could not injure a friend. Of course, M. d'Eblis is still in love with her. Complications soon arise. The prince transfers his attentions to Cécile, who falls a ready victim to his fascinations during the absence of her husband. She is overcome with remorse, and makes away with herself after writing two letters: the first can be read so that it would seem as if her husband were to blame for her suicide; the other tells exactly how matters stood. Charlotte, when M. d'Eblis wants to marry her, shows him only the first, and burns the second, so that he leaves her to try to make up by a life of celibacy for his cruelty to his wife. Charlotte has the consolation of knowing that she has kept her friend's name pure at the cost of her own love. Consequently, if Feuillet's pretense that the story is true is anything more than a pretense, he has put his heroine in the unpleasant light of a woman who will give information to the reporters which she will not give directly to the man who is in love with her. Of course, this is only a trick to get the reader's sympathy, but it miscarries, and his modest claim of being merely the editor of the journal can be considered only part of the fiction.

Trivial as the story is, it has the merit of being entertaining, and no one who takes it up by chance will be very likely to lay it down before finishing it. All of the women are cleverly drawn, their talk is as natural as possible, while the men are mere vague

creations, with no life in them. More shadowy beings were never seen, from the gilded youths who slink away by the back door when the action is really beginning, to the soldier who is ashamed of his crutch, and to his friend, beloved of all, M. d'Eblis. The prince, by his actions and his conversation, which the heroine thought it necessary to report in her journal, lends the amount of impropriety which usually seasons the French novel of the period, the tang of what a plain-spoken person would, and with justice, call nastiness. Feuillet has rather the gift of saying offensive things in the ordinary tone of conversation, as calmly as if he were speaking of the weather; he has often done it before, and will probably continue to do so as long as he writes. The life-like talk of the women is, as has been said, admirably given, — so well, indeed, that the book will probably be liked much more than it deserves by those experienced persons who read Feuillet as regularly as their husbands read the daily newspaper. In fact, the book has the great merit of being amusing, and this hides the total emptiness of it, and such trivialities as Cécile's arraying herself in her ball-dress in order to feel more badly when she commits suicide. This little touch is as incongruous as is the raiment of most expensive dolls with the circumstances in which they are destined to spend the active part of their life.

To be sure, there are many other French stories quite as valueless and much less well written, but their authors are not held up as geniuses, nor rewarded as Feuillet has been. He holds a high place among contemporary French novelists, which he has won by studying fashionable society, and by flattering the largest class of his readers by putting them, with their little ways, into his stories; thus he makes them interested, and he wins those also who have great curiosity about the alleged ways of the great world. He does his work cleverly, but it is a poor piece of business that he has undertaken, and one that can have only brief success. His admission into the Academy is very much like the choice of a photographer for a vacant seat in the Royal Academy.